

# Theodore Roosevelt and His Four Sons

HOW THEY TRAINED THEMSELVES FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

By Lawrence F. Abbott

"LET him practise what he preaches!" is a test which the world has always been quick to apply to its moral and political leaders. By this standard, for instance, it has judged Oliver Cromwell and Abraham Lincoln, two of the greatest fighting champions of national morality in the history of the English-speaking peoples.

Among living public men Theodore Roosevelt conspicuously stands the test. Like Lincoln and Cromwell, he believes in national morality backed, when needed, by military power. He has been a vigorous preacher of this doctrine, and an equally vigorous practiser. He has been willing to take his own medicine, and he has combined consideration of the rights of others with a constant readiness to strike hard when necessary. Early in his Presidential career he uttered one of those epigrammatic phrases for which he has become famous.

"Speak softly, but carry a big stick," he said.

The "big stick" half of this phrase caught the public fancy, and many people, forgetting that he put speaking softly first, have pictured him as a sort of glorified Irishman carrying a shillalah in a universal Donnybrook Fair, joyously hitting every head he saw. Those who know him best know that this is a totally false conception of his personality. No man radiates human kindness more than he, although no man is

better prepared to handle the big stick in defense of justice or human rights.

Preparedness might be taken as his life motto, and he has both preached and practised it since he was a boy. He is an athlete, an excellent boxer, a fearless rider, and one of the most distinguished big-game hunters of modern times.

In his explorations in the jungles of Africa and South America his physical vigor and athletic skill enabled him to undergo privations, strains, and even pain and suffering that would certainly have incapacitated, and perhaps killed, many an average man. Were these physical gifts born in him? Not at all. They were the product of careful preparation.

## HOW A TIMID BOY CONQUERED FEAR

He has told the story of their development in a chapter of his autobiography entitled "The Vigor of Life"—one of the most entertaining and inspiring essays on physical training that I know of:

Having been a sickly boy, with no natural bodily prowess, and having lived much at home, I was at first quite unable to hold my own when thrown into contact with other boys of rougher antecedents. I was nervous and timid. Yet from reading of the people I admired—ranging from the soldiers of Valley Forge and Morgan's riflemen to the heroes of my favorite stories—and from hearing of the feats performed by my Southern forefathers and kinsfolk, and from knowing my

father, I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world, and I had a great desire to be like them. Until I was nearly fourteen I let this desire take no more definite shape than day-dreams. Then an incident happened that did me real good. Having an attack of asthma, I was sent off by myself to Moosehead Lake. On the stage-coach ride thither I encountered a couple of other boys who were about my own age, but very much more competent, and also much more mischievous. I have no doubt they were good-hearted boys, but they were boys! They found that I was a foreordained and predestined victim, and industriously proceeded to make life miserable for me. The worst feature was that when I finally tried to fight them, I discovered that either one singly could not only handle me with easy contempt, but handle me so as not to hurt me much and yet to prevent my doing any damage whatever in return.

The experience taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position; and having become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would try to supply its place by training. Accordingly, with my father's hearty approval, I started to learn to box. I was a painfully slow and awkward pupil, and certainly worked two or three years before I made any perceptible improvement whatever.

There were all kinds of things of which I was afraid at first, ranging from grizzly bears to "mean" horses and gun-fighters; but by acting as if I was not afraid, I gradually ceased to be afraid. Most men can have the same experience if they choose. They will first learn to bear themselves well in trials which they anticipate, and which they school themselves in advance to meet. After a while the habit will grow on them, and they will behave well in sudden and unexpected emergencies which come upon them unawares.

It is, of course, much pleasanter if one is naturally fearless, and I envy and respect the men who are naturally fearless. But it is a good thing to remember that the man who does not enjoy this advantage can nevertheless stand beside the man who does, and can do his duty with the like efficiency, *if he chooses to*. Of course, he must not let his desire take the form merely of a day-dream. Let him dream about being a fearless man, and the more he dreams, the better he will be, always provided he does his best to realize the dream in practise. He can do his part honorably and well, provided only he sets fearlessness before himself as an ideal, schools himself to think of danger merely as something to be faced and overcome, and regards life itself as he should regard it—not as something to be thrown away, but as a pawn to be promptly hazarded

whenever the hazard is warranted by the larger interests of the great game in which we are all engaged.

This is a long quotation, but I make it because it states fairly completely Mr. Roosevelt's creed regarding physical force and its place in a well-rounded scheme of existence. In other words, it means that the military spirit is not the greatest thing, but is the indispensable support and defense of the greatest thing in life; that the greatest thing is to live in right social relations with one's fellow beings.

#### THE BEST OF LIFE'S ACHIEVEMENTS

Now a man's general attitude toward his fellow beings can be pretty well determined if we can find out what he thinks of children and how he treats them. What Mr. Roosevelt thinks of children is expressed in another passage in his autobiography:

There are many kinds of success in life worth having. It is exceedingly interesting and attractive to be a successful business man, or railroad man, or farmer, or a successful lawyer or doctor, or a writer, or a President, or a ranchman, or the colonel of a fighting regiment, or to kill grizzly bears and lions. But for unflagging interest and enjoyment, a household of children, if things go reasonably well, certainly makes all other forms of success and achievement lose their importance by comparison.

Mr. Roosevelt is generally thought of as preeminently a man's man. He has been so much in the public mind as a bear-killer, a lion-hunter, a jungle-explorer, a Rough Rider, a "trust-buster," and a fighter of malefactors that it will astonish many people to be told that he is also a children's man. He neither pets them nor patronizes them, but he understands them, enjoys them, and when entering into their life treats them as equals, which many people fail to do.

Nobody can detect a counterfeit child-lover as quickly as a child itself. Normal children look up to, respect, and admire their superiors, especially in physical prowess, without regard to age; but they despise and resent patronage. A man who assumes a patronizing air toward children is very soon avoided by them; but with

magnetic rapidity they cluster around a man who understands them, who sympathizes with them—a very different thing, by the way, from sentimentalizing over them—and who can do things with them. This is exactly the way Mr. Roosevelt treats children, and the result is that they often follow him like a modern Pied Piper of Hamelin.

When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy he and General Leonard Wood—not then a general, of course—used frequently to take their combined children, sometimes joined by a group of playmates, out to walk, scramble, and climb through the ravines and over the cliffs of Rock Creek on the outskirts of Washington. Once, when convoying these children over the creek on the trunk of a tree which had fallen across it, Mr. Roosevelt himself made a misstep and fell into the water. When he came to the surface he heard the small Wood boy exclaim: "Oh, oh! The father of all the children fell into the creek!"—thus assigning to the champion of race-conservation family proprietorship not only in his own children but in all their playmates.

#### MR. ROOSEVELT AND A WAIF OF THE CITY

One of my pleasantest recollections of Mr. Roosevelt is connected with a small boy. Just preceding and during the Progressive campaign of 1912 he used to lunch weekly with his colleagues of the *Outlook*—at that time he was contributing editor of that journal—at the National Arts Club in Gramercy Park. There were usually from one to half a dozen guests. On a certain one of these luncheon days there were to be two distinguished foreign diplomats at the table, and I had gone around from our office, a few blocks away, to the club just ahead of Mr. Roosevelt to make sure all the arrangements were complete.

As I approached the club I saw a lady standing on the sidewalk stooping over to talk to a small boy about ten years old, who was crying bitterly. The boy was sobbing so convulsively that it was impossible to understand what he was saying; but on stopping to see if I could be of any assistance, I managed to extract from the

little, quivering figure the information that he was lost. His father was a Hungarian miner from Pennsylvania; the family had arrived that morning in New York on their way back to Hungary; the ship was to sail the next day; he had just stepped out of the house where they were stopping to see the street sights of the great, strange city—further details blotted out by another burst of weeping.

Just then Mr. Roosevelt came sailing around the corner of the iron palings of Gramercy Park, busily talking with his companion, General F. V. Greene. He stopped and asked what was the matter. I told him what I had learned, and he said, half to the boy and half to General Greene:

"We'll soon fix this. We'll take him around to the police station in Twenty-Second Street, and they will send out a general alarm for his father and mother."

Instantly and instinctively the little dervish put his small hand into Mr. Roosevelt's big one, and they started off to the police station half a mile away. Interested in the result, I followed to see what would happen. Mr. Roosevelt hardly spoke to the boy, who trotted along contentedly beside him, while he continued his discussion with General Greene on, I think, some military subject.

When we got to the precinct station the lieutenant or sergeant in charge recognized the two former police commissioners. Mr. Roosevelt told him the facts, gave the boy a piece of silver to get some luncheon and, telling the little fellow that the police would find his mother and father before long, left him perfectly comfortable and contented. We returned to the club half an hour late, but the diplomatic guests were repaid for their delay by their interest in the story of the incident which I related as our excuse. Late in the afternoon I called up the police station and found that through the medium of a general alarm, or some such police procedure, the frightened boy and the terrified parents had been happily brought together.

#### THE BOYS OF SAGAMORE HILL

If I have succeeded in conveying any impression of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude

toward child life it will be easy for the reader to understand in what spirit and circumstances and surroundings his own children were brought up in the family homestead, Sagamore Hill, at Oyster Bay. They swam, rowed, went barefoot, or camped in the woods or on the beach of Long Island Sound. They learned to shoot—for there is a rifle-range at Sagamore Hill. They made pets of the various animals on the home farm in the summer, and they coasted and skated in the winter. In this bringing up of the children in the vigor of outdoor life Mrs. Roosevelt was an active partner, as will be seen by referring to another passage in the colonel's autobiography:

When their mother and I returned from a row, we would often see the children waiting for us, running like sand-spiders along the beach. They always liked to swim in company with a grown-up of buoyant temperament and inventive mind, and the float offered limitless opportunities for enjoyment while bathing.

All dutiful parents know the game of stage-coach. Each child is given a name, such as the whip, the high-leader, the off-wheeler, the old-lady passenger, and, under penalty of paying a forfeit, must get up and turn round when the grown-up, who is improvising a thrilling story, mentions that particular object; and when the word "stage-coach" is mentioned, everybody has to get up and turn round. Well, we used to play stage-coach on the float while in swimming, and instead of tamely getting up and turning round, the child whose turn it was had to plunge overboard. When I mentioned "stage-coach," the water fairly foamed with vigorously kicking little legs; and then there was always a moment of interest while I counted, so as to be sure that the number of heads that came up corresponded with the number of children who had gone down.

There are four boys—Theodore, Kermit, Archie, and Quentin. The boys carried this love of outdoor life with them to Washington when Mr. Roosevelt became President. Quentin, the youngest, who is now an aviator with the American troops in France, inherited his father's love for natural history. He made the acquaintance of a dealer in birds and animals and used to frequent his shop. The friendly proprietor would occasionally let him take some live specimen home to the White House for a day or two. Mr. Roosevelt himself tells the story of how one of

these temporary pets startled a distinguished member of Congress.

#### THE CONGRESSMAN AND THE KING-SNAKE

It was the rule, generally well observed, that the children were to keep out of the official end of the White House; but one day, while Mr. Roosevelt was holding a conference with Congressman Hepburn, the author of the well-known railroad bill that bears his name, Quentin could not resist the temptation of bursting into the room to show his father, of whose sympathy he was sure, a king-snake which the animal-dealer had let him have temporarily. The king-snake is harmless and amiable, but Congressmen do not generally know that fact; and when the reptile, which Quentin was concealing under his jacket, crawled down inside the sleeve and the boy started to take off his coat to capture it, Congressman Hepburn, with the kindest intentions, got up to help him struggle out of the garment. To his horror a snake dropped out of the sleeve onto the floor. Doubtless, for the moment, the Congressman felt that snake regulation was much more important than railway regulation in the Roosevelt family.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Roosevelt did not exercise a disciplinary influence upon his children. He did. Sometimes, however, his discipline took an odd form.

"When we were in Washington," he says, "the children usually went with their mother to the Episcopal church, while I went to the Dutch Reformed. But if any child misbehaved itself, it was sometimes sent next Sunday to church with me, on the theory that my companionship would have a sedative effect—which it did, as I and the child walked along with rather constrained politeness, each eyeing the other with watchful readiness for the unexpected."

#### KERMIT ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA

The education of the four boys in vigorous outdoor life has been carried on from their earliest childhood up to the present time. It was rather notable, however, in the case of the second son, Kermit. When

Mr. Roosevelt went to Africa in March, 1909, Kermit had not quite completed his Harvard course, but left it to accompany his father. He traveled with the latter all through the wilds of Africa, and stood the hardships of the journey like a veteran, although only twenty years old. Indeed, his father says that Kermit was a much better hunter than he was himself. How far this statement is based on scientific statistics of marksmanship and how far on justifiable paternal pride I do not know, but I do know that Kermit made a remarkable reputation for himself among the English big-game hunters and explorers who saw his work in Africa.

As they were coming down one of the branches of the Nile, on their way to Khartum, with their *safari*, or troop of native blacks, their boat was laid up for the night at Gondokoro. At this point the stream runs swiftly, and the water is infested with man-eating crocodiles. Two of the natives, as evening approached, were scuffling in play on deck, when one of them was accidentally pushed overboard and was swept away by the current. Kermit Roosevelt, who happened to be near by, immediately plunged after him, and was also swept down-stream before any aid could be given.

He did not succeed in getting the black man, but he did succeed in swimming to the shore and scrambling out a little farther down. The native was undoubtedly snapped up by a crocodile. Why Kermit was not also a similar victim those who are familiar with the river at this point never quite understood. Kermit, who is very quiet and self-contained by temperament, came back to the *dahabiyeh* and treated the affair as a part of the day's work, simply expressing his regret that he had not succeeded in saving the unfortunate African.

I met Mr. Roosevelt and his son at Khartum a few days after the incident happened, but neither of them mentioned it to me or to any one else that I know of. I was told about it by a British officer, he having learned of it from one of the other white men in Mr. Roosevelt's party, who happened to be on deck at the time and

saw the whole affair. The British officer expressed the greatest admiration for the skill and self-sacrificing bravery manifested by such instant action in the face of great personal danger.

In the present war the British officers have sometimes been criticised because they lead their men "over the top" instead of following or sending them over as the German officers do. The result is that the percentage of fatalities among the British officers has been very large. The Germans say that from a military point of view it is foolhardy for the British to pursue this course, for it is better that a score of privates should die rather than that one officer should lose his life.

In the strict sense of military science this is perhaps true, but in another sense it is not. The personal bravery of the British is an inspiration not only to their own men but to the rest of the world. If the world loves a lover, it certainly loves a fighting officer. And it is no wonder that the boy of twenty who would jump into a river full of crocodiles to save a black savage commanded not only the respect but the touching personal attachment of these savages.

#### KERMIT AND HIS TROOP OF BLACKS

The Roosevelt *safari* was to be disbanded at Khartum, and its members were to go back to their homes in the jungle; but Kermit picked out about ten or fifteen, one of whom was a file-toothed cannibal, to take with him down the Nile to Cairo, in order to show them the sights of civilization. I used to see Kermit striding about Khartum with this band of blacks, who had never seen a civilized community before in their lives, following at his heels like a bunch of faithful setter dogs.

How he got them down the river to Cairo I never knew. We made the journey of some fifteen hundred miles partly by steamer and partly by rail across the Nubian desert. Kermit always seemed care-free, and entered into the life about him as if he had no responsibility at all. Where he kept his troop of blacks I do not know; but the fact is that a week or ten days later, when we got to Cairo, there

I saw again the Khartum scenes repeated, and Kermit striding about the streets and among the wonderful bazaars of that cosmopolitan city with his bevy of faithful blacks at his heels. The fact that the passers-by, accustomed as they were to all sorts of strange sights in the kaleidoscopic metropolis of Egypt, stopped and stared at him in amazement, appeared to make not the slightest impression. When he was finished with his self-imposed task he sent his faithful attendants back again into the heart of Africa in some way.

After his return from Africa Kermit went to South America and engaged in railroad-building on the frontier of Brazil. There he lived some of the time in a box car, superintending construction work and having charge of Indians and half-breeds. This life, too, was somewhat adventurous. In an accident, which occurred, I believe, by the breaking of some kind of a steel girder, two of his ribs were broken and a tooth or two knocked out. But he learned how to handle Orientals and the natives of the tropics, and it is not surprising that he has now gone, as a captain in the Canadian contingent, to have charge of work among the Oriental forces of Great Britain in Mesopotamia.

It has been rumored in the newspapers that to do so he had to give up his American citizenship. This is incorrect. He still retains his citizenship. He has simply sworn to support Great Britain for the duration of the war, and when peace is declared he will return to take up his work in this country.

#### QUENTIN ROOSEVELT IN THE FLYING CORPS

Quentin, the youngest son, nineteen years old, was just completing his sophomore year at Harvard when this country declared war on Germany. He telegraphed his mother that he was leaving college to come to New York to enlist. He came on from Boston and enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps, was later transferred to the aviation service at Mineola, and proved so efficient that he was selected as one of the first twelve American aviators to go to the front in France. He has what is known as "air sense"—for the aviator,

like the poet, is born, not made, and the work of the aviation schools is to train and cultivate the born flier.

During a recent visit at Sagamore Hill I asked Quentin's father and mother if they did not feel it to be a special hardship in his case that at so early an age he should have to give up his education and many of his associations at Harvard, which he could never renew, even if the war leaves him unscathed. They both replied that they were particularly glad that on his own initiative he had taken exactly the course which has put him in one of the most exacting and dangerous branches of the service.

"I would not have stopped him if I could," added Mr. Roosevelt, "and I could not have stopped him if I would. Moreover, the more American boys of from nineteen to twenty-one join the army, the better it is for the country. To take them out of our civil life entails the smallest economic loss upon the country, and because of their elasticity and great powers of recuperation they are its greatest military asset."

Mr. Roosevelt's theory is that we should have made our first selective draft of men from nineteen to twenty-one inclusive, and should have supplemented that with a call for a million volunteers without a hard and fast age limit.

#### TWO ROOSEVELTS WITH PERSHING

The oldest son, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who is twenty-eight, is a major of infantry with General Pershing's expeditionary force in France. Archie, the third son, who is twenty-three, is in the same branch of the service as a second lieutenant. He had the satisfaction of marching with his company in Paris when the troops of the expeditionary force took part in the celebration of Fourth of July in the French capital. A recent graduate of Harvard, he had just begun to establish himself in business when the call to war came. He was working in one of the large carpet-mills of New England, beginning on an overall-and-dinner-pail basis, exactly as his brother Theodore began when he graduated from college.

All four of the Roosevelt boys are Plattsburgers. Theodore and Archie served in two Plattsburg camps in 1915, in three camps in 1916, and in one in 1917. Quentin was at Plattsburg in 1915 and in 1916, serving in one encampment each year.

The Roosevelt family's active interest in the war is not confined to the four boys. Their sister Ethel spent some months with her husband, Dr. Richard Derby, doing hospital work in France with the American Ambulance during the first year of the war. Dr. Derby is another Harvard man, a graduate of 1903. He is also a Plattsburger, having gone through the training course there in 1915 and 1916. He is now a major in the Medical Reserve Corps, stationed at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island, and before long he will doubtless be sent back to France for active duty with the American forces.

The record would not be complete if I did not add that Theodore, Jr., has three young children; the Derbys two children, one of them a baby a few months old; and Kermit one child.

#### ONE HUNDRED PER CENT FIT FOR SERVICE

Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Major Richard Derby, Captain Kermit, Second Lieutenant Archie, and Aviator Quentin have obtained their positions on their own merits—not because of their family connections, but rather in spite of them. There are undoubtedly many other households in this country which can show a record of equal patriotism, but it is doubtful if there is a single family in which the doctrine of preparedness has been more systematically and persistently carried out for the last thirty years than in the family whose home is at Sagamore Hill.

It is not surprising that the New York *Sun* should have recently printed the following news paragraph:

The town that gets its inspiration and its hope—to say nothing of much of its material revenue—from Sagamore Hill shows manfully in the selective draft the powerful influence of living next door to a big-game hunter.

Oyster Bay, taking its cue from the Roosevelt family which was one hundred per cent fit, one

hundred per cent willing, and eighty per cent accepted for service, disqualified only seventeen physical defectives, mollycoddles, evil-minded persons, and bad men.

(Business of a stout man saying "Bully!")

Eighty-eight men were examined by the exemption board.

Half of them claimed exemption.

(More business of a set of teeth snapping and a manly voice commenting "Malefactors!")

But as a comparative matter, the town which lies over against Sagamore Hill gave the hill a big boost as an influence for preparedness, and the average, taken in connection with the hill, is certainly "bully." At least forty per cent of the villagers of military age are ticketed for service "somewhere in France."

During his campaign for preparedness preceding our declaration of war upon Germany, Mr. Roosevelt frequently said on the public platform that we ought to be actively engaged in the world conflict for freedom and human rights, and that if war came he and his four sons were ready to go. He has certainly made his promise good. And what is not the least fine thing about it is that Mrs. Roosevelt—than whom there is no more devoted mother in the country—has whole-heartedly aided and abetted him in keeping it.

While I was talking over the war situation with them the other evening in the north room at Sagamore Hill, Mr. Roosevelt said two things which seemed to me worth jotting down. One shows that he understands boy nature, and the other that he is not afraid to recognize the physical basis of race permanence.

The first was a reply which he once made to a boy who expressed the fear that he might be taken for a "goody-goody" if he followed a certain course:

"Be always ready to fight if necessary. If you are ready to fight, you can be as good as you please and nobody is likely to complain."

The second was this succinct statement of Mr. Roosevelt's preparedness and race-suicide doctrines:

"A race must do something else besides work, fight, and breed; but if it does not do these three it will never live to do anything else."

Two good mottoes, it seems to me, for the times we live in.

# Our Work for German Prisoners of War

THE UNSELFISH SERVICE UNDERTAKEN BY AMERICAN OFFICIALS ON BEHALF OF SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS HELD IN THE PRISON-CAMPS OF THE ALLIES

By Lee Meriwether

Lately Special Assistant to the American Ambassador to France

THE Prussian autocracy sneers at Uncle Sam as a sordid dollar-chaser, yet of all governments in the world none has better reason than the Kaiser's to know that the charge is unfair and untrue.

When this titanic war began, America at once undertook a great work which involved infinite pains and expense and not a dollar of profit. And this work, done solely for the benefit of the warring nations of Europe, including the Germans, was carried on for two and a half years, down to the day that Germany's repudiation of her solemn promise to stop destroying American ships and American lives forced President Wilson to dismiss Count Bernstorff.

What was that work?

It was the visiting of prisoners of war, reporting on their treatment, and trying to bring some sunshine, some happiness, into their somber lives. For at best a deep shadow, a great sorrow hangs over the heads of men in exile, torn from family and friends, and doomed to remain they know not how long in the prisons of a foreign land. The Prussian autocracy conveniently forgets this humane, this wholly unselfish work, but scores of thousands of German prisoners in English, French, and Russian hands will never forget the visits of America's delegates or the betterment in prison conditions which followed those visits.

With every wish on a government's part to treat prisoners well, it is inevitable that

here and there a prison commandant may be found whose nerves have been shot to pieces, or who by nature is harsh and cruel. When this happens, the lot of the men in his power will be an unhappy one, unless some sort of restraining influence is brought to bear.

The work Uncle Sam's diplomats were doing up to February 3, 1917, provided this restraining influence in a high degree. Even the harshest commandant curbs his temper when he knows that what he does is not to be kept hidden, but will be told to the world, with the result that reprisals may be inflicted upon his own countrymen who are prisoners in the enemy's hands.

When Uncle Sam started to look after the welfare of war prisoners in the fall of 1914, it amounted to a notice of publicity that had a humanizing effect upon even the most callous commandant of the most remote prison-camp. For no camp was so remote but that it was liable to be visited any day by a representative of an American embassy.

For instance, the Russians interned some of their German prisoners in eastern Siberia; but vast as were the distances from Petrograd, up to the time of our rupture with Germany representatives of Ambassador Francis were in the habit of dropping into those Siberian camps at the most unexpected moments, in order to note and report prison conditions. I, myself, have similarly made unannounced visits to the monasteries among the mountains of Cor-

sica where German and Austrian prisoners are interned.

As special assistant to the American ambassador to France, I saw the practical workings of this philanthropic service, which Uncle Sam undertook solely in the interest of humanity. Now that a period has been put to that service by the government of the people whom it benefited and protected, it may be useful to record some of the most interesting details of the work.

#### INVESTIGATING A GERMAN COMPLAINT

In the first place, how are communications transmitted between France and Germany? Civilization makes intercourse between nations easy, but war makes it difficult; and since August, 1914, there has been no postal service between Paris and Berlin. Fortunately, Switzerland, a neutral country, adjoins both belligerents, and by relaying communications through the American minister at Bern we were able to send word to the German capital and receive replies from it.

One day in the late autumn of 1916 there came from Berlin a complaint that German war prisoners at Rouen were being badly treated. An immediate investigation was requested, and an intimation was given that if the evils complained of were not speedily discontinued, as a matter of reprisal several thousand English and French prisoners in Germany would be removed to unsanitary quarters and severely treated.

I at once started for Rouen, accompanied by Dr. Mullen, first assistant surgeon of the American Ambulance at Neuilly, and by Mr. Hastings Morse, of the embassy. A report by an eminent surgeon and by two officials of the American government, it was hoped, might serve the double purpose of improving conditions at Rouen, if improvement was found to be needed, and of preventing harsh reprisals upon several thousand unfortunate Englishmen and Frenchmen imprisoned in Germany.

Colonel Cattell, commandant of the English camp at Rouen afforded us every facility for the investigation. We inspected the camp from one end to the other. We

talked alone with the prisoners, tasted their food, noted its quantity, observed carefully the condition of their sleeping-quarters and the state of their health. Not only did we find none of the evil things mentioned by Berlin, but in the opinion of my two colleagues, as well as of myself, Colonel Cattell's camp was a model of its kind.

#### IN THE BRITISH PRISON-CAMP

The grounds of the camp were drained by subsoil pipes. The wooden barracks, heated by stoves and lighted by electricity, contained bunks raised eighteen inches above the wood floors. Each bunk was provided with a straw mattress and two woolen blankets. The food, prepared by German cooks, was of the kind and quantity reciprocally agreed upon by England and Germany; and in addition to the regular rations each prisoner received half a pound of meat per day—more, probably, than most German peasants have in their homes in Germany.

We asked why the prisoners had more food than was required by the convention with Germany. Were English prisoners treated similarly by the Berlin government?

Colonel Cattell smiled.

"No," he answered. "It is to be feared our boys in German prisons do not get even the amount of food stipulated between the two governments; but no doubt that is because the Germans are short of supplies. Whether we should do to their men as they do to ours is not for me, a soldier, to say. My government prescribes the kind and amount of food that shall be given to our prisoners. As you see, the menu includes half a pound of meat per man per day."

I visited the quarters of the English soldiers. They were in small tents, which contained no bunks, no stoves, no electric lights, no straw mattresses. The men slept on the wood floors of the tents, eight men to a tent, with only such comfort and warmth as a couple of army blankets afforded them.

"Colonel Cattell," I said, "were I obliged to stay here, I should infinitely prefer remaining as one of your prisoners, rather than as one of your soldiers. Conditions being what we have just noted, why

does Berlin charge you with being cruel to your prisoners?"

Again did the English colonel smile.

"Come this way," he said.

He conducted us to his office, where, heaped upon a table, was a pile of letters.

"I get hundreds of these every week," he continued. "My prisoners, who unload ships on the Seine, are constantly trying to smuggle letters back to Germany through friendly sailors. Here are samples of their work."

"They do not seem to succeed very well," I remarked, noting the size of the pile of intercepted missives.

"No," replied Colonel Cattell. "Our vigilant Tommies usually prevent letter-smuggling, even when the neutral sailors break their promise not to accept commissions from the prisoners. Sometimes, however, a guard may be looking the wrong way, and a letter may be slipped into the pocket of a Dutch or Norwegian sailor and ultimately delivered in Germany. Then Berlin threatens reprisals. And, indeed, reprisals would be in order were only half the things true that some of the prisoners say. Read these letters, and you will understand what I mean."

#### A GERMAN PRISONER'S LETTER

The first letter that I picked up from the pile on the table was from a German prisoner to his wife in Germany. An English guard had intercepted it just as it was being passed to a sailor on a Dutch steamer. Here is a literal translation of the letter:

DEAR LENA:

I must bid you good-by. You will never see me again. They are slowly starving me to death here, and torturing me besides. They make me sleep in pools of water. I am wasted to a skeleton, and so weak from rheumatism and cold that I want to die.

Good-by, dear Lena. Never forget what these English swine have done to me. I should love to see you once more, but that can never be, as I shall never leave this frightful (*schrecklich*) prison alive.

So good-by from

THY HERMANN.

My look of mingled amazement and indignation as I read the prisoner's almost

incredibly mendacious letter amused the English colonel.

"Tough, isn't it," he said, "to have them write like that when we treat them well?"

"Tough?" I repeated. "It is villainous! What can prompt men to write such falsehoods?"

The rank wrong of this prisoner's conduct filled me with indignation, but Colonel Cattell viewed the matter philosophically.

"Of course," he said, "it is a wrong thing to do, but the doing of it does not necessarily mean that the fellow has a bad heart. Recently our censor showed me a letter written by one of my Tommies to his wife in England. About every third sentence there was a break in the letter; then, resuming, Mr. Tommy would say: 'Was interrupted just now by a German bomb which fell outside my tent and killed poor Bill Jones.' And again: 'Excuse me, Mary, for being so disconnected; but shrapnel shells are falling so fast about me, I hardly know what I am writing.' I called that fellow up and asked what he meant by sending such stuff to England. 'Don't you know,' I said, 'that there are no German bombs within seventy miles of Rouen?' Mr. Tommy squirmed and twisted and hung his head, but I kept at him, and at last he stammered: 'Well, sir, I have to make it a bit interesting for the old woman at home, sir.' 'Why need you do that?' I demanded. 'Because, sir,' was the answer, 'it would never do to have the old woman think I'm having an easy time over here.' That may be all that ails the German whose letter you just read. He may merely want to make it interesting for Lena. Lena wouldn't have sympathy for a husband living in a warm, electrically lighted house and eating more and better food in prison than his family has in Germany."

Whether this was the correct explanation of the reports Berlin received concerning the English prison-camp at Rouen I do not know, but I do know that after careful investigation those reports were found to be untrue. And our certification of the fact that they were untrue did a

great good, in that it spared several thousand English prisoners in Germany from becoming the victims of harsh and unmerited reprisals.

#### A GREAT FRENCH PRISON-CAMP

Near Rouen are French as well as English camps, and these we visited, too. An unofficial visitor can enter the portals of paradise more easily than those of a military prison-camp, but the papers we bore, visé by the French minister of war, were an open-sesame for us. When we displayed them, the armed sentinel in front of the twelve-foot-high gates of the camp of Biesard saluted, stood to one side, and permitted our car to pass through into the great inner square of the enclosure.

On three sides of the square is a twelve-foot fence; on the fourth side is the Seine, and it is there, on ships that come up the river from all parts of the world, that the German prisoners work unloading mountains of munitions for the Allied armies and mountains of supplies for the French people. It must rasp the Prussian autocracy to know that while grass grows in the streets of Hamburg, while practically no German vessel dares show its nose out of a German harbor, the ports of its enemies are even busier than before the war, and their ships are sailing all the seven seas, German submarines to the contrary notwithstanding!

German war prisoners in France occupy what are called Adrian barracks, which are built of wood, in sections one hundred feet long by twenty-five feet wide. The necessary parts are standardized and can be quickly assembled. After each big battle a quantity of the parts is rushed to the desired point, and within a few hours accommodations are ready for the captured Germans. On the day of our visit to Biesard the camp contained eleven hundred and ninety-eight prisoners, but three hundred and sixty more were to arrive the next day, and quarters for the newcomers were being assembled.

Each barrack contains two rows of two-story bunks, the upper bunk being placed four feet above the lower. In the center between the two rows of bunks, is an aisle

provided with long tables and benches. Electric lamps light this center aisle, and the prisoners use the tables as dining-tables and for playing games and writing letters.

When we entered one barrack, we found twelve musicians playing on home-made—or, rather, prison-made—instruments. The frame of the bass viol was made of the thin boards of an ordinary macaroni-box, while the bridge was cut out of a beef-bone. The strings were the only part of the instrument not prison-made.

Outside, a cold November rain was falling. The barrack, with its lively music, its red-hot stoves, its hundreds of prisoners crowding around to listen to the band, seemed, in contrast with the drear exterior, a very cheerful place indeed. Judging from their looks, those Germans were not sorry to be prisoners at Biesard rather than soldiers in the trenches with bombs and bullets raining about their heads.

#### HOW THE PRISONERS ARE FED

In the camp kitchen we saw eleven German cooks standing beside as many huge caldrons, the cooks ladling out soup into the tin bowls of the twelve hundred prisoners, who filed one by one through the kitchen. So expert were the cooks that the line never had to halt. It moved slowly, but it moved continuously, so that the twelve hundred men were all served in considerably less than half an hour.

As each man passed out of the kitchen he went to his barrack and there ate his dinner of steaming soup, bread, coffee, and water. We tried a plate of the soup, which contained beef and potatoes. It tasted good, but as a steady diet we should no doubt have become as tired of it as the German prisoners said they were. All whom we questioned told us that they heartily wished for a change of menu, but none said that the food was bad or lacking in nourishment.

Indeed, the excellent physical condition of the prisoners was obvious even to a layman. Dr. Mullen, who closely examined the health records of the camp as well as the men themselves, said he was astonished to find so few cases of sickness, and those few of so trifling a nature.

Very few of the hundreds of soldier prisoners whom I questioned in camps in all parts of France and Corsica had any complaints to make. Most of them seemed content with their lot, taking imprisonment as part of the game of war, of which it would be as useless to complain as it would be to protest against drilling, or sleeping in trenches, or any other duty connected with soldiering.

Indeed, so much pleasanter is a prison-camp than a trench, that nearly all the Germans whom I saw in France looked as if they were positively glad to be where they were. The exceptions were officers and men of superior education. These alone seemed depressed to find themselves in captivity, unable to take a further part in the war.

#### THE HARDSHIPS OF CIVILIAN PRISONERS

Note that these statements are made in regard to soldier prisoners. The same thing cannot be said of the enemy civilians whom France has interned. As between freedom in a trench and captivity in a camp there may be little choice; either is a hard fate. But still harder is the fate of the man who is thrust of a sudden from a comfortable and even luxurious home into some bare barrack, or perhaps into some ancient monastery perched upon a lofty peak on a desolate island.

For instance, a Dr. Fabian, of Berlin, whom I saw when I visited the lonely monastery of Morsiglia, in northern Corsica, said to me:

"I left Berlin on July 20, 1914, to take a holiday trip on one of the Hamburg-American steamers that make yachting tours of the Mediterranean. In three weeks I was due back at my office in Berlin, but here I am on this lonely island after nearly three years. And only God knows how many more years I am to remain here!"

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Why, one fine morning, as we were gliding along the Spanish coast, a French man-of-war stopped us, told us that war had been declared, and took us to Marseilles. Thence I was bundled off to this island, and here I have been ever since.

Nice ending for a three-week vacation trip, isn't it?"

Harder even than this Berlin doctor's lot is that of a Mr. Kalter, whom I saw in another of Corsica's mountain monasteries. Mr. Kalter told me that he is a kinsman of prominent business and professional men in St. Louis and that he lived at the Waldorf, New York. Unhappily for him he had neglected to become naturalized as an American; consequently, while traveling in France in August, 1914, he was seized as an alien enemy and taken to Corsica. In Corsica he is likely to remain for as many years as the war shall last.

"Look at this monk's cell!" he said to me, when I visited the monastery at Oletta. "Look at this straw mattress! What sort of a place is this for a man accustomed to the comforts of life?"

Of course the French government cannot give war prisoners the luxuries of an expensive hotel; nor, perhaps, should much sympathy be extended to men of foreign birth who live in America, make money in America, have their lives and property protected by America—and then fail to become naturalized and thereby to acknowledge some little duty to the land that has enriched and protected them.

#### THE "PRIVILEGED CAMP" OF ANNOT

Another class of prisoners who repine at their lot are those who are enemy aliens in law but not in heart or in sympathy. For instance, at a camp in the mountains north of Nice, I talked with a gentleman whom I will designate only by the first letter of his name—B. He is a manufacturer in the French city of Lyons.

"I was born in Berlin," he told me, "but my parents brought me to France when I was a baby. I cannot speak a word of German, or of any language except French. My wife is a Frenchwoman, my sympathies are French. I do not know a single human being out of France, and I have never been out of France since I was three months old; so why must I rust my life away here, while my business and my factory at Lyons are going to decay and ruin?"

In recognition of the special facts of his case, B. is permitted to remain in what is called the "*camp de faveur*," or privileged camp, of Annot, situated in southern France, in the beautiful valley of the Var. The building in which he is quartered, a commodious stone structure which before the war was a young men's college. It is not overcrowded, and the views from its windows are nothing less than superb. Lofty mountains rise from both sides of the valley, and one could not wish for a finer place in which to pass a summer holiday. But the unlucky B. is eating his heart out, longing to be back at his home in Lyons, and the hundred or so other occupants of the *camp de faveur* are equally unhappy. Precisely because they are French in their sympathies, and because they are civilians, not soldiers, does their fate seem unendurable to them.

Why, it may be asked, are they interned, if they have lived so long in France and are so French in their feelings? Because the French government cannot trust men who, although living in France, did not think enough of her to become French citizens. Germany is too near, spies are too dangerous, to justify the authorities in taking chances; so all alien enemies, capable of bearing arms are interned, regardless of the hardships that may result in certain cases like that of the unfortunate Lyons manufacturer.

#### A NEW YORK MERCHANT INTERNED

No influence can secure freedom for a war prisoner. As an instance of this I will cite the case of a Mr. Max S., a rich and influential New York merchant, who, in spite of his quarter of a century in America, had never relinquished his German citizenship. Writing on Christmas Day, 1914, Mr. S.'s brother-in-law in New York said:

On July 28, before there was any thought of war, my brother-in-law, my sister, and I left for Europe on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie. After getting within two days of Plymouth, England, the steamer returned to Bar Harbor, Maine. We were on our annual pleasure-trip abroad. In spite of all persuasion my brother-in-law left for Europe again on August 25, alone, per s. s. New

Amsterdam, from which steamer he was taken by a French man-of-war to Brest.

The remainder of the letter was an urgent appeal to induce the French government to give Mr. S. his freedom. The appeal was reenforced by another from his wife, who declared that her husband is too old to fight; if they would only send him back to New York she promised that he would never, never again cross the ocean. There were letters, too, from United States Senators and cabinet ministers, all imploring leniency.

The French government was most considerate, most polite. It declared itself desolated not to be able to comply with such urgent requests; but Mr. S. had none of the vital physical defects, such as the loss of an eye, arm, or leg, which would entitle him to be released under the reciprocal arrangement with Germany. Consequently, with profound grief, the government was compelled to keep him in the prison-camp of Île Longue.

This refusal did not dishearten the lonely wife in New York. Letters continued to come throughout 1915, 1916, and 1917, up to the time when I left Paris. Doubtless they are still coming, and the courteous French officials are still making polite responses; but that is all the good the wife's campaign for her husband's freedom will do. No entreaties, no influence, however high, are likely to avail. Mr. Max S. is destined to spend an uncertain number of years on the bleak Île Longue, off the coast of Brittany, where I saw him last January, bitterly repining over the mistake he had made in not remaining in America when the Kronprinzessin Cecilie landed him at Bar Harbor in August, 1914.

Cases of this kind throw light on the lesser tragedies of the war. They show how families in the most distant lands are broken up, how hearts on the other side of the globe are tortured, because of the unholy ambition of a military autocracy in Berlin. Some day, surely, the account will be settled, the aggressors will be punished, and the world, made safe against a repetition of such crimes against civilization, will reap its reward for the sacrifices it is now making.

# Finding New Careers for Crippled Soldiers

WHAT CANADA IS DOING, AND WHAT THE UNITED STATES WILL HAVE TO DO,  
TO CARE FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE GREAT WAR

By Cloudesley Johns

NOT long ago there was a dance in the military convalescent hospital at Halifax, Nova Scotia, given especially for the entertainment of some legless men. A blind man, only recently lifted from the depths of despair, smiled in gladness as he listened to the rhythmic beat of fleshless feet upon the floor. An expression of pleasure, born of the consciousness of power which springs from a sense of usefulness, lighted his face, and made it pleasing in spite of the sightless eyes.

The blind man was an American. Two years before—being then, of course, in possession of all his senses—he had left his employment in the mines of Montana to serve with the forces that Canada was sending to the battle-front in France. He had seen hundreds die in the fierce fighting which fell to the Canadian troops. He had lost all dread of death, all horror of the grisly sights he saw by day and night in shell-plowed trenches and the awful reaches of No Man's Land. And then had come the moment when, with a deafening crash and a shock of pain, the power to see was blotted out.

Splinters of a shell, bursting above a crater for which men were battling madly after the explosion of a great mine, had been dashed into the miner-soldier's face like hail in the grip of some mighty blast. One ragged fragment gouged out the left eye, another rasped the optic nerve on the right side, without severing it. Blindness was instantaneous and complete.

In field-hospital and base-hospital surgeons shook their heads as they examined the scarred face of the American miner. The sufferer displayed no interest in the efforts made to save his darkened life. Quite hopeless for the future, he was returned to Halifax.

There the case received the attention of surgical specialists less harried by the pressure of events than those serving close behind the battle-lines in Europe. They found hope for the partial restoration of sight to one eye. It was not much, indeed, but it served to arouse the stricken man from the deadly apathy into which he had been sinking. Every detail of the treatment designed to let in a little of the light of the outer world to his darkened mind gave him a new and keen interest in his existence.

"Even if I can't see much," he pleaded. "Just not to be altogether blind!"

There came a day when, as the nurse removed the bandages, the patient uttered a wild shout of sheer joy. The light had come! It was only a dull, luminous glow, but it brought a promise which filled the mind of the injured man with delight.

The promise, however, was never to be fulfilled. There were days of hope and expectation. Gradually the dim sense of sight grew stronger, and then began to fade. In two weeks more the miner, suffering such mental anguish as he had not dreamed of in the first shock of his blindness, drifted back into the night which was to know no physical dawn for him.

Then another branch of the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada took charge of the wofully unpromising material presented by an utterly despondent being bereft of the most treasured sense. The task it assumed was to arouse the sightless American miner once more to hope and courage, to manhood and usefulness.

There were hours and days of difficult and futile endeavor before the subject could be brought to take the slightest interest in life. Still, he mechanically obeyed the instructions given him, in listless gratitude for ministrations that brought him no solace.

#### THE OPENING OF A NEW CAREER

Little by little his fingers, free of the calluses of his mining and soldier days, developed a new flexibility and muscular intelligence. He began to "see," in a way, with the softened tips. His devoted caretakers, toiling to solve a thousand similar problems, pondered earnestly upon possible vocations for the stricken man, to provide him with a means of livelihood and an active interest in life.

One day, noting the deft motions of those intelligent fingers, a nurse suggested: "He might make a masseur."

One of the surgeons gazed intently at the restlessly moving fingers, and nodded.

"We'll try it," he said.

Persuasively, earnestly, the nurse talked to the blind miner of what an expert masseur might mean in that house of pain. He listened, interested, though unconvinced. He felt that these friendly beings about him would not hesitate to lie to him if they thought they might thereby bring some cheer into his life.

She talked with an air of assured knowledge which gradually carried a degree of conviction to the darkened mind. She told of men who came from the trenches muscle-bound, distorted by rheumatism, or suffering from the adhesions of internal scars left by deep and ragged wounds. The flexible fingers of the blind man moved as she spoke, groping in a beam of sunshine which he could not see.

"Do you think I could do it?" he cried suddenly, eagerly, pleadingly.

"If you'll try," she told him, her heart exulting in the sense of a hard fight more than half won.

The blind man stood up, his hands out-flung with a new hope toward the unseen sunbeam before him.

#### HELPING A FELLOW SUFFERER

Few more pitiful figures ever appeared at the military hospital in Halifax than that of a crippled soldier whom I will call Charles Smith. His sturdy limbs had been twisted into something of extreme ugliness. The distorted form was pain-racked. The dark eyes that peered from the tormented body held the frightened glare which the menace of madness brings.

Through one long night a man whose eyes could not see the misshapen figure, bent over it, feeling with trained, gentle fingers for the rigid muscles and tightened cords of the rheumatic sufferer. Sometimes the patient screamed horribly, and the blind man bending above him shivered; but the probing fingers moved on, searching out the misplaced parts.

Hour by hour the glare died in the eyes of the pain-mad man. In the dawn of another day a nurse laid a hand upon the blind masseur's aching arm and told him that he had given freedom from pain and hope of health to a fellow sufferer from the trenches of France. As I write this, Charles Smith, straightened and almost completely restored to health, is expecting orders to return to France as an ambulance attendant.

The blind masseur has scored many astonishing successes since that, the first case given him after months of training. He is considered one of the most valuable men in the soldiers' hospitals of Canada. Measured even by mere money standards, his condition is the best he has ever known, for his pay is higher than any he received from his former employment in the Western mines.

#### DANCING ON ARTIFICIAL FEET

The legless men who danced were blacks from Jamaica, of the imperial troops. They belonged to the West India Regiment, the only body of negro troops in the British

army list with the exception of two regiments stationed in the African tropics. None of them had seen actual battle service. Ten of the seventeen, previous to enlistment for service in France, had been plantation laborers in Jamaica, knowing no other employment. The other seven, agricultural workers in their youth, had been employed for various periods in shipyards or as grooms. None had learned even the rudiments of any trade in which legless men might find employment.

The seventeen negroes had suffered frozen feet on a transport while *en route* across the Atlantic. Nine lost both legs below the knee, and each of the other eight had one leg amputated.

Rather a serious problem was presented to the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada by the arrival of this group of maimed blacks at Halifax. Grappling with appalling problems, however, had become routine labor with the staff organized to reconstruct the "physically unfit" of the war and to find them new fields of service.

Even before the Jamaicans learned to walk with their artificial limbs, eight had been partially trained as shoemakers and cobblers, four as garment-workers, one as a tinsmith, and one as a stenographer. The capabilities of each had been carefully tested in various lines before his new trade was determined upon. Only three of the seventeen seem likely to remain even partially dependent, and these are still under instruction.

The dance at the convalescent hospital was given in celebration of the departure of four of the reclaimed men to take up their appointed employments, with only a few months' apprenticeship required to equip them as skilled workers. The special guests manifested huge delight, in broad grins and chuckling laughs, as they put the use of their artificial limbs to this unusual test. They joined good-naturedly in bursts of laughter which greeted some of the slight failures of severed cords and muscles to coordinate perfectly with the jointed wooden legs.

The affair was a great success. It gave new hope and courage to many spectators

who had not yet been brought to the point of graduation from the ranks of the physically unfit.

#### A THOROUGH SYSTEM OF TRAINING

The system of training operated by the Military Hospitals Commission provides for four hours' instruction each day, except Saturday and Sunday, in trade processes. Other teaching includes such elementary courses as reading, writing, and arithmetic; and much attention is paid to the all-important matter of molding the individual mind and character.

The blind, of whom there are many, are taught to read and write by the braille system. A number of these have become rapid and accurate typewriter operators, taking dictation direct or from dictaphones.

"Our aim," an officer of the commission recently said to the writer, "is to place the men in better positions than they ever held before, no matter what their physical handicap may be. We feel that they are entitled to this as a reward for the sacrifice they have made in the world struggle for democracy. Now that your country has entered the war, you will have the same problems to meet. It is our hope, here in Canada, that we may be of service, through the experience we have had, in making the work easier and more immediately effective in the States. Our workers are inspired by the service they are rendering. Though many of them are well paid, there is not one who could not command a larger salary in some other field; but there is not one who would give up his present work without keen regret. That is one of the splendid things about it."

#### THE STORY OF A CANADIAN SOLDIER

There was a milk-wagon driver of Toronto, strong and healthy, but quite uneducated. His wages were twelve dollars a week. He possessed a natural but undeveloped talent for mechanical drawing.

He went to the war, entering upon an experience which proved entirely different from everything his fancy had conceived in anticipation. He had expected terror, which he was determined to fight down. He had dreamed of doing wonderful things,

defying death. In reality, he became quite bored by the war before he really got into it. The months of drilling wore out his enthusiasm for heroic individual achievement, even as it developed the habit of implicit obedience, and he became quite content to permit others to assume the responsibility for his conduct.

He became an excellent soldier, however, and did his duty faithfully in the trenches. When he learned that his regiment was to attack he was surprised—almost startled, for a moment. Mental confusion followed, as other orders came. He found that he had ceased to think, almost to feel. With a dull sense of relief he realized that he was moving, with his comrades of the line about him, and knew that he must be doing what was expected of him. His only fear had been of failure in that.

An increasing riot of sound became almost unbearable. More and more his mind, shrinking from the uproar and lurid darkness before him, found refuge in fixing itself upon certain movements and actions to which he had been trained. He saw dim, distorted figures in the clouds of dust and smoke before him. For all practical purposes they were sufficiently like the practise sand-bags he had known in drill. For a time he went on as he had been taught. Then he stopped moving, stopped thinking.

His next conscious impression was of a voice, and then words.

"Pretty bad smash!" he heard. "Left shoulder shattered. He's out of it."

Something soft and smooth came down over his face as he tried to spring up and obey the orders that came struggling back into his confused mind. In his nostrils he sniffed something heavily sweet and soothing, yet somehow terrible and menacing. He fought against it for a moment, and then drifted gently into an infinity of darkness and silence.

Later, he awoke to full and painful consciousness. He had been stopped by a bomb, he learned, and then moved to a field-hospital and operated upon. When he could be moved he would be returned to Halifax. The army had finished with him.

He felt aggrieved. None of his expectations regarding war had been realized. In amazement he realized that he had been through it all—training, battle, wounding, everything but death. He began to find satisfaction in this, even though it had happened so strangely and swiftly that he had been unable to observe and consider it properly as it passed.

#### DISCOVERING AN UNKNOWN TALENT

To the Halifax hospital he came. He had begun to wonder if he ever could drive a team of horses and handle heavy milk-crates again. He did not know that he might not need to.

At first his bewildered mind failed to respond to the inquiries put to him regarding his choice of a possible career. Indeed, the terms "mechanical draftsman" formed no part of his vocabulary. He had entered the army as a career, abandoning his milk-wagon. Now both were gone from him, leaving him far more helpless mentally than he was physically, even with one utterly useless arm.

His first lesson in writing, however, served to give his instructors a hint which determined his subsequent career. Left alone for a few minutes, he fell to drawing on the pages of his copy-book crude pictures of gun-carriages and sections of bomb-proofs. His teachers had been trained, effectively though hurriedly, to search for aptitudes rather than to confine a pupil's efforts to any formal curriculum. They suggested that the driver-soldier should be instructed in mechanical draftsmanship. In time he qualified. He is barely at the beginning of his new career, yet already he receives more than twice the pay of his milk-wagon days.

The Dominion Bridge Company recently gained the services of a machine-tool operator to whom it was quite willing to pay twenty-one dollars a week as a beginning. As a teamster, before the war, he had received fifteen dollars a week when he worked. A French-Canadian, he never had learned to read even French, and could speak only a few words of English. In the military hospitals, recovering from trench rheumatism, he learned to read and write

both languages before his aptitude for machine-tool operating was discovered. Half a dozen trades were open to him as possibilities.

There was a painter, unkempt and uneducated, who went to the war. He returned to Halifax unfitted by shrapnel wounds to wield a brush. The remaining fingers of one hand were trained to hold a pen. The painter-soldier's mind was taught to direct it purposefully, and he now holds a position in the civil-service pension squad.

#### THE CHARTER OF THE COMMISSION

So the work of the Military Hospitals Commission has gone on, learning and teaching, making useful and reconciled workers out of the pathetic cripples who come back from the battle-field. The following brief account of the purposes and methods of the commission is taken from an official report:

The Military Hospitals Commission was formed at the instance of the prime minister, the Right Hon. Sir Robert L. Borden, P. C., G. C. M. G., by order in council dated June 30, 1915, its powers being extended by order in council dated October 12, 1915. Following are some of the clauses of the commission's charter:

1—That a commission, hereafter to be called the Military Hospitals and Convalescent Homes Commission, the short title of which shall be the Military Hospitals Commission, be appointed to deal with the provision of hospital accommodation and military convalescent homes in Canada, for officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force who return invalided from the front, and for officers, non-commissioned officers, and men invalided while on active service in Canada, Bermuda, or elsewhere.

2—That the commission be empowered to select medical and nursing staffs, and to appoint such other personnel as may be needed for the management of hospitals and homes; provided that a general schedule of pay and allowances be submitted for approval by the governor in council.

3—That it be empowered to recommend to the governor in council any expenditure which it may

consider necessary for the treatment and care of the sick and wounded, including the purchase of supplies and equipment, or for the organization, administration, and maintenance of hospitals and homes and to expend any moneys for the purposes and to the amount authorized from time to time by the governor in council.

4—That it be empowered to call in the aid of any department of the Federal administration; in particular to use the machinery of the militia department, and where desirable to draw on that department, for supplies, stores, and equipment, and to utilize the services of divisional and district staffs.

5—That any expenditure incurred by the commission under the authority of the governor in council be made a charge against the war-appropriation vote, or when that ceases to be operative, against any other available appropriation made by Parliament for the purpose.

6—That it be empowered to accept such funds, bequests, and legacies as may be given or devised by individuals or corporations or others, with authority, subject to the approval of the governor in council, to make all expenditure, and to administer any funds, bequests, or legacies on behalf of such members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force as in the judgment of the commission may be entitled thereto, and for the purpose of carrying out such objects and purposes as may be determined by the commission.

7—That it be empowered to deal with the question of employment for members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force on their return to Canada, and to cooperate with provincial governments and others for the purpose of providing employment as may be deemed necessary.

The commission early recognized that its work fell under three main headings:

First, the provision of convalescent hospitals and homes in different parts of the Dominion.

Second, the provision of vocational training for those who through their disability incurred on active service, would be unable to follow their previous occupations.

Third, the establishment of the necessary machinery for the provision of employment for those who require vocational training and for those who will return during and at the conclusion of the war.

It is a matter for congratulation that offers were received by the commission from all parts of Canada of public institutions and private houses, a large proportion without any charge for rental, for convalescent-home purposes.

#### ROSES OF FRANCE

SWEETER than roses in Sultan's garden grown,  
The roses of France in after years shall be,  
Drawing their sweetness from a nation's youth  
Vanished from sight of all save memory!

Arthur Wallace Peach

# The Historic Peace Treaties of Europe

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENTS THAT HAVE ENDED THE GREAT EUROPEAN WARS OF THE PAST, AND THEIR BEARING ON THE PRESENT SITUATION

By Frederic Austin Ogg

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THE proportions of the war now raging stagger the imagination. At least fifteen million men under arms; most of the world involved, including every nation of Europe save six minor ones; thirty thousand square miles of territory devastated; twenty million men, women, and children homeless and dependent on your charity and mine; five and a half million men caged in prison-camps; millions of dollars poured out like water daily by each of a half-dozen great belligerents — no past age has witnessed anything approaching it.

No past age, furthermore, has faced a task of pacification comparable with that which lies ahead. How shall order be brought out of the present chaos? Who will take the initiative? What will be the method, and what the terms? Can peace be made to endure?

Time alone can tell. Meanwhile, what of Europe's experience in dealing with similar situations in other days? For historic treaties of peace are scattered thickly along the war-reddened course of civilization.

Seven of these pacifications within the bounds of modern times stand out with special prominence. In order, they are the peace of Westphalia (1648), at the close of the Thirty Years' War; the peace of Utrecht (1713), at the close of the War of the Spanish Succession; the peace of Paris of 1763, concluding the Seven Years' War; the peace of Paris of 1783, concluding the War of American Independence; the final

act of the Congress of Vienna, reconstructing the European world after the fall of Napoleon; the enactments of the Congress of Paris, in 1856, at the close of the Crimean War; and the enactments, similarly, of the Congress of Berlin in 1878, after the Russo-Turkish conflict in the Balkans. The map of Europe as it stood in the fateful days of August, 1914, bore the direct impress of every one of these great readjustments.

## THE END OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

The Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), to which distinction was given by the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus and of the erratic but brilliant Wallenstein, belonged to both an old and a new age. It was a "religious war"—the last of the great armed clashes between Catholics and Protestants. But it thrust into prominence the principle of nationalism, upon which all European political development has since been more or less directly based; and it was the first great conflict which drew in a majority of the nations of the western world.

The fighting was in Germany, but Sweden, Denmark, France, and Spain played parts quite as important as did the various German states; and even James I of England was at one time persuaded to take a hand in behalf of his Calvinist son-in-law, the Elector of the Palatinate. After the first impact, religious motives were subordinated largely to purposes of territorial ag-

grandizement, and the ruthless struggle dragged on for a generation.

So many nations were involved, and their objects were so diverse, that after desire for peace had become universal a full decade was required to bring about a settlement. Preliminary negotiations were begun in 1637. Five years later it was decided that the Catholic powers should treat at Münster and the Protestant powers at Osnabrück, two Westphalian towns thirty miles apart. The conferences actually began in 1645, and three more years were required to bring matters to conclusion in the so-called treaty of Westphalia.

The meetings at Münster and Osnabrück—really one assemblage sitting in two sections—constituted the first "congress of the powers" in European history. They brought together princes and diplomats from dozens of states—Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Dutchmen, Danes, and Swedes—not to mention the troops of soldiery, the secretaries, and the hangers-on who came in the trains of the various delegations. England, Russia, and Turkey were the only important powers not represented.

The sleepy little towns were stirred to unwonted activity. Public buildings were renovated and embellished; guards were reenforced; delicacies were brought great distances to suit the appetites of aristocrats from every clime. The towns themselves, together with a road connecting them, were neutralized, in order to afford security to the persons of the plenipotentiaries and their suites.

Preliminary discussions occupied the delegates for no less than ten months. Precisely what powers should be permitted to participate? What matters should, and what ones should not, be taken up? Above all, what should be the rules of precedence?

It was an age of ruthlessness and barbarism, but also an age of the nicest etiquette; and throughout the proceedings questions of rank, order, and form quite overshadowed the fundamental issues of territorial possession, allegiance, and religious status which the congresses had come together to settle. Long and grave disputes centered about the formalities of

calls by one delegation upon another, and about titles and other marks of distinction; while the problem of devising a satisfactory seating arrangement for the members threatened to involve the entire proceedings in failure.

The papal nuncio, Fabio Chigi—who later wore the tiara himself as Alexander VII—demanded the highest place of all. The envoy of the Emperor Ferdinand would not sit on a level with the ambassador of France. When the latter was called upon by Luigi Contarini, the Venetian commissioner, he was required to escort his departing guest the whole way to his carriage, not merely half the distance, as had been his inclination.

And when this momentous decision in behalf of Venetian dignity had been made, the Dutch representative put in, successfully, a claim for similar consideration. After wearisome months of bickering the French and Spanish delegations were unable to come to any conclusion other than that they, with their entire suites, should avoid each other on every public occasion.

#### FRAMING THE TREATY OF WESTPHALIA

The haggling and bargaining that ensued when the serious work of the congress was reached can be left to the imagination. The war was still in progress, and no one of the belligerents had the slightest confidence in the good faith of either its enemies or its allies. Small wonder that three years were consumed in working out a series of agreements which nowadays would hardly demand as many months. Of organization there was, strictly speaking, none. There were neither presiding nor recording officers, nor general "sessions," nor committees, nor reports, nor voting in any formal manner.

"In truth," says a chronicler, "there was nothing in the mode of discussing the questions before it to distinguish the congress's business from ordinary diplomatic negotiations, except the proximity of the negotiators and their occupation of a neutralized area."

The completed treaties, however, were of the utmost importance, and considerable portions of them lay at the foundation of

the European political and religious system to the era of Napoleon. Toleration was granted to the Calvinists; France and Sweden received important pieces of German territory; Switzerland and the Netherlands were welcomed into the family of independent nations.

All the fighting of the Thirty Years' War had been done in Germany, and accounts of the resulting misery and depopulation are almost incredible. Thousands of villages were wiped out completely, and over great areas but half, or even one-third, of the former population remained. The people were fearfully barbarized by privation and suffering, and for more than a hundred years the country remained too impoverished to play any notable part in the world's affairs. The war of to-day has but begun to reduce the German-speaking world to straits such as were produced by the generation-long conflagration of the seventeenth century.

No pacification, therefore, was ever hailed with greater exuberance than that of 1648. Princes wrote congratulatory messages. Town councils voted thanks to the rulers. Poets broke into song. Great public feasts were held—among them one at Nuremberg where, although five hours elapsed after the guests were summoned to the dining-hall before they could be seated to every one's satisfaction, the passing of the reign of terror was celebrated with due acclaim.

The next three great European pacifications may be mentioned together, because all were incidental to the titanic eighteenth-century struggle of England and France for colonial dominion.

#### TREATIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The first was the peace of Utrecht-Rastatt of 1713-1714, closing the War of the Spanish Succession. This conflict arose directly from the determination of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV of France, to place his nephew on the throne of Spain, thereby effectively obliterating the Pyrenees as a national boundary. His scheme was resisted by England, Holland, and the German emperor, and the war that ensued not only covered a larger part of Europe than the

Thirty Years' War, but spread to American colonies as well.

The contest began in 1701. It went decisively against the French, and by 1711 all parties were ready for peace. After the usual tedious preliminaries, a great international congress was convened in January, 1712, at Utrecht, on the soil of one of the principal belligerents. Plenipotentiaries were present from England, France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, the German Empire, many of the individual German states, and some other powers.

Ten days were spent in discussion of the kind of carriages, the number of horses, and the staff of servants to be allowed each member of the congress. And when efforts to settle the order of seating proved fruitless, the interesting decision was reached that all the plenipotentiaries should enter the conference chamber at the same time and seat themselves without distinction.

The negotiation proceeded haltingly, and when finally, in April, 1714, seven treaties were signed, it was in consequence of events that had taken place outside—notably the formal renunciation of claim to the French throne by the young Bourbon ruling at Madrid—rather than because of astuteness or industry on the part of the negotiators. The German Empire was not a signatory; but in the supplementary treaty of Rastatt, in the following year, it gave adhesion to the general settlement.

The map of Europe was changed more extensively than by any earlier treaty, and the Bourbon dynastic ambition was effectually crushed. Austria got a position in the Low Countries which she kept until the French Revolution, and a grip upon Italian affairs which she held, in a degree, until the loss of Venice in 1866. British sovereignty was planted permanently at Gibraltar. In America the loss of Acadia, Newfoundland, and the Hudson Bay region marked the beginning of the end of French dominion in the New World.

At the middle of the eighteenth century "a torch lighted in the forests of America," in Voltaire's words, "set all Europe in conflagration." Fighting began in 1754 between the English and French colonists for the possession of the Ohio Valley. The is-

sue broadened, however; and as participants in the Seven Years' War appeared not only the two great rivals for world dominion, but Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Spain. Negotiations for peace were under way in some quarter throughout almost the whole of the contest, and the issues of the war were settled by a series of separate treaties, beginning with the peace of Hamburg between Prussia and Sweden in 1762, rather than by an all-round agreement worked out at a general congress.

Final pacification was accomplished by two great treaties of 1763. One was the peace of Paris, signed at Paris on February 10, between England, France, and Spain. It brought England vast accessions of colonial power, ruined France as a maritime competitor, and reduced Spain to international insignificance; although the English ministry which procured it was hotly criticised for not obtaining better terms, and Horace Walpole remarked, of the sixty-five members of Parliament who voted against it, that they *were not bribed!*

The second treaty was signed at the tumble-down castle of Hubertusburg, in Saxony, on February 15, between Prussia, Austria, and Saxony.

"A treaty ought not to be signed in the evening," remarked the Prussian monarch, Frederick the Great, "but when fasting, as when vows are taken."

Accordingly, the final ceremony took place at daybreak. Territorial changes and other readjustments in Europe proper were wholly disproportionate to the costliness of the conflict.

#### WHEN AMERICA WON INDEPENDENCE

The American Revolution again lighted a torch which kindled flames in Europe. In 1778, for reasons of her own, France threw in her support on the side of the colonies. In 1779 Spain, acting also from considerations affecting her own interests, declared war on Great Britain; and in 1780 Holland was forced in.

It was the intention of the American Continental Congress that negotiations for peace should be carried on only with the full "knowledge and concurrence" of

France, and the commissioners appointed in 1781 received positive instructions to that effect. Suspicion of the motives of both France and Spain, however, led the negotiators—Franklin, Jay, and Adams—to break their instructions and to treat with Great Britain directly and independently. The Anglo-American treaty, recognizing the new-won independence of the United States, was signed on November 30, 1782. After separate negotiations among Great Britain, France, and Spain were brought to a conclusion, all of the agreements were signed in definitive form on September 3, 1783. The diplomacy involved in the settlement, though important enough, was lacking in picturesqueness.

#### AFTER THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON

The situation likely to present itself at the close of the present war finds its closest analogy in the state of affairs existing in Europe in 1814-1815, following the collapse of the power of Napoleon. Peace will certainly be reached more speedily than in the former instance, and the victors' triumph may be less decisive—for Napoleon was absolutely crushed. But few nations will have contrived to keep out of the conflict, and the changes that may be wrought are almost limitless.

In 1814, after twenty-two years of almost incessant war, the map of Europe was in chaos. Geographical lines centuries old had been swept away. Ancient states—Venice, Genoa, Holland, and many more—had completely disappeared. New states of dubious stability had arisen. Every European country, save Great Britain and Russia, had received new boundaries, new rulers, or new political arrangements.

At the end, almost the whole of Europe was in alliance against the Corsican conqueror, and his overthrow became the signal for a general demand for the recovery of lost dominions, the restoration of deposed princes, and the reestablishment of subverted institutions. Utter anarchy threatened, until the four great powers chiefly responsible for the allied victory—Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia—took matters in hand, and, after restoring to the French throne the Bourbon dynasty in the person

of Louis XVIII, concluded with the new government (May, 1814) a treaty outlining the terms of a general readjustment.

The perplexing and delicate task of working out a detailed settlement was entrusted, of sheer necessity and by general consent, to a great international congress; and in recognition of Austria's leadership in the recent alliance, Vienna was selected as the place of the meeting.

#### THE GREAT CONGRESS OF VIENNA

The ensuing congress was one of the most important gatherings of diplomats in the history of the world. Under the guidance of the leading powers of Europe, its purpose was both to decide in detail the conditions of the pacification and to provide for common action to secure permanency for the adjustments made. And in striking degree the European state systems still operative in August, 1914, were based upon decisions which it reached.

The opening of the congress was set for the 1st of August, 1814. Causes for delay arose, however, and only in the middle of September did the representatives of the various powers begin to find their way to the Austrian capital. The British foreign minister, Castlereagh, and the astute Prussian statesman-reformer, Hardenberg, were among the first arrivals. The French plenipotentiaries followed shortly; and presently the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia—"amidst a tumult," one observer informs us—made their appearance together.

There was every reason to suppose that the conclusions reached would be dictated by five or six of the principal powers. None the less, it was obviously to the interest of the smaller states to have on the scene emissaries who should watch and report the proceedings, and perchance seize opportunities to influence decisions. And practically all the European states except Turkey were represented.

In point of rank and display, the assemblage was easily the most brilliant in the annals of modern Europe. The Hofburg was thronged with royalty—including, besides the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia and the kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Wurttemberg, and Denmark, with their

suites—and the city swarmed with princes of lesser rank, with diplomats of every grade and condition, and with semiofficial or non-official spectators and hangers-on.

The hospitality of the Viennese court was unstinted, and within nine months more than sixteen million dollars were laid out on entertainment, although at the time the nation was virtually bankrupt. Pageants, balls, reviews, and festivals followed one another in lavish and ingenious profusion, until it seemed that no energy would be left for the serious business in hand.

"The congress dances well," the Prince de Ligne caustically remarked, "but it does not march."

In point of fact, this continuous round of gaiety was partly intended to oil the wheels of diplomacy; and a predominating characteristic of the congress became the easy informality of its proceedings. There was no such haggling over the minutiae of precedent and etiquette as at Münster and Osnabrück, or even at Utrecht. On the contrary, the sovereigns present fell into the habit of discussing familiarly among themselves every day, before dinner, the subjects that were occupying their plenipotentiaries, and arrived at conclusions by friendly interchange of opinion, after the manner of private persons.

#### THE WORK OF THE CONGRESS

The bulk of the actual work fell to the commissioners of the leading states—to Metternich, of Austria; Castlereagh and Wellington, of England; Hardenberg and Humboldt, of Prussia; Nesselrode, of Russia; and Talleyrand, of France. There was a form of organization. Metternich was president; the scholarly Gentz was secretary; and there were committees to deal with special subjects.

The meeting, however, never became a congress in the ordinary sense of the word. There was never any formal opening or any exchange of credentials. There were no general sessions, and consequently no general debates or other deliberations. What actually took place was the gradual working out, by interested groups, of numerous separate understandings and treaties, which at length were brought together in the so-

called "final act," promulgated on June 9, 1815.

When coming reasonably within view of its goal, the congress was startled to hear that its work might be immediately and completely undone. On March 8, Napoleon, fleeing from Elba, landed near Cannes, proclaimed the congress "dissolved," and made straight for Paris. The government was seized, and the emperor's second reign—the memorable Hundred Days—began.

Some of the princes and diplomats forthwith left Vienna. Wellington, in particular, was called upon to divert his talents to meeting the new danger. The congress, however, was only momentarily interrupted, and it put the final touches to its work nine days before the battle of Waterloo decided that the system it had devised to replace the Napoleonic order should become really operative.

In some quarters it was hoped that the Congress of Vienna would safeguard this new system by providing a permanent tribunal for the settlement of international disputes. Likewise there was demand that it should seek to discourage the recurrence of war by offering to the nations a plan of gradual disarmament. Neither of these suggestions received consideration, but mention of them will indicate that the ideas on which they were based are not peculiar to the peace movement of our own day.

The nineteenth century witnessed the gradual restriction of Turkish rule in south-eastern Europe to a very small region adjoining Constantinople. The vanishing scourge left in its wake, however, a multitude of perplexing racial and territorial questions; and each of the two great pacifications between 1815 and 1900 was brought about by a war involving primarily the affairs of the Balkans. The present world-wide conflagration, too, was kindled on Balkan soil.

#### AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR

The first of these pacifications was accomplished by the Congress of Paris, at the close of the Crimean War, in 1856. The Crimean conflict was precipitated by the Russian government's demand to be permitted to assume a protectorate over the

millions of Greek Christians living within the dominions of the Sultan. The demand was refused, and three western nations sprang to the aid of the Turks—Great Britain, because she could not countenance Russia's designs upon Constantinople; France, largely because of the adventurous disposition of the Emperor Napoleon III; and Sardinia, for the reason that Cavour saw in the conflict an opportunity for his small but ambitious nation to win standing among the powers. Austria also entered the alliance, but remained inactive.

The war—signalized by the siege of Sebastopol and the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava—was short, for Russia's losses were tremendous and her resources were soon exhausted. For a time the allies were uncertain whether to emulate Napoleon by undertaking a grand invasion of the hostile country; but an Anglo-French war council held at Paris in January, 1856, recommended peace, and the new Russian emperor, Alexander II, was induced by neutrals to accept the ultimatum that was offered him.

To work out the terms of a general settlement, it was resolved to hold a congress; and, in evidence of France's regained pivotal position in European politics, Paris was selected as the place of meeting. The congress was opened on February 25, 1856. The gathering was much more businesslike than that at Vienna, and its work was performed with noteworthy expeditiousness, being substantially completed by the middle of April.

With the exception of Prussia, only those nations were directly represented which had been participants in the war. Supported by Great Britain, and over the determined opposition of Austria, Sardinia was admitted on a footing of full equality, and Cavour became one of the commanding figures of the assemblage. For the first time in history Turkey, too, was admitted to representation in a congress of the powers; and it was thereafter considered, however grudgingly, that she belonged to the "family of nations."

An interesting painting by Dubufe represents the members of the congress—fourteen in number—grouped in debate. The

Russian Orloff, the Austrian Walewski, the British Lord Clarendon, and the Turkish grand vizier, Ali Pasha, occupy the foreground. Cavour and Count Buol, of Austria, stand in earnest contemplation of a document in the hands of the second British commissioner, Lord Cowley. The first Napoleon gazes on the scene from the wall.

It was the hope of Napoleon III to convert the gathering into a general European congress, charged with a thoroughgoing revision of treaties and unrestrained reconstruction of the map. Every proposal of the sort, however, was stubbornly resisted—chiefly by Austria—and the subjects taken up were, in general, confined to those arising directly out of the late conflict. Indeed, the ostensible cause of the war—the disputed status of the holy places in the East—was passed without mention.

Important conclusions were reached, none the less, concerning the neutralization of the Black Sea, the withdrawal of Russia from the mouth of the Danube, the increase of political rights of several Balkan peoples, and the preservation of Turkish territorial integrity. The congress also did what it could to elevate to the dignity of international law the usages which had been followed in the war on the sea. These included the abolition of privateering, exemption of enemy's goods, except contraband, when carried in neutral ships, and the principle that a blockade, to be binding, must be effective. Until the present war, most of these regulations were considered absolutely fixed.

#### THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN (1878)

The last great European conference of pacification prior to 1914 was the Berlin Congress of 1878. In 1877 Russia and Rumania were moved by the incredible atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria and adjoining states to declare war on the Porte. Again the conflict was brief, and this time the Turks were soundly beaten. The western powers did not come to their aid with arms.

Intervention, however, was only delayed. For when the Russo-Turkish treaty of San Stefano was found to contain stipulations favorable to the rapid extension of Russian

influence in the direction of Constantinople, Great Britain and Austria announced that they would not accept it, and demanded that its terms should be submitted to the European powers sitting in a general congress. Disraeli, indeed, was ready to go to war forthwith; but Austria counseled moderation.

Russia's first inclination was to meet the challenge with a declaration of hostilities. She was, however, unprepared for a struggle of such proportions, and Bismarck declined to pledge Germany's assistance. On the contrary, he supported the Anglo-Austrian demand for a congress, volunteering to serve "as an honest broker," a conciliatory intermediary between "buyer and seller."

Because Germany was then the least interested of the powers in the Eastern question, the congress—which unquestionably averted a general war—was called to meet at Berlin. It convened on June 13, 1878, and, like its predecessor of 1856, carried through its work in businesslike fashion, remaining in session exactly one month. The assemblage took as its task the general revision of the San Stefano treaty, and all states whose interests were likely to be affected were welcomed as participants.

The personnel of the congress was hardly surpassed in brilliance by that of the Vienna gathering of 1815. Great Britain was represented by the prime minister, Disraeli, and the foreign secretary, Lord Salisbury; Russia by Prince Gortchakoff and Count Shuvaloff, two of the ablest diplomats of the time; France by Waddington; Austria-Hungary by Count Andrassy; and Germany by the Iron Chancellor, who was elected president. Turkey sent as her principal agents a Greek and a German! An interesting painting of the congress, by Anton von Werner, hangs in the city hall at Berlin, and is familiar as an engraving. Prince Bismarck is, not unnaturally, the dominating figure in the German artist's composition.

Despite the threatened withdrawal of the British delegates at a critical stage of the proceedings, the congress fulfilled its mission with such thoroughness that the San Stefano agreement was reduced to shreds,

and the treaty of Berlin became the formal basis of all international arrangements in the Balkans. Such it remained, with slight exceptions, for thirty years. It did not settle the Eastern question by any means, but it was supposed to have contributed largely to a final solution.

The link between the readjustment of 1878 and the war now raging is supplied by the little provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. By the Berlin treaty these territories, while continuing to recognize the sovereignty of Turkey, were placed under the administrative supervision of Austria. In 1908 the Austrian government made the Turkish revolution an excuse to annex the provinces outright. And, as every one knows, it was at the Bosnian town of Sarajevo that, on the fateful 28th of June, 1914, the Austrian crown prince was slain and the spark applied to the tinder.

Europe faces to-day another great pacification. She may or may not find a gen-

eral congress a useful or even a possible means to the end which will have to be reached. There is a strong presumption, however, that a congress will be held; and if Holland contrives to maintain her neutrality long enough, The Hague will be the logical place for it.

Some aspects of the gathering can be foreseen. With fourteen or more nations in the war, it will be a large assemblage. Because of the depth of feeling prevailing, the tension of thought and purpose will be great, and there will be no gaiety.

Furthermore, if precedents count, the way will be prepared months in advance by open and secret treaties, agreements, and understandings, and it will remain for the congress merely to coordinate and extend the settlements independently reached. At all events, a good deal of time is likely to elapse between the first positive steps looking to the gathering of the powers in council and the full realization of the plan.

#### MIZPAH

Oh, man o' mine in olive drab,  
So handsome, brave, and strong,  
You're bound for "somewhere" there in France  
To join the fighting throng.

Oh, man o' mine, from out your heart  
Your eye speaks brave and true;  
You'll do your patriotic part,  
For, man o' mine, that's you!

For liberty you're going, man,  
And honor—therefore go!  
But oh, my man, come back, come back,  
Because I need you so!

One man in ten must fall, they say;  
Each hour my fervent prayer  
Will seek its heavenward way to plead  
That God may guard you there.

I know the horrors you will see;  
I hear the bursting shell;  
But, man o' mine, you'll do your part,  
And do it more than well!

'Tis such as you they want, my man,  
To stem the tyrants' greed;  
But oh, my man, come back, come back—  
My love, my strength, my need!

Gertrude Stewart

# An Army of Women in the War Zone

HOW THE WOMEN'S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS IS DOING GOOD SERVICE CLOSE BEHIND THE BATTLE-LINES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS

By Judson C. Welliver

Special Correspondent of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE and the New York Sun

LET me introduce Miss Thomasina Atkins. She is, of course, Tommy's sister. Incidentally she may be his cousin or aunt or widow. Relationships get strangely mixed in these parlous periods.

No, Thomasina isn't the munitionette. She's the war-front girl.

She's Tommy in full khaki, with short—very short—skirt substituted for trousers; rumor, indeed, says merely superimposed. This being a great fact story, as the muck-raking editors used to say, the unknowable must not tempt it away into realms of hopeless conjecture.

Certain it is that when Thomasina dons her khaki greatcoat, it requires two or three looks to make reasonably sure whether she's herself or Tommy in his trench coat. This adds a new element of interesting uncertainty to the fortunes of war.

When she swings herself up into the driver's seat of a big motor-car, grasps the wheel, and sounds the big honk that means "all aboard," there's a persuasive insistence about it that invariably makes the party jump. This will be quite intelligible to married men who recall those historic occasions when their wives were dressed and ready to start first. It will also be understood by an English staff-officer with a woman chauffeur. Others must content themselves with acrobatics of the imagination. They can never really know.

But of this let everybody be assured—that when woman learns the business of being on time, and sets out to key up the rest

of the world to her conception of its reality and earnestness, there will nevermore be overdue trains, cold dinners, or "spring drives" delayed into midsummer, postponed to autumn, and then abandoned till next year. The calendar and the solar system will be taken in hand and instructed to maintain a schedule free from the irregularities which have immemorially necessitated the occasional injection of a correctional 29th of February. The elusive conclusion of the war will be definitely staked out, hobbled, and made to stay put until the well-known processes of events can catch up with it.

## MISS ATKINS NOT A GRUMBLER

Tommy, as is universally understood, is the world's foremost grumbler. With him, whatever is wrong. The government is incompetent, the war isn't being managed correctly, Parliament ought to be abolished, nobody could possibly fight on such rations. The weather is too hot except when it's too cold, and too wet except when it's too dry. He knows nothing fit except Sir Douglas Haig, the sister who cared for him in hospital, and the British artillery—"Gawd bless 'em!"

If he gets some sugar, it isn't enough; if he gets enough, it's at the expense of something else that he suddenly finds much more needful. It's only when he falls into real hard luck—say, a shell-hole between the lines, with the German machine-guns scraping the rim with a stream of bullets—that

Tommy manages to be cheerful. Then he suspends growling and shows himself a philosopher with an unquenchable flow of humor.

Thomasina is different. As soon as she gets her uniform on, she takes it and everything it connotes—discipline, drill, hard work, harder beds, chilblains, and all the rest—with complete equanimity. She makes fun of the things Tommy growls about. She's as persistently sunshiny as he is perennially gloomy.

Perhaps, when acquisition of the vote gives her the privilege of putting a kick into her grumble, she will learn to find fault just as Tommy does. If so, we have here the long-sought irrefutable argument against suffrage for women.

#### DRAWING NEARER TO THE BATTLE-LINES

Week by week the women get nearer to the zone of actual fighting. They don't get there by the subterfuge of masculine apparel, which a few Frenchwomen have employed, nor yet by the spectacular methods of the Russian women's Legion of Death. They are simply being substituted more and more for men in all the services that support the fighting men in the trenches.

There is a big gap between the home base and the trenches. It must be filled by the efforts of a great army of people doing a vast number of services just as essential as the fighting itself.

In other wars, and in the earlier periods of this one, such tasks were presumed to belong exclusively to the men. Soldiers whose age or physique did not qualify them for the supreme stress of trench life were employed in these multitudinous labors—transport, storekeeping, cooking for the troops, driving cars and trucks, clerical work, and all the rest.

The man in the trenches might be described as the apex of the war pyramid, borne up on the broader structure underneath. In that supporting structure women are bearing a constantly heavier share of the burden. More and more they are taking over the auxiliary services as the demand for man-power at the front becomes increasingly insistent.

All the world knows the work of women

as munitions-makers, ship-builders, nurses, factory hands, agricultural labors—as substitutes for men in every sort of economic operation. But all that is different from the new utilization of women as part of the very war machine itself. If they are not fighting, they are doing things which directly release thousands of men for the fighting-line.

A soldier can't be in the trench and at the same time be driving a motor-car, working a telephone exchange, or cooking meals for the other soldiers. But if a woman can be found able to handle his ticker, his wheel, or his kitchen, then he can be spared for the front.

Early in the war Englishwomen demonstrated that they could perform these services in the cantonments where the soldiers were trained. Greater and greater numbers of them were thus employed; but only in the last year has it been seriously proposed that they should undertake similar tasks in France, under the more strenuous conditions of the military zone.

The Women's Legion was formed to utilize women's efforts in auxiliary work at home. The economy of man-power was so great, and the results so satisfactory, that early in 1917 it was determined to project this organization across the Channel, and to build just as many women as possible into the structure which supports the men out at the front.

#### THE WOMEN'S CORPS AND ITS COMMANDER

Readers who recall a recent article on Sir Eric Geddes, master of many herculean labors and now first lord of the Admiralty, will be interested to know that when the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was organized, a sister of Sir Eric was made its chief controller, or commander. She is Mrs. Chalmers Watson, a truly remarkable woman, whose career has further camouflaged our vision of the increasingly puzzling question, "Is there anything the men do that the women can't do?"

Mrs. Watson was the first woman in Scotland to receive the degree of doctor of medicine. She early took active and effective part in handling social and administrative problems concerning public health,

sanitation, education, and the like. She possesses the genius for organization and administration, and yet is altogether a woman, capable of commanding the sympathy, understanding, and cooperation of women. As chief controller, her rank corresponds to that of a brigadier-general.

Last February the government invited her to visit France and study the question of employing larger numbers of women behind the lines in order to release men. She went, and proved herself exactly the right woman in the right place. Not only did she convince the government that there was a great field for the work of women, but she showed it how to enlist and train them.

For good and sufficient reasons the government did not want to advertise its experiment in this new employment of women; so Mrs. Watson was directed to organize the first division of her women's army on a plan exactly reversing that which Kitchener employed in calling his countrymen to the recruiting-offices. She was to do the trick with as little noise as might be. There was to be no hamper of heroics and publicity.

By early spring the first draft of the Auxiliary Corps had crossed the Channel. The women had been selected for it with utmost care, fitness being determined as rigorously as among male candidates for the army. No woman was accepted unless she possessed definite qualifications for some particular work that had to be done. No married woman was accepted under any circumstances if her husband was already serving in France. England had already discovered, just as America has more recently done, that the soldiers' wives are not wanted at the front.

#### TRAINING AND DUTIES OF THE CORPS

The organization of the corps is under the War Office, and is precisely similar to that of the regular army. Its work is divided into administrative, inspection, and recruiting sections. The first handles everything concerned with the training, housing, and forwarding of drafts; with payment, promotion, and such details. The officers in charge of these various functions are ranked as assistant controllers, corresponding to

officers in the army; while "forewomen" correspond to the regular army's non-commissioned officers.

The inspection section deals with the condition of camps and hostels, employing trained and highly skilled administrators, who make sure that the best sanitary and domestic conditions are maintained.

The recruiting part of the work is under the ministry of labor. Women desiring to enlist may apply at any of the labor exchanges throughout the country; these exchanges being, in England, under the supervision of the government's department of labor.

When a woman has made out her application-blank and presented her own statement of her qualifications, together with references, she is sent to a selection board and examined with reference to her special fitness for the particular work she desires to undertake.

For example, this organization has taken over the care of the soldiers' graves in France. Women who have some knowledge of horticulture are particularly desired for this work.

Many of the women who have enlisted are the widows of soldiers who have lost their lives at the front. They come largely from the better social strata, the middle and upper classes. Another large contingent came from the London post-office service.

Once they are enlisted, there is absolutely no distinction as to social status. The women are all treated alike, and almost without exception they have subjected themselves willingly and cheerfully to the discipline.

After she has passed the general preliminary examination, the candidate is tested physically, and then sent to a station for three weeks or a month for preparatory work. Here she is drilled, accustomed to discipline, vaccinated, and inoculated. Women doing all kinds of work—cooks, stenographers, gardeners, motor-drivers—live together in the barracks on a footing of absolute equality.

At first it was thought that women might not take to a discipline based on the absolute breaking down of all social barriers. Men have adapted themselves to this re-

quirement without difficulty, but whether women would do so was only to be determined by experience. The event has proved them just as adaptable as their brothers. Questions of social rank, which in ordinary circumstances are far more difficult in Britain than Americans can easily understand, simply do not arise. Among the women, as among the men, war has been the great leveler, the real democratizer.

A woman's outfit for foreign service includes overcoat, tunic, uniform hat, and overalls, all of khaki, along with shoes of a sturdiness and staying quality that would appal most American men if asked to wear them. Incidentally and parenthetically it may be observed that if there is one subject about which Americans have much to learn in regard to outfitting soldiers for twentieth-century trench warfare in Flanders mud, it is this of footwear. As well start scaling Mount Everest in patent-leather dancing-pumps as bucking the Hindenburg line in the foot-gear that has thus far appeared in the kits of American soldiers "out there." Concerning which, Sammy will probably be heard from later, and in no uncertain terms.

Training-camps were established for the Women's Auxiliary Corps, just as they were for the soldiers; and the women took to the prescribed course of instruction with real eagerness. All of them, of course, were volunteers; there were no conscientious objectors among them to be convinced that it was wicked to serve their country. The numbers ready to enlist were so great that it was possible to make the physical examination most rigid. As fast as they were trained for their various tasks, the drafts were taken to France, and new levies took their places in the cantonments.

#### THE AVOIDANCE OF PUBLICITY

Although it seems as long ago as the Dark Ages, there must be plenty of people who remember the grumbling and complaints with which England responded to Kitchener's call for the first million men. The faster they came, the more loudly was it proclaimed that they weren't coming at all; that patriotism was dead, and the war certain to be a disgrace to England. The million never would be raised!

And then, one day, just when Germany was quite sure of the decadence of England and the failure of democracy, Mr. Asquith, or somebody else "in the know," stood up in the House of Commons and casually divested himself of the information that England had three million soldiers under arms. Some day that little comedy will be rated at its true significance, as perhaps the greatest single bit of strategy this war has known.

It was much the same with the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Not until it was certain that the project would succeed was any extensive publicity given to it. Then the public was taken into confidence, and the work and numbers of the corps began to be expanded as fast as possible.

Women's interest in war work has been decidedly whetted since the formation of the corps afforded opportunity for getting nearer the front. British womanhood is proud of the part it has borne in the struggle, and anxious to make its contribution yet greater. How many thousands of women have been enlisted for the auxiliary force has not been published; but it is declared that practically every member of the corps on foreign service is doing necessary work of a character and amount which makes it possible to release a potential fighting man for the front.

The spirit of adventure is credited with much of the attraction that carries men into the soldierly career. In its feminine form, that same urge is commonly characterized as curiosity. Just why the distinction should be made is not very obvious. Anyhow, that's what makes many women like the work of the Auxiliary Corps. It offers more thrills than stamping out brass disks for cartridges or turning shapely noses on shrapnel casings.

Just as there are thousands of men in the army who might have got exemption if they hadn't wanted to experience the "real thing," so there are multitudes of women whose spirit of adventure has felt the appeal of the Auxiliary Corps, and led them to offer their services for the arduous, difficult, and often dangerous work that brings them nearest to the actual clash of the warring giants.

# Painlevé, the New Leader of France

THE SCIENTIST-STATESMAN WHO HAS COME RAPIDLY TO THE FRONT DURING THE WAR, AND WHO IS NOW HEAD OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

By Frederick Stoker

THE Lloyd George of France—so they are already calling Paul Painlevé, the latest of his country's war premiers. Such comparisons, at first thought, might imply similarity in career, likeness of physique, temperament, habit, deeds; yet two men may possess none of these things in common and still be associated in the thoughts of their friends or the public.

In this particular instance the comparison means that in the scientifically trained Frenchman there is the same absolute determination to win the war that there is in the legal-minded little Welshman who represents so sturdily the empiric yet democratic spirit of Britain. And in both there is that quality—shall we call it by that elusive term, personality?—which inspires the hope that they are among those mortals in whom is the gift that attains the stars.

In an era of new things and new men, Painlevé is himself a new man. His sun has risen above the horizon of France only since the beginning of the war. Before the war he was a mere individual. Now he is the very type and emblem of that tender yet stern spirit of France which thrives best in adversity, and which in these years of suffering has grown to a new power.

In considering M. Painlevé's career, one wonders if he ever heard of that characteristic assertion of former Governor Frank Black, of New York: "Politics is the queen of all the sciences." For M. Painlevé is first of all a scientist. If he is a politician, too, it surely must be because he believes that politics is a science.

His whole training has been along scientific lines. In his native Paris he was graduated from the Superior Normal School in 1883, when he was twenty-one. Four years later he took his degree as doctor of science and mathematics. When only twenty-eight he became a member of the Academy of Sciences, being the youngest man ever so honored. He was laureate of the Institute of France in 1890, 1894, and 1896.

His special field of study has been in higher mathematics and their application to mechanics; but he is also a philosopher, and many books have come from his pen. Before he entered politics he was sent by the French government on scientific missions to Sweden and Germany. The King of Sweden recognized his work by giving him the order of the Polar Star. France has made him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor; scientific societies in various countries have honored themselves by electing him a member. His former students at the Polytechnic School still talk of his wonderful powers of conversation and eloquence.

A new man? M. Painlevé always was a new man, else he would not be a true scientist. Science feeds on newness; the past is its grave. Painlevé is typically an innovator, almost an iconoclast. He has the restless spirit of inquiry which accepts no authority as being immune from challenge and investigation. A case in point was his rejection of the Bertillon theory at the Dreyfus trial. He said then:

"It is impossible that M. Bertillon's reasoning can make any impression on un-

biased men who have received a good scientific education."

His point was not so much that the Bertillon system was untrue; it was merely not scientific.

There is something of the "I'm from Missouri" about M. Painlevé. He likes to apply the acid test. For instance, he was one of the chief investigators of the unfortunate controversy over the discovery of the north pole, in 1909, and out of the crucible of his analysis came convincing proof that Peary, not Cook, was entitled to the disputed laurels.

#### HIS CAREER IN FRENCH POLITICS

It is largely because of this investigating, analytical trait of his mind that Painlevé has been so successful in public life. He approached politics as something worthy of keen study. He did not take it up as a fad; nor did he early in life seek to make it his career. Instead, he built for himself a firm foundation and solid walls out of the stones of science, and now atop of these he has fixed the roof of politics, making a complete, compact structure of useful and honorable service to France.

Looking at it from across the waters of the Atlantic—and long-distance vision may give a truer understanding than a close-up view—one is inclined to say that as the architect of his own career, M. Painlevé has made a good job of it. He has been cautious as well as thorough. He knew how to wait, for it was not until May, 1914, that he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. That seems a long time ago, if one thinks only of the horrors of war; yet it is a remarkably short span of years for the development of a new leader of a great people.

M. Painlevé had not been long in the Chamber when the charm and force of his personality were widely felt. His party associates, the Republican Socialists, were of course aware of his unusual talents, and the other parties soon discovered them. He was chosen president of the army and navy committee, and later of the committee on foreign affairs. In this position he became an open critic of the Viviani government. Events were not moving to his satisfaction, and he did not hesitate to say so.

Especially frank was he at the time of the resignation of Théophile Delcassé from the Foreign Office. Rising in the Chamber, he denied, on behalf of the committee on foreign affairs and the army and navy committee, all responsibility for the expedition to Saloniki. He had foreseen and had given warning of Bulgaria's alinement with the central powers; he had urged the forcing of the Dardanelles and the capture of Constantinople.

But now that M. Painlevé himself is guiding the destinies of France, these controversies are of the dead past. He recognizes nothing but the future, and the future, to him, means victory.

#### FRENCH SCIENCE AND THE WAR

In the Briand cabinet, which succeeded M. Viviani's ministry, Painlevé was chosen minister of public instruction and of inventions for the national defense. One of his first undertakings was the mobilization of the scientific genius of France. No suggestion was too fantastic to receive his attention, for, he asked himself, is it not possible that in it lies the means of helping to shorten the war?

Much chaff came to him, of course, but he threshed it out, and there were left for him to develop personally, or pass on to his assistants or colleagues several inventions that have done good service in the struggle against the ruthless hosts of the Kaiser. One of these is a liquid-air bomb which M. Painlevé himself perfected from the inventor's design, and which has been used frequently by the French airmen in their raids on the enemy's lines.

Such is M. Painlevé's enthusiasm for the cause of science that he has disputed the assertion of our own Thomas A. Edison that invention has played only a small part in the war. Such a statement could be based, he declares, only on the fact that most of the new devices relating to the war are still military secrets. Only upon a few has the light of publicity been turned.

One thing for which M. Painlevé has the gratitude of the *poilus* of France is the approval he gave to the Dakin-Carrel fluid, now recognized as a great saver of lives and limbs. This method of treating wounds

originated with H. D. Dakin, but was brought into effective use by the famous Franco-American surgeon, Dr. Alexis Carrel—great before the war began, but greater still because of it.

In France, as in other countries, there are many conservatives among medical men, and at first there was strong opposition to the introduction of the new method. News of this opposition, and also of the wonderful results of the fluid where it had been used, reached M. Painlevé. Here was something new, and the scientist could not resist the impulse to investigate it personally. The result was its general adoption in the treatment of wounded soldiers.

Some men familiar with the facts say that Painlevé, though his official post was not one of the most important of the cabinet portfolios, really dominated the Briand ministry. At any rate, he survived its fall, and became minister of war when the veteran Ribot took M. Briand's place in March of the present year. In this position his guiding principle was the realization of the fact that modern war is a conflict of all the energies and resources of the contending nations, wherein the intellectual factor is as important as the physical and material elements. The longer it lasts, he argued—and still argues, for that matter—the more it becomes a contest of science and machinery. And it is not too high praise to say of him that of France's war ministers he proved to be the most efficient, and therefore the most successful.

Throughout his public life M. Painlevé has been a staunch friend of the United States. Upon America's entry into the war he issued to the French troops an order advising them of the fact, with the assurance that it meant more than ever the certainty of complete victory for the Allies.

And now that he has risen to the headship of the government, victory seems all the more certain—especially if, as he says, it depends largely upon intellect and science. For he has both; and he has a free hand to carry out his ideas—freer, it is understood, than any of his predecessors. His friends believe that his ministry will survive the perils that have beset past ministries in France, and that, even should it

fall, Painlevé will rise to lead another government along his scientific way.

#### THE FIRST FRENCHMAN ON AN AEROPLANE

I will conclude this article by quoting a brief personal sketch of Paul Painlevé, written for me by M. Stephen Lauzanne, the accomplished editor of a well-known Paris newspaper, the *Matin*:

You ask me to indicate the characteristics of M. Painlevé, the new French prime minister. The question is difficult to answer when it pertains to a man offering the most diversified characteristics—all of them most admirable.

I would recall that M. Painlevé is a man of science, and at the age of twenty-eight—something never seen before in that beautiful France which is the home of scholars—became a member of the Academy of Sciences. I would recall that he is a man of judgment, and that since his advent as minister of war he has judged who was the most remarkable man in the French army, and the one most worthy to command, by choosing General Pétain as commander-in-chief.

I would recall that he is a man of foresight, because it was he who, while minister of public instruction in 1916, notwithstanding great opposition, instituted the system of advancing all clocks one hour in summer, so as to save fuel and light, the want of which during the following winter made itself so cruelly felt.

I would recall that he is a man of action and patriotism, witness of which are the vigorous and patriotic measures he has taken during the six months he has been at the war ministry—measures regulating the question of furloughs, regulating the question of sending soldiers back to the mines and fields, affirming discipline and the authority of the army chiefs.

But much rather do I prefer to remember simply a little-known episode in the career of M. Painlevé, which undoubtedly will specially appeal to American hearts. He is the first Frenchman who ever went on board an aeroplane, and he chose an American aeroplane. This came to pass in 1908, near the city of Mantes.

The Wright Brothers were then making their celebrated experiments in France. They succeeded in raising their aeroplane from the ground, and in making it fly from eight to twelve minutes. Crowds watched them every day, a great many people coming from Paris in autos.

In the crowd, one Sunday, there was a man with slightly curled hair, with a young and almost boyish face in which shone two enthusiastic eyes. It was M. Painlevé, who was not even a deputy then. He approached one of the Wrights and asked him if he would consent, on his next trip, to take a passenger with him.

"Certainly," remarked Wright, and a few minutes later the aeroplane carried in its flight two human beings—the aviator and M. Painlevé. A

detail extraordinary and symbolic—never did the aeroplane fly better or fly so long!

When he came back to earth and stepped out of the aeroplane, M. Painlevé was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd; but he managed to escape, and locked himself in a near-by hotel. There, in a small, clear, precise handwriting, he set down his impressions, which he prefaced with these words:

"A new era opens for the world. Man now can fly because a man just flew."

Frenchmen to-day have the right to remember this forgotten incident with a certain pride. Americans have the right to say proudly that it was an invention of American genius which made such an incident possible. So, as it were, at the dawn of M. Painlevé's illustrious career France and the United States were already united.

## Pensions and Insurance for Our Fighting Men

THE GREAT NEW GOVERNMENTAL SCHEME FOR A JUST PROVISION FOR OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS AND THEIR DEPENDENTS

By Arthur Hunter

President of the Actuarial Society of America

THE enormous burden laid upon this country during the past fifty years to provide pensions for soldiers of the Civil War and their widows has loomed large in the minds of the people in general, and especially in the thoughts of all economically minded statesmen. As soon as we became engaged in the present conflict, it was realized that at its close we should have to face a vast new pension problem. Manifestly it was the part of statesmanship to establish in advance a uniform and well-considered system, which should be in the nature of a contract with the man entering the military or naval service, and which should leave as little room as possible for the piecemeal legislation and the multiplicity of special claims that gave so much cause for criticism in the past.

Until a very few years ago the word "pension" has been almost exclusively associated in the public mind with soldiers and sailors, and was generally understood to imply a provision for the veteran's old age or an allowance to his widow. The great extension of workmen's-compensation acts, however, has led to a widening of the meaning of the term among Americans, and

has brought sharply to their attention the necessity of financial protection against other dangers besides those of death and old age. In three-quarters of the States a pension for a limited period is now paid in connection with total and permanent disability resulting directly from occupational accident.

The action of the Canadian authorities in regard to indemnifying soldiers and their families has also had an influence on public opinion in the United States. It was accordingly to be expected that any pension or insurance system established by our government would be on far broader lines than would formerly have been regarded as practicable.

The first bill for this purpose was prepared in June of the present year by a representative of the administration. It provided for the payment of four thousand dollars at the death of either an enlisted man or a commissioned officer, but made no provision for relief in case the man was totally disabled—as, for instance, through the loss of both eyes. It was further specified that any man in military or naval service should be entitled to insure himself

for six thousand dollars, paying premiums at the peace rate charged by life-insurance companies, and that the government should bear any losses so incurred.

Representatives of the life, casualty, accident, and other insurance companies were invited to be present at a meeting with Secretary McAdoo on the 2nd of July, to discuss the question of life and disability insurance. At that meeting it was pointed out that the government's tentative bill was not broad enough. Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, offered the following suggestions:

In the case of soldiers and sailors the indemnity should be guaranteed by the government under some equitable plan whereby the family may be rehabilitated, dependent children supported until capable of taking care of themselves, the wife assisted to become self-supporting or supported until remarried, and a dependent mother suitably provided for. In addition, provision should be made for the support, or partial support, of the soldier or sailor who is (1) partially disabled; (2) totally disabled; (3) permanently disabled; (4) mutilated.

It was also suggested by the representatives of the companies that if the government decided to give insurance instead of pensions, and if the soldiers were to pay no premiums for the insurance, then it would be simpler and better for the government to handle the entire matter itself, instead of dealing with the companies.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Secretary McAdoo cordially acknowledged the patriotic and disinterested services of the men who had attended it, and the great value of the information and advice they had furnished.

#### THE GOVERNMENT'S LIBERAL SCHEME

Largely, I believe, as the result of the advice of the representatives of the insurance companies, a bill was prepared which is more generous, more humane, and more enlightened than any such measure heretofore adopted by any government. Before entering upon the features of the scheme, it might be considered in the light of the Workmen's Compensation Act of the State of New York.

Under that act if a man, engaging in an occupation of his own choosing, is killed through an accident due to the occupation, a pension is payable to his wife until death or remarriage; on remarriage she receives a lump payment equal to two years' allowance. Provision is also made for other dependents in the event of the wage-earner's death. Furthermore, should he be totally disabled through occupational accident, a pension is granted to him. If he is temporarily disabled, an indemnity is payable depending upon the nature of the injury.

As our government is now taking men from callings protected by this law, and asking them to risk their lives for their country, ought not such men to be as liberally treated as workmen in the State of New York whose hazard is less, and who have the right to select their own occupation? The only possible answer, of course, is that our soldiers and sailors should be at least as well indemnified in the event of death or disability as the workmen of any State in civil occupations.

The main provisions of the government act include five features:

First, allowances to the families of soldiers and sailors.

Second, compensation for death in the form of pensions to dependents.

Third, pensions on account of total disability.

Fourth, pensions or payments for partial disability or mutilation.

Fifth, life and disability insurance at the lowest possible rates.

Of these, the family allowances will probably cost the government more during active warfare than all the others combined, but will cease soon after the termination of hostilities; while the pensions will continue for many years, and will ultimately involve a much larger sum than the family allowances.

#### FOR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FAMILIES

In addition to pensions and insurance, the same justice calls for fair provision for the families of men in the fighting services. In most cases, the wages of soldiers and sailors are not sufficient to support a family,

so allowances should be made by the government.

In Canada there is a Canadian Patriotic Fund to render financial assistance to soldiers' dependents, the fund being supported by voluntary contributions and by grants from the cities, counties, and provinces of Canada. In drafting the bill for the United States, it seems to have been the intention to grant the dependents a sufficient amount to secure the necessities but not the comforts of life. Of course, the designated amounts would be less in purchasing value in the more expensive cities than in the country districts. The framers of the measure suggested that where the cost of living is high grants from the city or State, or from the Red Cross and other patriotic organizations might supplement the government family allowance. To attempt to fix a scale of allowances according to the needs of the families was considered impracticable.

It is not possible to take up in detail here the various provisions concerning the amount of the allowances and the various conditions under which they are to be made, but a brief outline may be given.

#### A MARRIED SOLDIER MUST CONTRIBUTE

In connection with family allowances, allotments or assignments of pay by the enlisted men are generally compulsory as to a wife, a divorced wife to whom alimony has been decreed, or a child, but are voluntary as to any other person. The compulsory allotment is not less than fifteen dollars a month, nor more than one-half the man's pay.

In addition to the allotment made by the enlisted man—this part of the law does not apply to commissioned officers—the government makes a "family allowance," the amount depending upon the number in the family, and their relationship.

If, for example, there were a wife and two children depending upon the enlisted man, then the government would pay thirty-two dollars and fifty cents a month, in addition to at least fifteen dollars from the man's pay, making a total allowance of forty-seven dollars and fifty cents for the family. If he has no wife or children, but

has a father and mother depending upon him, then the allowance would be twenty dollars a month, together with at least fifteen dollars from his pay.

The above provisions are undoubtedly just in principle, but there was a good deal of opposition to compelling the enlisted man without dependents to deposit one-half of his monthly pay at four per cent interest. The circumstances and conditions under which this deposit must be made are to be prescribed in future regulations, and these no doubt will be made elastic, so as not to do injustice to the men who had contracted financial obligations before the act was passed.

#### PENSIONS AT DEATH TO DEPENDENTS

The act provides that in the event of death in the service compensation shall be paid to the soldier's or sailor's dependents. For example, if he leaves a widow and one child, the compensation shall be thirty-five dollars a month; if there be no widow, but one child depending, twenty dollars; if a widowed mother alone, twenty dollars. The maximum monthly compensation for death is seventy-five dollars, and no difference is made between commissioned officers and men with regard to the compensation to dependents.

There may be differences of opinion as to the adequacy of the foregoing rates, but there should be none as to the justice of the principle of paying compensation to those who are injured in the defense of their country. It should be so liberal that the question of pensions need not be reopened later, as far as those who have been bereaved by the present war are concerned. I am afraid that in certain particulars the bill is not sufficiently liberal to attain this result.

In the first drafts of the measure it was provided that the payment of the monthly pension to a widow or a widowed mother should continue until two years after her remarriage, or until her death. This provision was intended to minimize the temptation to fraudulent concealment of remarriage in order to avoid losing a pension. A widow, on remarriage, could have counted upon receiving the monthly compensation

for two years longer; but such a provision does not appear in the act.

#### PAYMENTS FOR TOTAL DISABILITY

If total disability results from injury or disease contracted in the course of active service, a monthly pension of thirty dollars is to be granted to the sufferer. If he has a wife, but no children, the amount is raised to forty-five dollars a month, and it increases still further according to the number of his dependents and the nearness of their relationship. Where the injured man is totally disabled and so helpless as to be in constant need of a nurse or attendant, an additional sum not to exceed twenty dollars a month may be allowed. If he has lost both feet, both hands, or both eyes, or has become helplessly and permanently bedridden, his pension is one hundred dollars a month, but there is no additional allowance for an attendant. No taxpayer is likely to disapprove such reasonable provisions as these.

In order to provide against fraud, no compensation is payable for disability or death which does not occur during active service, or within one year after discharge from the service. Where required, however, in order to deal equitably with cases of injury or illness which may ultimately cause disability or death, a further extension is permissible.

#### PAYMENTS FOR PARTIAL DISABILITY

Where there is partial disability, a monthly compensation is payable, depending upon the reduction in the injured man's earning capacity. Detailed schedules are to be prepared and applied by the bureau which is to carry out the act. It may be assumed that these will cover such cases as the loss of one leg, one eye, or one arm, total loss of hearing, chronic rheumatism or bronchitis, and so forth. The bureau, for example, might decide that the loss of one leg should be considered to entitle the man to one-half of the monthly allowance for total disability, so that he would receive a minimum compensation of fifteen dollars a month.

In addition to the specified compensation in money the injured man is entitled to be

furnished, without charge, with governmental medical, surgical, and hospital services, and such supplies as artificial limbs and trusses.

In connection with the compensation for total or partial disability there is likely to be some difference of opinion regarding the wisdom of the provision that increases may be granted after marriage. The act provides that a man may marry after he has become blind, or has lost both arms, and may have his pension increased with any increase of his family. Those who drafted the measure hold that no barriers should be placed in the way of men marrying even if they are totally disabled, and accordingly the amount of the monthly payment will depend upon the family status at the time of payment, not at the date of injury.

In connection with both partial and total disability there is an interesting provision that no compensation shall be paid if the injury or disease has been caused by the sufferer's wilful misconduct. This is probably intended to include the effect of venereal diseases.

#### INSURANCE FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN

In addition to the foregoing, it is proposed to grant to all officers and enlisted men, and to every member of the nursing corps of the army and the navy, when employed in active service under the government, the right to obtain insurance up to ten thousand dollars, upon a basis which would cost, at the age of twenty-five, less than eight dollars for each thousand dollars of the policy. An endeavor has been made, by restricting the beneficiaries, to eliminate speculation, although the relationship covers a wide range. For example, a man may insure his life in favor of his wife's stepfather.

The insurance may be applied for within one hundred and twenty days after enlistment, or after entering active service. Those already in active service have the right to take the insurance within one hundred and twenty days after the passage of the act.

Furthermore, a man in service on and after the 6th of April, 1917, is considered to have applied for insurance of twenty-

five dollars per month for twenty years—approximately five thousand dollars—if he has died, or if he dies before one hundred and twenty days have expired after publication of the act, only in the event, however, of his leaving a wife, child, or widowed mother. The instalments are to be payable, not only in the event of death, but also during his lifetime in the event of total and permanent disability.

The expenses of administration and the excessive mortality and disability cost resulting from the hazard of war are to be borne by the United States. The insurance is to be on the one-year-term basis—that is to say, it covers one year only, but may be renewed on paying the premium specified for the policy-holder's age. Thus, if ten thousand dollars were taken at age twenty-five, it would cost for the first year \$77.90, and for the second year \$78.50.

One of the anomalies of the act is that certain beneficiaries of a man who dies prior to the 5th of February, 1918, and who has not applied for insurance, would receive about five times as much as a man who dies at the same time and under the same conditions, but who has applied for an insurance of a thousand dollars. It is better, therefore, for a man to ask that his insurance shall take effect on the 4th of February next, if he applies for less than five thousand dollars of insurance, and if his beneficiary is his wife, child, or widowed mother.

The reasons for granting this governmental insurance are stated to be, first, that those in military or naval service cannot otherwise obtain insurance at the present time without paying an extra premium for the war hazard; and, second, that the compensation section of the act does not provide for all possible beneficiaries, and that a soldier or sailor should therefore be enabled to protect other dependents by means of insurance granted by the government.

#### INSURANCE AFTER THE WAR

It is provided that after the war is over the insurance may be continued, if the insured desires, and that he shall have the right to change it to any other form of insurance at net rates. The evident inten-

tion is to grant such standard forms as are generally in use by American life-insurance companies.

This seems to be the only part of the act to which serious objection has been taken. It is argued that the cost to the government will be heavy, and that it is not fair to grant such special privileges to those who come out of the war unharmed. Moreover, urge the critics of the scheme, it discriminates in favor of one class against another; for example, in exempting from taxation the insurance of those who continue to be insured under the act, while the life insurance of all other citizens is taxable.

On the other hand, the measure is stated by its advocates to be mainly intended to allow men injured in the war to continue their insurance through the government, as they probably could not obtain it through the regular insurance companies.

The representatives of the insurance companies recommended that life and disability insurance to a reasonable amount should be provided free of charge, and that it should be continued for a period of years beyond the end of the war.

In connection with government insurance in general the statement of the head of one of the largest life-insurance companies is enlightening:

The public is, of course, entitled to the cheapest insurance that can be provided. If the government, after the war or at any time, can honestly provide its citizenship with insurance cheaper than private companies can, then the public ought to have the benefit. Under the continuing insurance features of this bill, however, no such demonstration is possible.

#### TRAINING FOR WOUNDED MEN

In the act it is provided that in case of dismemberment, injuries to sight or hearing, or other injuries which may cause permanent disability, the injured man must take a course of rehabilitation and vocational training, if so directed by the proper authorities. This is an important section, involving constructive legislation of a new, advanced, and difficult type. It is of so much importance that a committee of insurance men has urged the government to appoint a commission to take charge of

administering this part of the bill, with power to engage experts in vocational training and in the education of the physically defective.

A commission in Canada is doing excellent work in this line. The disabled soldier receives such training and medical care as will enable him to be as useful as possible in society. New trades are taught to the men, and they receive monthly payments during the period of education, including allowances for dependents.

It seems fair as well as humane and economically wise that a man should be retained in the service of the United States until everything has been done to make him as efficient as his condition permits; otherwise he is likely to deteriorate mentally and physically. The act does all it can to encourage an injured man to put forth his best efforts to make himself useful. "There shall be no reduction," it specifies, "in the rate of compensation for individual success in overcoming the handicap of a permanent injury."

If he carries out the wishes of the board, and places himself in the hands of experts to learn a new trade which would enable him to earn a living, he may receive during such training the same pay as during his last month of active service, together with family allowance. If, however, the injured person wilfully refuses the course of training which he has been directed to follow, the act permits the government officials to stop payment of all compensation. Here we get a vision of a new governmental function—the right of compelling citizens to rehabilitate themselves for the good of all the people.

Another power conferred upon the bureau is to require every person in receipt of compensation for disability to submit to reasonable medical or surgical treatment furnished by the government.

#### PROBABLE COST OF THE SYSTEM

At the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, a committee of five actuaries made estimates of the cost of the bill during the first two years of its operation. As a member of that committee, I may state that our estimate of an outlay of about

sever hundred millions of dollars was necessarily based on conditions which may radically change.

My own point of view regarding the matter of cost to the government may best be judged by the following extract from a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated the 6th of August last:

*Plans should be prepared for indemnifying the soldiers and sailors who are disabled and the dependents of those who are killed. . . . If these plans are just to our soldiers and sailors and to their dependents, then the cost must be borne by the country, whatever it is. . . . No cost is unfair or excessive which does justice to the men themselves and to their dependents.*

In spite of defects in the present act, it is one of which this country may well be proud, representing as it does an earnest endeavor to treat fairly and squarely those who are willing to sacrifice their lives for their country, and who in many cases are incurring grave financial loss in its service. It also recognizes, in a humane way, our obligations to the dependents of our soldiers and sailors, and undertakes to conserve the economic value of men as no previous system has done.

America has made, not as granting a charity, but as acknowledging a right, a generous provision for her soldiers and sailors, and has put herself in the forefront of the nations in giving, without stint and without protest from the taxpayers, a broad measure of indemnity. The act largely fulfills the design of its framers to relieve our men from anxiety with regard to their families and from fear for their own future if they should be disabled.

Such legislation as this, which only a few years ago would not have been thought of, is one of the many signs that higher ideals of social justice are permeating mankind. The purposes and principles underlying it must assert themselves in many ways after the war. It is one of the phases of the crusade against poverty which must enlist the free peoples of the world after the present campaign against autocracy is successfully finished. And as Canada and the United States of America are marching abreast in the one, so, let us hope, they will advance side by side in the other.

# The Lucre of Lucille Loraine

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "Mrs. Archibald's Emeralds," etc.

A MONTH or so ago, after a furious drive, an emergency hospital tent was pitched perilously close to a new line of trenches dug along the Somme. Within the tent lay—wait a bit! This is not a war story, and I was not there. What happened there I got last night from Captain Bellamy of the Foreign Legion, as he reclined beside a pair of crutches, at the Barristers' Club, over in New York.

In that far-away hospital tent, a month or so ago, Captain Bellamy, minus a leg, opened his eyes and looked into the face and eyes of a Red Cross nurse who bent above him. He stared—and stared again.

"My Heavens!" he quavered. "Lucille Loraine!"

The woman's face, a bit pale and haggard, became suffused with a deep glow—possibly of shame. There was some piteous appeal in her eyes that Bellamy of the Foreign Legion didn't quite fathom.

"Lucille Loraine," he went on, still under the stress of unusual astonishment, "of Hell's Hall, New Jersey!"

Instantly, said Bellamy, there was the old twinkle in her eye.

"Hell's Hall, Pennsylvania," she corrected.

He thought about it for a minute, still staring at her.

"Right!" he croaked, chuckling in spite of his pains. "Pennsylvania. Some hall!"

She sobered instantly, and the flush died out of her face.

"Some hell," she corrected.

Bellamy digressed. He now appealed to me.

"You knew Hell's Hall, didn't you? You remember Lucille Loraine? I thought every Jerseyman—"

I reminded him that I had not always

been a Jerseyman. I didn't tell him what I knew about Lucille Loraine.

"Go on," I said.

"Why, man," went on Bellamy, "everybody in New Jersey knew Hell's Hall. You know Trenton, don't you? But of course you do—you were Steele's private secretary, weren't you, at one time? Then you know the river—the Delaware. You know where Washington crossed in that big drive of his on those drunken louts that night. You know that island—the island with the medieval castle on it, that hugs the other shore. That castle was Hell's Hall."

Oh, to be sure, I said, now that he spoke of it!

"That was Lucille Loraine's place," Bellamy proceeded. "It was the place that corrupted Trenton—that broke up Legislatures; that ruined high State officials. It was the living, breathing, rotten scandal of New Jersey. Everybody knew it—everybody in the capital knew about Lucille Loraine. And she was clever—clever is the word. New Jersey tried to break her time and time again; but New Jersey couldn't reach her. Her island hugged the Pennsylvania side, and Pennsylvania had no great city at that point. The people of Pennsylvania were not in peril. More, Lucille Loraine—"

I blinked.

"Sounds like a motion-picture name," I said.

"Ah!" went on Bellamy. "She was invented before motion-pictures. She came down from the ages, this siren. She was a wonderful woman—a mistress of intrigue. She could blast a reputation in an hour. She could undo a whole Legislature in a fortnight. She could ruin a party in a month!"

Blinking still, I inquired about her personality.

Bellamy's eyes softened.

"Few people," he continued, "ever met Lucille Lorainé. She picked her company. Even on her island she rarely showed herself. The habitués of the place—men and women—came and went as they liked. They played cards, gambled and gamboled, drank champagne—went the limit. It was Liberty Hall—License Hall. Pennsy got the license fee, and Trenton paid it. But though this place was run like clockwork, nobody ever saw the wheels or wires. Nobody realized what directing power and strength and method lay in the clasp of that soft, white hand. And, as I have said, though everybody heard of Lucille Lorainé, there were only a few—a very few—who ever saw her; or, seeing her, knew that she was Lucille Lorainé. But to look on her—to meet her—to get her smile! Well, you've heard of Pemmican? He left the governor's chair one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in debt. Lucille attended to that little matter personally. Pemmican would have gone a million in debt for her, if he could. I'll wager that he'd like to do it yet. That was Lucille!"

"Magnetism," I ventured.

Bellamy drew a deep breath.

"Perilous for everybody—and for her," he assented. He brushed his hand across his face. "She—she kissed me back there on the Somme," he went on huskily; "kissed me—just before she died."

"She died, then?" I exclaimed.

He nodded.

"Stray bullet," he said. "It hit her in the temple, and she crumpled up across me as I lay there. She—she just died, that's all. We had our talk out first."

"What—what talk?" I demanded.

"Nothing much," he returned. "Only she didn't want me to give her away. Nobody there knew her except me. She was trying to do the right thing—to help, where she had hindered before; to build up, where she had destroyed. She had stripped herself of all her fortune—"

"She had made money?" I ventured.

"Plenty," replied Bellamy. "Millions, some said; but she'd given it all away."

"To whom—for what?" I queried.

"The war, possibly," returned Bellamy.

"She—she didn't say. I didn't have time to ask. I was just telling her, as I lay there, that Hell's Hall, back there in Jersey—no, Pennsylvania—was no place like the hell that we were in over there at the front. And she was telling me how good it was to see one old—friend, at least. And then a bullet came through the tent, and she crumpled up across me, without a word."

He relit his cigar.

"Did the papers over here report her death?" he asked.

"Not that I recall," I answered. "I read about you—I don't remember any mention of her."

"Pretty good of her," he mused, "stripping herself of all her money! She wasn't old—not more than forty-five, and as fresh and fine as ever. A bit tired, that's all—and homesick, and hopeless, maybe; but a beauty. She was plucky, too, to tear herself away from life, and men, and everything. What turned her—what brought her up with a round turn? That's what I'd like to know."

"Talking of nurses," I interposed, for Bellamy was getting sentimental, "there's a woman from my town—Newark—who's over near the Somme. Red Cross—a woman of a vastly different kind—a Mrs. Margery Ames—a widow. You didn't happen to run across her anywhere?"

Bellamy shook his head.

"Ames?" he mused. "Ames? No, I'm sure I didn't. I'd know, too, if I ran across her. Americans chum together there to beat the band. We get names, pedigrees, everything. There's no limit to our talky-talk. Why, one day—"

He stopped and tried to stand up.

"Why," he cried, "there's Steele now—the Senator. Steele! Steele!"

Steele came with outstretched hands and arms. He had read all about Bellamy, and Bellamy was hungry for old friends. They chattered like magpies—Bellamy did, at any rate.

I had not seen Steele for perhaps three months. I had been his private secretary when he was Governor at Trenton, and I was wont to take liberties. I took liberties

now. He wore a top-hat, and upon it was a mourning-band. I touched him on the arm. He nodded.

"My mother-in-law," he said solemnly. "We just got word."

I turned to Bellamy.

"Another Red Cross nurse," I told him. "Steele's mother-in-law was the lady that I told you of—Mrs. Margery Ames, of Newark."

Bellamy shook his head.

"I was just going to tell you of my experience with my nurse over there. She died, too; so on the whole I won't."

"Some other time, old boy," said Steele. "I've got to go"; and he went.

## II

FROM this point on, Bellamy of the Foreign Legion drops out of the story. He has no place in it, save that he was in at its tragic finish. For this is the story, not of Bellamy, not of the war, but of Richard Steele, and of the strange influence exerted upon his swiftly successful career by two women—women already mentioned—Lucille Loraine, of Hell's Hall, and Mrs. Margery Ames, of Newark.

This is a story that I could not tell to Bellamy. I could not let him know what I knew of Lucille Loraine—I could not give him an inkling of the facts in the case.

For this case is one of facts—real facts; and so near to the actual truth do I come in its telling that it is proper to say, right here and now, that places and personalities in it are thickly—not thinly—disguised. There was no New Jersey Governor named Richard Steele; there was no Hell's Hall near Trenton. *Her* name was not Lucille Loraine. There was no Mrs. Margery Ames, of Newark. The names and places are fictitious—the facts are facts.

At the time when this story begins, the woman whom I will call Mrs. Ames was a young widow—a pretty widow, one might say—who lived in an old brownstone house in an old-fashioned part of Newark. To all appearance she was rich; certainly she was snobbish and exclusive. Few Newarkers knew her. She cared nothing for the society of her immediate neighbors. She had few visitors. She lived alone.

She maintained a carriage—not a car—and a pair of handsome bays. Her acquaintances—she had no friends—felt that her establishment was of the very highest tone, and maintained in the most fashionable manner.

She had two great interests in life. One was her love of travel—for she was an inveterate globe-trotter. The other was her daughter, Muriel.

I am not going to tell you how Muriel, with all the ardent passion of her youth, picked Steele out from a crowd of admirers. They were hopelessly, helplessly in love—and they were nothing but boy and girl. He was a New Englander, and Muriel was sighing her young life out at the most expensive and most exclusive school in Massachusetts. Steele told her that it was no use. He had no money save a mere pittance in the savings-bank. His people were poor. He was working his way through the Boston Tech. The whole thing was infernally hopeless; but Muriel persisted.

"Promise me one thing," she said. "Come to Newark and meet my mother—promise that. Please, please!"

Her mother had just come back from the Mediterranean—had just reopened her house for the spring vacation. Muriel wanted him to come—to promise to come.

Steele was astounded—deliriously astonished—to receive, in due course, from the fashionable Mrs. Ames—he had seen her once, and knew what a fine lady she was—a cordial invitation to visit herself and Muriel. He drew out some of his savings, spruced up a bit, and went.

What happened Muriel told me in confidence at a later date.

Mrs. Ames looked Steele over. She sized him up. Unknown to him, she put him through his paces. At no time, Muriel told me, did her mother make any inquiry as to his finances, or as to his pedigree. Instinctively she seemed to know that Steele was—well, Steele. And she took Muriel into her eager, motherly confidence; she satisfied herself that these two young people were desperately in love. That settled, there was but one course to follow.

"Because it's you," she told her daughter, "you must marry early—you must

marry now. And you must marry Steele. It is not for you to marry for money, social position, or convenience. It is for you to marry for love. Love—nothing else! You've got it in the hollow of your hand—your love and his. Don't throw this thing away. I did it—look at me!"

Muriel, too happy for words, looked at her. Mrs. Ames was good to look upon—still young, slender, handsome. It occurred to Muriel that her mother could take her pick of men. But Mrs. Ames was telling her what she had often told before.

"The poison that rankles," said her mother, "and keeps rankling, is that it was I who did it—I—no one else. I would have lived in a hovel with *him*! As it was, I married for advantage. It killed both of them, I think; and look at me, look at me!"

There was such genuine distress in her mother's manner that Muriel was alarmed. Mrs. Ames went on. Muriel must not make the same mistake. She must not wait until she had begun to calculate, to reason. She must plunge into this thing—now!

### III

MURIEL plunged. That night she engaged herself to Steele. She broke down all his barriers. He wanted them broken down, goodness knows; but this he insisted upon, despite all their mutual frenzy. They must wait—they *must*—until he could earn a living for the two.

He clicked his teeth and shut those firm lips of his in a strong, straight line, and Muriel loved him all the more. So it was arranged that he should go back home and work his head off, until—

But he didn't go back home. A day or two later capable Mrs. Margery Ames had secured him a position right there in Newark. It was a political job, not under civil service.

Inside of two weeks, without once appearing in the open, she had arranged his acquaintance with the most influential politicians in the town. Then she went to Europe for a flying trip—a short one, very short—and took Muriel with her.

On their return, Steele met them at the pier, his eyes glowing.

"It's pure luck—pure luck!" he cried. "There was an empty niche—a vacant space, and nobody to fill it. Grierson, of the county committee, seems to have taken a fancy to me. He likes me—he admits he does. Says he's been looking for a man like me for—well, years. As soon as my residence here is complete, he's going to—well, do things for me. Push me—run me for office. He means it—I can tell. Luck—pure luck!"

"It's yourself!" returned Muriel, putting her hand on his shoulder. "You're wonderful, Richard! How can they help liking you? How can you help forging ahead?"

Mrs. Ames only smiled. She well knew that it was not luck. Steele's advancement was due to one individual and one alone—to her. She was doing a dangerous thing—dangerous because usually it would have made a weakling of a man. She was buying her future son-in-law a position in life.

She had done this thing by great indirection—cleverly, because she was Mrs. Ames. She did not even know Grierson, chairman of the county committee. Grierson had never seen Mrs. Ames. She did not know the mayor, or the county officials; but she was accomplishing her purpose—a purpose that she would not have followed had she not felt instinctively that Steele could stand the strain.

It has been said that she had but two interests in life—one her love of travel, the other her daughter. Away and beyond these she cherished a great passion—pride.

For reasons of her own, and for her daughter's eternal happiness, she had wanted Muriel to marry her lover, Richard Steele; but to feed her own personal pride she wanted Steele to be somebody great. She had picked the right man—Steele could stand the strain. When Steele went to the State Senate he was still unmarried. He held nothing but his political position, and New Jersey Senators are poorly paid. Muriel, sustained by his strength, spent her time in visits to her one-time school friends, and in learning to keep house at her home in Newark. Her mother, true to form, wandered over the face of the earth, seeking, apparently, for something that she could not find.

Down in Trenton Steele attracted some attention. He was forceful, clean, popular. He delivered a good speech or two. He was making his mark.

It was not at all strange that he attracted the attention of a certain woman—yes, you've guessed it. It was Lucille Loraine. One day she sent for a certain power behind a certain throne.

"Judge," she said frankly enough, "I want to meet your man from Essex."

"You!" spluttered the judge. "He—he isn't in your line. Besides, he isn't big enough for you to meet; you want big game. He's only a Senator. Why don't you leave the boy alone?"

Lucille Loraine became thoughtful.

"All right!" she said at length. "Have it your own way; but I like him, and I'd like to meet him. I can say that much, at any rate."

Her visitor was nonplused.

"What's the game?" he demanded. "I haven't heard anything. If there's a conspiracy afoot, it ought to have filtered in to me by this. What's up?"

"Nothing," returned Lucille, quite sincerely; "only I like your man. To tell the truth, I think he's the coming man. Watch out!"

Six months later Steele burst into the presence of Muriel and her mother. He had just come from Trenton.

"They're going to run me for Governor on the straight ticket!" he announced. "I've accepted, win or lose!"

Muriel threw her arms about his neck. Her mother, however, puckered up her fair brow.

"Can you win," she queried, "with the main issue staring you in the face?" She smiled. "I'm learning politics myself, you see," she added.

Steele threw back his head.

"Prohibition?" he exclaimed. "Why not—if it's a Republican measure? I have great faith in the straight ticket. If the regulars put up a fight for prohibition, I believe we'll put it through. Don't imagine," he went on, a bit more soberly, "that I don't know what I'm up against. They're running me because they couldn't get anybody else—they put me up to get

knocked down; but that makes no difference to me. If we make our stand on prohibition, then I'm going to tear this State wide open, and make every straight Republican toe the mark. I'm going to appeal to their sense of party patriotism. They've got to toe the mark!"

The eyes of the young widow shone. She was proud of this boy—of his vigor and his vim. Steele caught Muriel to him and kissed her warmly.

"Look here!" he cried. "The State committee's going to stake me, win or lose. I want to go into this fight with my wife's kisses on my lips, with her arms around my neck, with my wife—with Muriel Steele—at my side. This is my hour, my time; I need you, Muriel!"

#### IV

A WEEK later the power behind the throne once more sat closeted with Lucille Loraine, that siren of sirens, in her den in one of the turrets of Hell's Hall. He had made his advent in the dead of night in a motor-boat.

"You will understand," he said gravely, slowly sipping the glass of fine old port that Lucille had poured for him, "that this is some fight. Prohibition is—well, it's prohibition; and New Jersey is—well, it's New Jersey. And brewers are brewers, and liquor-dealers are liquor-dealers, and they've all got money. What," he added suddenly, "is your peculiar interest in this prohibition movement?"

Lucille's shapely white fingers toyed with the stem of her wine-glass. She had not tasted her wine—she never drank. Her eyes glowed.

"I want to see this—this ticket go through," she returned. "That's all. It's the straight Republican ticket, and I'm a straight Republican, and I want to see—"

The judge placed his hand upon her wrist. He looked her in the eye.

"It's Richard Steele!" he said. "Tell the truth—it's Steele!"

"Well, yes," she assented, averting her eyes. "I want to see him win."

"H-m!" commented the judge. "I hope you're not up to any of your tricks, Lucille. Honestly, I—I like the boy."

"I like him myself," said Lucille simply.

"But hang it," cried the judge, "your liking him is bound to ruin him—can't you see that?"

Lucille flushed.

"That is my business," she returned incisively. "The point is, we must win."

Her visitor accepted another glass of port, and mused a while.

"We can win out on a straight ticket—if we can get the money," he said at length.

Lucille's lips parted. She leaned over, and in her turn touched him on the wrist.

"How much money?" she demanded.

"For the newspapers, and popular opinion, and a world of things besides," returned her companion, "we've got to have as much as they'll put up on the other side. We've got to match 'em dollar for dollar."

Lucille grasped the judge's hand in her firm, warm clasp.

"I'll match them dollar for dollar!" she exclaimed. "I want to see him win."

## V

RICHARD STEELE was elected in a whirlwind campaign. The wind sown to reap this whirlwind was whispering wind—greenbacks dropped with the gentle fall of leaves in all parts of the State. Nevertheless, Steele's personality was worth a million dollars in a campaign of the kind. He was the right man in the right place. The party leaders admitted it.

"But the money?" Steele queried. "The legitimate expenses—enormous, unbelievable! Where did the money come from?"

There was no answer. At first Steele accused his mother-in-law of putting up a goodly portion of her fortune. As a matter of fact, against his earnest protest, she had put up five thousand dollars; but where the vastly greater sums came from, no one knew.

Assured of a ten-thousand-dollar salary, Richard Steele took Muriel with him to Trenton, and installed her and himself in the Governor's mansion on West State Street. With them went Muriel's mother, Mrs. Margery Ames. She went with shining eyes, for she was proud of Richard Steele, and proud of Muriel—this girlish wife who was soon to become a mother.

It is curious with what blindness pride sometimes strikes poor mortals.

Margery Ames went with the Governor and his family to Trenton. She forgot her passion for globe-trotting—forgot everything save Muriel and her present interesting plight. She immured herself in the Governor's house, and played the part of nurse to her daughter. She and the Governor watched Muriel with anxious care.

But if Muriel required anxious watching, so also did the affairs of state. Richard Steele was Governor, but he had been elected by outside votes, and his own party had scratched him almost beyond recognition. Nominally the Legislature was Republican—that's all that anybody could say.

The election of the platform Governor and the election of a platform House and Senate were only half the battle. The big fight was yet to come—the platform must be incorporated into the statute-books—prohibition must be made a law. And the honor of the party and the honor of Steele made it imperative that the principle be driven home—driven hard and fast.

It was a crisis, for they were all groping in the dark. No man knew for sure how his neighbor's vote stood. A false step might result in certain disaster.

Both branches of the Legislature convened, and under Steele's direction they took up the hardest and most important thing first. Steele's strength of purpose, his record, his personality, held the regulars together. The weaklings clung to Steele, the traitors feared him.

One day, in the midst of all this, a strange thing happened. A woman—a young woman—her blue seersucker dress showing underneath her coat, darted into the Trenton House and whispered to the clerk. She was instantly shown into a room on the second floor. The room was empty.

Excitedly she paced the floor. Slowly an inner door opened, and a thin, well-dressed man came out. She rushed up to him.

"Please shut that door!" she whispered.

He complied.

"One of the nurses at the Governor's was taken ill," she began. "I went on in her place this morning. There's something that I've got to tell you—quick!"

Life in a State capital is quite like life in Washington. If you are a Governor, a Senator, an attorney-general, your servants may differ from the usual run of indifferent household workers. One of them—two, possibly—will be specially interested in your movements, either as your friend or as your enemy. You never can tell.

This young woman was a friend—she was now in friendly hands. Whispering, she poured forth her excited and exciting tale. The thin man listened.

"Pooh, pooh! Tush, tush!" he said at length.

"See for yourself," she answered.

"I shall, my dear," he returned. "I shall do so at once."

And then he came to me. I was Steele's private secretary at the time. I, too, pooh-poohed the nurse's story; but he was not satisfied.

"Let's go to Steele," he suggested. "If there's nothing in it, he can't take offense. If it's true—if it's true, good Lord, man, if the opposition gets wind of it, no matter how it happened, it's ruin."

We went to Steele and told him. He was at the Governor's mansion. He only laughed.

"It can't be," said Steele. "They're just a plain lot of efficient servants. That nurse who came in this morning seems to be the best of the lot."

"She's one of our people, that's why," said the other man. "Suppose we take a look at the whole crowd."

"I'll send for 'em," said Steele.

The other man shook his head.

"Take me up-stairs quietly," he commanded, "and put me somewhere where I can see and not be seen. Nurses, particularly, mind!"

We went up-stairs, all three. We sat in a darkened room behind a partially closed door. We waited for some time without result. The thin man asked Steele to go down-stairs and summon the servants on some pretext, sending them on errands past our door—anything to let us see them.

The Governor stealthily left us and sauntered away. Just after he did so, I heard a rustle, and looked out. The thin man crushed my arm in his grip.

"Wait till she goes by!" he said. "Then we'll vamoze. By Godfrey, but that does beat all! Now, come on."

A moment later we were with the Governor again. He had just begun to punch a call-button, but my companion stopped him. He closed the door and locked it behind him.

"Steele," he gasped, "it's true! The woman in the soft gray dress is the woman that we're looking for—Lucille Loraine!"

The Governor smiled incredulously—more, he laughed aloud.

"Lucille Loraine!" he echoed. "Why, she left these parts months ago. Her place is closed—"

"You know her when you see her?" queried the thin man.

"I do not," said the Governor.

"I do," continued the other; "and the woman up-stairs in the soft gray dress is Lucille Loraine."

The Governor laughed again. He unlocked the door.

"I'll go aloft and fetch down the woman in the soft gray dress," he said.

In another moment the two entered side by side, Steele and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Margery Ames.

"This," announced the Governor, "is the lady in the soft gray dress—this is Mrs. Ames."

The thin man held out his hand and smiled.

"How do you do, Lucille Loraine?" he said.

## VI

In the scene that ensued, I must confess that I took a hand. We all took a hand. And, to ascend to newspaper jargon, it was some scene.

Mrs. Margery Ames was Lucille Loraine, all right—there is no question about that. You will understand easily enough the double life she had led—it has been done before. You will understand this woman, once a girl, lawfully mismated to a man for whom she had no affection, wresting herself by her own pride from the one lover who was worth while—you can see this woman going the way she went, with that twisted, powerful intellect of hers.

You can see this Margery Ames—for that was her real name—proud of her child, fearful for it—you can see her keeping it in total ignorance of this other shameless, profitable life she led. You can understand her sending letters under cover to agents in London, Naples, Cairo, to account for her long absences from her home in Newark—letters that came back under foreign post-marks. You can understand how she dragged her lifelong hatred of herself with intrigue, mental excitement, and the inevitable ruin of others.

You can see something else—how her love for her first lover, whom she had spurned, turned into mother-love for the child of her mismatched married life; how Muriel, by sheer attractiveness, crept into her affection. You can see why she married off her daughter as she did—you can see how, in her pride, she spent her ill-gotten money to make her daughter's husband the first man in the State. You may say what she did couldn't be done by any living woman; but you can also assure yourself that she did it, and let it go at that.

But the thing that you cannot understand—that we all failed to understand—was her complete misconception of the situation—her tigerish defiance of any interference—her insane threat to destroy all that she had builded up—to ruin a party, a State, to ruin Steele, her daughter—

"I'll take them all down with me—all of them!" she cried. "You know me, Poindexter"—this to our thin companion—"you, of all men, know that I do what I say I'll do. And I'll do it, unless you leave me alone—and leave me here! I've done all this for just one thing—I want recognition, and I'm going to have it!"

You see her point—she was going to have the world know that Lucille Loraine had a Governor's wife for her daughter, and a Governor for her son-in-law. She was going to have people understand that she had fought and won a great political battle with her own money—that she, the notorious Lucille Loraine, had retrieved her name and fame. Shear her locks, and with all her strength she would bow herself against the pillars and send our whole edifice crashing about our ears.

You perceive the utter lack of judgment—the mental blindness. To my mind it was that little quirk or oddity in her make-up that turned the once decent Margery Ames into the infamous Lucille Loraine.

She raved—she stormed—she dared us.

"Good Lord!" cried Poindexter. "If anybody sees her here, it's ruin—ghastly ruin. New Jersey dies the death!"

He was interrupted. There was a knock at the door—a frenzied knock. Steele unlocked it.

He knew now. He swung about.

"Mother—mother!" he cried. "Come—come up-stairs!"

## VII

WELL, it was the child that did it, Muriel's child—a wee little dimpled Margery, for they called her that. The whimper of a little child, as she held it close to her grandmother's heart, did for us what the combined party committees, what the whole party—nay, what the whole State of New Jersey—would have failed to do. She came to me later, heavily veiled, and I took her to New York. She came weeping, but sane and safe, and firm in her resolve.

"Lucille Loraine's grandchild—no, no, not that, never, never that!" she cried. "You were right—all that you said was true. I'm wrong—I've been always wrong—always, always wrong. God help me, always wrong!"

Perhaps she was. It's pretty hard to know whether to judge people by their motives or by their fruits. What she actually did was to take a lot of rotten dollars from a lot of rotten men and women, and use them to make a State go dry. That, and backing Presidential timber like Dick Steele. That, and thrusting happiness into the lives of two great lovers, and giving them a happy family. Yes—and then going off and leaving them alone.

"Yes," I said to Bellamy, as I helped him into the grill for lunch, "Steele's in mourning for his wife's mother, Mrs. Margery Ames, of Newark. She was a great woman in her way—a great woman in her way!"

"Ah!", he replied, "but for spice—Lucille Loraine!"

# Hardships of Our Railroads

THEY ARE TRYING TO KEEP FIVE HUNDRED NEW LAWS AND TO OBEY FORTY-EIGHT OVERLAPPING COMMISSIONS, BUT THEY FIND IT DIFFICULT AND COSTLY

By Garret Smith

OUR American railroads are unwillingly wasting man-power needed in the battle-zone. They are employing thousands of men who could be spared without impairing the safety and efficiency of the roads.

A recent announcement from the War Department that entire new railroad systems will have to be built and operated in France before our big army can be maintained there in full efficiency shows the imperative need that every trained railroad employee who can be spared should be freed for service abroad. And this is only half of the problem. The transportation of troops and military supplies, with the growing demands of our Allies, has already severely taxed the roads at home; and with a million—perhaps more—of our troops in Europe, the burden will be immensely greater. To handle this vast and increasing traffic, the railroads must have large increases in equipment. That means more capital; and the capital is lacking.

Our railroads, then, are not merely wasting men. They are forced to waste millions of dollars in unnecessary expenses—dollars sorely needed for locomotives, cars, rails, and terminals. Further, the same conditions that cause this waste are seriously hampering the Railroads' War Board in its efforts to unify the transportation systems of the country for military purposes.

Such charges are startling, coming in the face of the splendid record of achievements reported by Daniel Willard, chairman of the Committee on Transportation of the Council of National Defense. Yet they are not the ill-considered mouthings of a demagogue. They are the substance of a recent

thoughtful utterance to the public by E. E. Loomis, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. They express the opinions of executives of the other leading roads of the country, including Mr. Willard himself.

They are a statement of conditions over which the transportation men have no control, yet the existence of which they keenly realize. The responsibility does not lie with our railroads, but with our lawmakers.

In his recommendations, Mr. Loomis suggests cutting down by at least half the force of overlapping inspectors of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of the various State commissions. He would suspend until after the war the physical valuation of railroad property. He also mentions the full-crew laws now operating in twenty States.

Carrying out his suggestions would release for the building and operating of military roads in France, and possibly in Russia, and for reconstruction work on civil roads there, thousands of experienced civil engineers and other trained railroad men.

Of this war quota Mr. Loomis believes a considerable part could be supplied by modifying, suspending, or repealing the full-crew laws, which require an extra man with the crew of each freight-train, for purposes of relief and emergency. As to the value of this requirement even in time of peace there is much difference of opinion. During the period of the war, therefore, it would seem to offer an opportunity to effect a saving of much-needed man-power. The subject, however, is admittedly a contentious one, and the sentiment of labor organizations must be taken into consideration.

Aside from the full-crew statutes there is a large body of conflicting State and na-

tional railroad legislation which imposes unwarranted hardships on our railroads even in peace times, and which is making it exceedingly difficult to bring them up to the full possibilities of their war strength. Of the five hundred laws affecting railroads that have been passed by Congress and the State Legislatures in the last five years, a large proportion come under this heading.

A particularly significant example is the Federal statute requiring valuation of the physical property of the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Its purpose is to determine three things as to railroad property—its original cost, the cost of replacement, and its present value, allowing for depreciation. Practical railroad men question the value of this inquiry, particularly as the rapid increase in the price of materials has already falsified many of the figures reported by the official investigators. They maintain that in practice physical valuation is not considered in determining rates, capitalization, or dividends.

Since the law was passed, the work has been completed on only four railroads, and it will take at least ten years more to finish the whole job. During that time it will employ several thousand high-grade men, and will cost, including the expenses borne by the railroads, at least fifty million dollars.

#### A MULTIPLICITY OF CONFLICTING POWERS

Other offenders are the inspection regulations of the State commissions, which duplicate the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

There are forty-seven State commissions. Each employs its corps of inspectors to check up the operation of the roads within the State, and to see that all regulations for the safety of employees, passengers, and freight are faithfully observed. These are important functions, beyond question; but in every State the same work is being done throughout the same territory by the inspectors of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This means that if the inspection of railroads were left entirely in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the work would be efficiently done, and the State commissions could release hundreds of expert railroad men.

Indeed, it is contended that practically all the functions of these State commissions are duplicated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and should be left exclusively with that body, eighty-five per cent of the railroad traffic of the country being interstate, and most of the rest of it being carried on over interstate roads. To support these commissions requires an annual expenditure by the States of fifty million dollars, a considerable part of which the railroads pay in the form of taxes.

This overlapping and unsystematic regulation is not only costing the States and the railroads unnecessary millions in inspections, in equipment, and in operators, but it requires of the railroads separate book-keeping and separate reports for each State, besides the exhaustive returns submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission. In 1915 the roads had to file no less than three million reports.

The cutting out of this duplication of reports would save at least twenty million dollars a year, or the interest at five per cent on an invested capital of four hundred millions. It would also release an army of men who have just the training needed in the quartermaster corps of our new military establishment.

Another loss of efficiency through multi-form control is in the vast amount of time spent by railroad executives in attending hearings before legislative committees and State railroad commissions. One railroad manager lost one hundred and one days in this way during the year 1915, and some officials claim that sixty per cent of their time is spent in such distractions.

#### A TYPICAL RATE CONTROVERSY

Controversies over rate legislation account for a large part of this waste of effort. Here is a typical case in point:

In 1914 the roads entering St. Louis advanced fares between Illinois points and that city to two and one-half cents a mile. Business interests in St. Louis complained to the Interstate Commerce Commission that these roads were discriminating against St. Louis in favor of near-by Illinois towns.

In October, 1916, the Interstate Commerce Commission found that on interstate

business to St. Louis two and four-tenths cents per mile was a reasonable maximum charge. It directed the railroads to remove the alleged discrimination, but did not rule specifically as to whether this should be done by lowering the interstate rate to two cents a mile between all points in Illinois and St. Louis, or by raising the rate between Illinois points to the maximum of two and four-tenths cents per mile allowed on interstate traffic. The railroads thereupon chose the latter alternative.

In the course of a long legal wrangle the Interstate Commerce Commission got an order in the United States District Court in St. Louis to compel the roads to obey the commission's antidiscrimination order. The attorney-general of Illinois promptly replied by getting a preliminary injunction in the State Supreme Court restraining the roads from raising rates.

The Interstate Commerce Commission then obtained from Justice Dyer, of the Federal court, an opinion in which he served notice to the State officials that if they tried to enforce their injunction he would jail them for contempt, Governor and all.

Texas, still a citadel of the State-rights idea, seeks to control its markets for its own products. It had fixed intrastate rates so low that the products of Louisiana could not reach the markets of Texas at the same distance. Louisiana's business with Texas being interstate, and business from Texas points to other Texas points intrastate, Louisiana found itself practically shut out of Texas commerce by the discrimination in favor of Texas shippers.

The question was investigated by a committee of the Federal Congress, both Texas and Louisiana being represented. It came out in that inquiry that while Louisiana is fighting to get into Texas with its business, the city of Natchez, Mississippi, is trying to get into Louisiana, and Louisiana is trying to keep her out.

During these same proceedings, Senator Reed, of Missouri, read telegrams from St. Louis complaining that Illinois was building up East St. Louis and shutting out St. Louis from the commerce of Illinois. He also read a despatch from Kansas City, Missouri, claiming that Oklahoma and Kansas

were excluding the Missouri city from their business. One of the Senators from Tennessee asked that the national government should use its powers to nullify the prohibitive measures of the State of Arkansas, because Memphis, Tennessee, was being shut out of the Arkansas markets.

Alabama, after reducing rates, has decreed that if a railroad operating in that State, but chartered in another State, should take proceedings in a Federal court to question any act of the State Legislature or of its railroad commission, such offending corporation shall forfeit its license to operate in Alabama.

#### SELFISH AND COSTLY STATE LAWS

There are several other groups of regulations that hamper the operation of the railroads. One State, for example, fixes a penalty of five dollars a day for every car that is not furnished on demand for State business. Another exacts a fine of one dollar for such failure. There is no fine for lack of cars under the Interstate Commerce law. The railroad company, therefore, in case of car shortage, is practically compelled to starve interstate commerce and the commerce of the moderate State in order to satisfy the State with the five-dollar fine.

In one State there is a law requiring freight to be moved not less than fifty miles a day. The average movement of freight in the United States in 1916 was twenty-five miles a day. Suppose a railroad has only a single track, and faces a penalty for not moving State business forward at least fifty miles a day. What, under such circumstances, is the road to do with its interstate commerce?

The task of raising new railroad capital to meet war conditions is greatly hampered by State laws governing railroad securities. Nineteen States forbid the issuance of securities without the approval of their railroad commissions. In the recent reorganization of the New York Central, when it came to the issue of its securities on its whole line from New York to Chicago, Illinois demanded a tax of six hundred thousand dollars before it would approve the issue, although the Central has only twenty miles of main-line track in Illinois.

In 1913, by withholding approval for an intended sale of two-year notes by the Southern Pacific, the Arizona Corporation Commission left that company no alternative but to issue one-year notes, the result of this change in plans being a loss of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The railroad commissions of some of the States have made their approval of security issues contingent upon the using of a fixed portion of the expenditures within their respective borders. A recent sale of sixty-seven million dollars of convertible bonds of the New York, New Haven and Hartford was approved by Rhode Island and Connecticut, but failed because Massachusetts did not concur.

Another expensive fad is legislation in States like Kansas, Texas, and Oklahoma compelling all roads operating in those States to maintain general offices within their borders. Trunk lines running through these States, therefore, must duplicate their general offices in each. One railroad reports that in one of these extra offices alone it is forced to employ one hundred and fifty clerks, otherwise unnecessary, and that the cost of maintaining the office is five hundred thousand dollars a year.

Texas goes further still in requiring all roads doing business within its borders to operate as Texas corporations. This forces interstate roads to cut off their Texas sections and operate them as separate companies, with all the attendant extra expense.

#### TRIFLES THAT WASTE MILLIONS

Then there are a multitude of petty laws, many of which are almost humorous, but which in the aggregate add enormously to railroad waste. Twenty-eight States have specific headlight requirements, without any approach to uniformity. Fourteen States have dissimilar safety-appliance acts. Some States require eight-wheel cabooses, instead of the four-wheel variety that satisfies others.

Several have passed solemn laws as to how wide the platform of the caboose should be, and no two have agreed. Indiana specifies that cabooses must be at least twenty feet in length, the usual length being eighteen feet. These extra two feet of caboose

have cost the railroads passing through Indiana eight hundred thousand dollars.

One State requires cuspidors in passenger-cars; an adjacent State prohibits the practise. Trains passing from one State to the other must either put out or put away cuspidors at the line. Another State requires screens in the windows of passenger-cars, and these cars traverse a neighboring State where screens are forbidden.

The foibles of State lawmakers are not lessening as time passes, and this last year's proposed legislation is particularly entertaining. A bill introduced in South Dakota required a Pullman sleeper on every stock-train of twenty-five cars or more, for the use of the cowboys attending the cattle. Kansas tried to make baggage-agents responsible for shipments of liquors in trunks and other baggage—a law which would have necessitated hiring enough men to open and search all baggage.

Utah and other States tried to limit the length of freight-trains, in face of the fact that the Railroads' War Board is seeking to increase efficiency by the use of longer trains. The board's efforts to secure greater efficiency by heavier loading of freight-cars have been balked by State legislatures and commissions. Despite the fact that the average freight-car to-day will carry sixty thousand pounds, and most of them eighty thousand, a dozen States fix the minimum car-load at amounts varying from twenty-four thousand to thirty thousand pounds, thus compelling the railroads to accept as a full load, and at car-load rates, shipments of less than half a capacity car-load. This not only cuts the income of the roads, but greatly reduces their carrying capacity.

The commissions of most of these States, despite fair-sounding offers of cooperation with the Railroads' War Board, seem generally inclined to refuse appeals for even moderate raises in their minimum load regulations. Thus Kansas denied an appeal for an increase of its minimum car-load of flour and other grain products from twenty-four thousand pounds to forty thousand. Wisconsin recently allowed an advance to forty thousand pounds, and Minnesota to thirty thousand, but applications pending in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and many other

States have received little encouragement, although the situation is becoming acute.

A proposed West Virginia statute required needless cabooses on all trains switching or picking up coal-cars on branch lines, thus doubling the time required in handling these cars. An Indiana bill requiring power-reverse gears and automatic grate-shakers on all locomotives would have cost roads operating in that State nearly four million dollars.

Utah proposed making the killing of live stock on the right-of-way *prima facie* evidence of neglect on the part of the roads.

Missouri produced a gem when it tried to forbid brakemen from getting on top of freight-cars while they were in motion. Texas forbade repair-men to work more than eight hours a day, no matter whether wrecks will or will not accommodate themselves to that schedule.

Probably, though, Tennessee wins the prize with a bill requiring the construction of buildings for the repair of "cars, track, or other equipment," so as to protect repair-men from the weather. Imagine the section gang taking the track into a nice warm roundhouse to repair it!

The whole situation may be summed up in the following parable:

#### THE PARABLE OF THE VILLAGE STORE

There is a little village that lies at the meeting-point of four townships. At the spot where the boundary-lines meet, projecting into each township, is the general store. The storekeeper is a patriot. He raised a company of volunteers when war was declared, and donated the hall over his store for company headquarters. When the women formed a gild to sew for the soldiers, he furnished the material at cost and gave liberally besides.

A little while ago the town board of one township after another decided to regulate business within its borders. Each went at it regardless of the other. They decided what kind of scales the store should use, but no two agreed. So the storekeeper had to buy four sets.

They ruled on the minimum number of clerks to be employed, minimum wages, maximum hours of work, the number of

hours the store should remain open, and the kind, amount, and quality of goods to be sold. In all these matters they disagreed. Furthermore, each town board demanded a separate annual report, each according to a different system, making necessary four sets of books and an additional bookkeeper.

When it came to setting the prices the storekeeper should charge, the four towns quarreled so violently that they finally agreed to set up a common village government, which took over the question of charges and wages, but let the town boards continue their conflicting regulations in other directions.

The village board promptly raised the clerks' wages and lowered the store's selling-prices all along the line. Then they raised the village taxes, and, thus encouraged, each town board boosted the town taxes a notch.

Then the storekeeper's other expenses began to mount. The farmers charged more for provisions, and the wholesalers from whom he bought his other supplies followed suit, till he not only could not make a living, but ran in debt. The local bank, seeing how precarious his business had become, refused to lend him any money.

The storekeeper humbly went to the village board and asked it to do two things—first, to take over entire control itself and stop the expensive meddling of the four towns; and, second, to allow the store to raise its charges enough to meet its increased expenses. Otherwise, he said, he would have to go out of business.

"You can't go out of business," they decided after due deliberation. "The people have got to have a store. We can't let you raise your prices, because the people who elected us wouldn't like it. Besides, your clerks are getting uneasy, and we're thinking of raising their wages again. If you don't stop complaining and give us better service, we'll take your store away from you and run it ourselves!"

And that is almost exactly the situation with the railroads to-day. Yet it is recognized by military experts that in time of war, next to plenty of troops and supplies, sufficient and efficient transportation facilities are the most important items of national defense.

# True Blood

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Author of "Scarface Ranch," "On the Plains with Custer," etc.

HEITMANN rode in from the hills to get his mail at the little general store and post-office down in the valley. As he debouched from the trail and cantered to the platform, the vicinity looked deserted. The store was closed. A roughly-scrawled notice pasted upon it said:

Closed acc't Labor Day—Come again.

That set Heitmann aback. He had been out prospecting around on his own hook, and seldom returning to his cabin for two months, and had lost track of any such event as Labor Day.

In fact, through the two months he had not spoken to a soul. It was a big, big country, and he knew how to make his lone trail. 'Twas the easiest matter in the world to dodge people where he had traveled and camped and pecked and loafed. His cabin itself was eighteen miles up on the side of Thunder Peak. There was his world—the high, wide world of timber and ridge and kinnikinic. He did not care for people.

However, this was the day when he wanted his mail—should there happen to be any mail for him—matches, a can of tobacco, a box of twenty-twos, a slab of bacon, and a few other articles which might seem trifles to others, but which were vastly important to him. Standing there in his weather-faded gingham shirt, torn overalls, and laced mountain boots, he cursed his luck and with hobbled sole futilely kicked the unresponsive panel. A list posted beside the door caught his eye. He stepped aside to scan it.

Names of those summoned by national draft in Thunder Mountain district.

Huh! The draft had been put through, had it? He had been fool enough to regis-

ter, on a mistaken trip in—his last trip, as he remembered—and he had laughed to himself when he did so. Then he had dismissed the matter. There probably was a card of some kind awaiting him, and he had dismissed that, too. Why should he carry around a card—he, a free lance in his own domain, where nobody might say him yea or nay?

The war was stale; he had lost interest in it. Let Europe fight its battles to the finish, but he had other fish to fry. There was no war where he lived! Contemptuously he glanced on down the list of names—not many. Some of the bearers he knew; and suddenly his own name hit him, so to speak, on the nose. "Heitmann, M. J."—and after it some fool had penciled the word "slacker."

Ha! So his name was down, was it? The government expected him to come in, and be harnessed, and sent over to Europe to fight, did it?

Why should he? Who could make him? And fight for what? Nobody had harmed him—nobody had trodden on *his* toes! His father may have been German, but he considered himself as good an American as any one; and still he didn't feel any great call to defend these United States yet.

He wasn't indebted to the United States. He made his own trails and minded his own business, and he had a perfect right to do as he dog-goned pleased. There was a lot of darned froth in this "defend your country" talk, before the country needed defending. Give up his plans, do what he didn't want to do, sacrifice himself for nothing? Not he! Bah! The title slacker cut no ice with him.

The list was old. Evidently it had been posted here for some time. It was sun-

burnt and rain-stained. Anybody who had looked for him at his cabin had been fooled, and the government was going to be fooled, too. He cast a searching gaze around, whirled on his heel, jerked the horse's lines free, and, landing in the saddle, galloped away, back up the road.

Early the next morning he left the cabin, its windows shuttered and its door locked. Sometimes riding, sometimes leading his horse—munitioned fore and aft against an indefinite stay—he took the long trail for a farther country that he knew.

Slacker! The word recurred to him persistently. Not only a fool but a coward had set that iron opposite his name. It was only a hair-brand; he could afford to laugh at it; and he spat, contemptuous again.

In the twilight this evening he made camp where the north fork of the Blue River comes rioting down, amid the great spruces of lovely Genesee Gulch, from the age-packed snows of massy Buffalo Peak. He turned his horse out to forage on the sweet grasses of the many open spots, built his fire between rocks, with his twenty-two shot his grouse, with a grasshopper-baited hook caught his trout, ate, smoked his pipe, and was content.

Slacker! Yes, he might laugh, more or less grimly. What was implied by slacker? He was his own man, able to take care of himself, absolutely independent, asking no aid from anybody. He to be under orders, to offer himself to travel two thousand miles by land and three thousand by sea and fight people he never had seen, for no advantage to his well-being? Not much!

The deer season was on. Several times he had heard distant rifle-reports, but he did not fear intrusion up here at the head of Genesee. After his second pipe, and sundry mutterings, he rolled in his blanket atop a folded quilt and slept soundly. In the morning he climbed higher, following a nearly obliterated wood-road tributary to an extinct sawmill; gained the wind-flattened larches and the snow-blotched ptarmigan flats of Buffalo Pass; and here, crossing at ten thousand feet, descended in the afternoon for Lost Park.

By noon the next day he had arrived unerringly at an old trapper's shack, which he had marked a year ago—in a heavy bunch of pines on the edge of a small meadow, where Lost Creek widened to an ancient beaver-pond. Willows cloaked the pond, and the timber cloaked the shack; and to all appearances nobody had been here during the year.

What with its thick brush, its dark timber, its bogs, its legends of vicious beasts, isolated Lost Park offered few attractions to the sportsman, who, if he got in with his pack-animals, usually had hard work getting out and taking much with him. There were easier places more adapted to the short open seasons.

Heitmann knew for sure that he might stay here unmolested as long as he pleased; might stay until December, with ordinary weather; yes, might winter in, should he choose. There were trout, grouse, beaver, deer, elk, wild cattle—the brush and cover and tall grass made it a regular game refuge. Bear? He did not fear bear!

There were wood and water and the shack; and he had always wanted to peck around over some of the ridges. Rumors had located tin somewhere in the Lost Park country, and copper. Tin would be a bonanza, and the war had boosted copper out of sight. He would like to get a finger in on that line!

So, good! As for slacker—ha, ha! The idea amused him while it piqued him. His duty was to look out for himself, not for a government under which he happened to live.

## II

HE put in a busy afternoon and evening, stowing his stuff and tautening the cabin and premises; and that night, with the rickety door propped shut, and the remnants of the supper-fire sputtering in the mud-daubed fireplace, he could smoke his pipe in his bunk and ruminate before turning over to sleep.

He was growing sleepy when he heard the scratch of claws upon the door and a snuffling at the cracks around it. He poised his pipe—listened. Porcupine? N-no. Bear? Um-m-m! That door would not

stand much pressure, and he would rather have the bear outside than inside.

He alertly sat up, listened a moment to the interrogative scratching and snuffling renewed, noiselessly planted his stockinged feet upon the dirt floor, lighted the candle in his miner's candlestick, seized his thirty-thirty from where it leaned at the head of his bunk, tiptoed to the door, kicked away the prop, and sprang aside, ready, as the door fell in.

An instant he stood, peering, expectant, rifle poised, finger on trigger. Two eyes glinted across the threshold at him. The candle-light flickered upon the animal's head. It was a dog—a red Irish setter.

The dog's head was high, his nostrils working, his ears cocked inquiringly, wrinkling his noble forehead. His tail gently waved.

Heitmann lowered his gun.

"Why, hello, pup!" he greeted, and advanced a step or two. "What's the matter? Come in. Where's the gang?"

At the sign of the outstretched hand the setter advanced also—first a bit uncertain, seeking a familiar scent; then, under the touch of Heitmann's fingers upon his nose, breaking all restraint. He bounded, he whirled, he pawed, he barked, he whimpered, he cried—tried to tell, tried to tell, tried to tell, how glad he was.

Crouching to pet him and coax him and talk to him, Heitmann noted burs in his silky fringes and matting his ears. The setter had a partially-healed gash in his right shoulder; was sore-footed, too, and very lean.

"Looks like you were lost, old boy," commiserated Heitmann. "I wonder, now, if there can be—"

He stepped outside, listening. The night air was chill. Intense stillness brooded over the vast open, canopied by ten thousand twinkling stars. The Great Dipper hung low above a vague, mysterious, wooded rise. The Milky Way cut sharply from black horizon to black horizon. In the south blazed a beacon planet. The clap of a sportive beaver's tail rang like a gun-shot. A distant coyote yapped crescendo for company; but in all the dusky void Heitmann sensed evidence of no other human being.

The dog had followed him out and was pressing stanchly beside him. His cold nose sought Heitmann's hand; he shivered apprehensively. They turned for the doorway, and he was first in, gamboling his relief.

"By heck, you're lost, that's a cinch," observed Heitmann, surveying him again. "All right—I'm your man, as long as you want to stay."

So he propped the door shut again; set on the floor the left-overs from his supper—several fried trout and the remains of a rabbit stew. The dog gobbled, swallowing the trout whole, and licked the pan. As response to his pricked ears and luminous eyes there was no more; and at Heitmann's assurance he believed. With a sigh of content he made an imaginary grass bed before the fireplace, and essayed to clean himself of his burs, gnawing them out one by one and depositing them on the floor with disgusted lips.

But this task palled. He ceased, looked upon Heitmann, yawned apologetically, blinked with soft gratitude in his brown eyes, yawned again, and, drawing deep breath as he stretched out, in a moment was snoring.

"You're some dog, old boy!" commented Heitmann, and went to bed himself.

### III

WHEN the man rolled out in the morning, the dog was there, in a ball. He lazily opened an eye, thumped his tail rhythmically, and at the continued stir, as if not wishing to be accused of shirking, abruptly sprang up, shook himself, and apparently was on deck for the day's program. When he was let out he sniffed the air, but he did not go far.

Although Heitmann was no expert dog-fancier, he could see that here was a gentleman of dogdom—a thoroughbred Irish setter, one of the truest-hearted, most nearly human comrades granted to man out of the so-called brute creation. Within that red coat pulsed princely blood. Behind that long, clean nose and high forehead glowed intelligence accumulated from a proud lineage of constant effort to learn man and still retain dogship.

"Say, are you a slacker, too?" demanded Heitmann of the dumbly speaking eyes and tail. "Where'd you cut loose from? Who thought they owned you? I don't reckon you're a tramp. You aren't built that way."

He shrewdly figured what must have happened. The dog's collar bore no name, but showed that he belonged to somebody. Likely enough, a party of hunters had brought him in. According to what they tell, those Irish setters sometimes make fine deer-dogs—death on the trail and a wolf at the bay. Party must have skirted the Park; dog set out after a wounded deer, trailed him into the timber and brush, perhaps for miles; caught him, tried to hold him, and then—judging by the gash in the shoulder—got worsted, or even disabled. After that, on a cold back trail, he had got plumb lost. Party had given him up, and now here he was at the shack, by accident, and mighty pleased to have company. 'Twas a blamed hard country, for man or beast!

Heitmann was pleased to have company, too. He named the dog Sport.

"Two slackers, eh, Sport?" he remarked sarcastically. "If certain folks want to say we've run away, let 'em. We don't care a darn for them or anybody else. We can pack our own trail—that's what!"

The day passed uneventfully. Heitmann patched up the cabin against the weather, porcupines, and so forth; between times caught a mess of trout; in the evening shot a couple of rabbits. The dog mainly slept, recuperating; but at sight of the little rifle in Heitmann's hands, sedately followed him on the rabbit hunt.

About thirty yards out toward the rear of the shack there was a spring, welling from the base of a small ledge, and draining down into a shallow run, where willows and aspens were clustered. Before it entered the beaver-pond the creek water was amber with pine-needles and rotted wood; tasted of them, too. Heitmann decided to clear out the spring, lead it to the shack, and store it in a rock-lined cistern. Any way, he could make it more convenient.

He did not get at the job until after noon the next day, and along about four or five o'clock he was still at it with pick and

spade and ax. The ground was rocky, and to establish the grade of the ditch proved more of a task than he had reckoned.

Now he was pecking away again at the spring, to enlarge it and get a surer flow of water into the ditch. The sun had gone, swallowed by a heavy bank of drab clouds upon the range in the west, and dusk evidently was due early. All the Park lay somber. He straightened up once more, tentatively planning to quit work—and noticed the significant pose of Sport.

Sport, who had been intermittently snoozing and nosing about close at hand, had abruptly risen to his feet and was standing rigid, head extended, with pricked ears, gazing hard toward the cabin beyond. Heitmann could see his nostrils dilate and the veins of his inquiring nose swell. He growled, low and rumbling; the bristles on his back were beginning to stand. So fixed he was that the feathering of his tail changed not by a hair.

He didn't see anything, did he? Heitmann's eyes swept the cabin vicinity and the pond margins in vain. What did he smell? The Park was utterly silent, save for the mutterings of the creek. The pines breathed not, never a ripple broke the dull surface of the water, never a shot echoed from the distance. Yet there was something upon the air; and this something, by air, by land, by water, strangely oppressed Heitmann, who was not at all subject to vaporous imaginings. He had been in the timber too much for that.

Trying to sense what the dog sensed, he shook off a fleeting cold chill. Pshaw! Deer down there, probably; or some hunters coming in—confound 'em! He spoke:

"What is it, old man? See anything?"

His horse, grazing out of sight, snorted shrilly, startling him. And the dog—watch the dog! Every hair upon his spine was erect; he was trembling, he growled more and more menacingly, punctuating the steady diapason with an occasional deep, undertone protest:

"Oof! Oof!"

Now he slowly advanced, stiff-legged, sniffing. A bear? Humph!

"Easy, Sport!" warned Heitmann after him; and stepped forward, eyes and ears on

the alert. Of bear at this fat season he made small account as a hostile, but he did not want the dog to break in and be hurt.

He stopped short, with a surprised catch of breath. Here it was—the strange thing! It had swung around the rear of the cabin to cross quartering; trot, trot, trot, with never a sound of pad; head and brush low; not a bear, but as large as a stocky calf—a black wolf! By George, a black timber-wolf, the like of which did not often show up in these parts!

Heitmann's grasp instinctively tightened upon the pick-handle. Even in the instant's pause of astonishment and unbelief he was struck by the knowledge that the beast was oddly bold, tracking in this manner in daylight, counter to the warning of nose and eyes. Now, as it suddenly halted in mid-stride, to survey in their direction, its head jutting from between burly shoulders, he saw that all its jaw was dripping froth. Its lips lifted from white fangs, its eyes glowed greenish, the bristles of shoulders and nape of neck rose inches long, for Sport was stalking forward to meet the enemy.

#### IV

BRAVE red dog! Plumy tail and grand, sleek head were in line; the muscles of haunches and shoulders quivered. Pace by pace his sinewed limbs bore him onward, moving like clockwork. His fangs, too, were bared, and his growling had welled to a high, reiterative snarl.

There occurred to Heitmann the thought that the wolf had been blindly rabid—intent on its own sickness, at least until challenged—and that it might pass on without attacking. He sprang forward anxiously.

"Sport!" he shouted. "Get out with you! Here! Here, Sport! Sport!"

The wolf's stock-still attitude was ominous. The spectacle of it—those lowering, hunched shoulders, that drooped brush, the exposed teeth, the frothy slaver, the greenish-glowing eyes, the close ears—there amid the gloom of the pines, was horrible. But the dog wavered not; the greatly beating heart of him had determined. He estimated no odds; he seemed not to hear Heitmann's shouts. From six feet he charged with an eager, zestful whine.

The wolf instantaneously met him with a shoulder and whirled to slash him.

Heitmann ran on impulsively. They were rising, falling, thrusting, parrying, the dog boring straight in for a hold, the wolf receiving the attack head on, with jaws snapping like bone clappers as they slashed, swift as a sword. The sheer impact of them, ripping hide and flesh, sent the dog sliding; but he was up and attacking again desperately. His old wound was opened, and he had flesh-wounds like it in his front. He fought with a continuous whiny snarl of fury; the wolf fought with never a sound.

They sprang apart. A fir branch intercepted Heitmann's descending pick and flipped it far. The animals mixed—thrashing and rearing and tumbling—the dog, with a hold, and trying to shake his black, heavier foe like a terrier.

Heitmann vainly kicked. No use! He tore for his ax-or the twenty-two—grabbed the twenty-two, and, cocking it, tore back again.

The dog was weakly down—straddled, heaving. Ah, he was done for! The bright blood gushed from his neck, staining breast and ground. The wolf had cut his jugular at last—that devilish wolf trick!

From half-way Heitmann drew quick bead and shot—jerked lever and shot again. He heard the bullets strike almost together—*spat, spat!*—so quick had been his action.

The panting wolf, craftily watching the effects of its stroke—well it knew!—whirled savagely and snapped at the new sting. Scrambling up at the familiar reports and the token of distress, the setter, lunging blindly, was into the brute again. The two animals tussled, the dog dragged hither and thither.

Running on, Heitmann shot as fast as he could glimpse black against his rifle-sights. The dog had collapsed, lax and helpless. The wolf guzzled him vengefully for an instant, and raised a scarred head, with chops and shoulders red and one leg dangling. Briefly pausing at close range, Heitmann shot it between the eyes; then let it recoil backward and lie kicking, while he knelt beside the dog.

"Sport! Why, Sport, old fellow!" He choked. The tears were dropping from his

eyes upon the rich, red coat—now all too richly red. "You didn't have any call to do it, Sport—I could have fixed him. Did you think it was your range, and you had to defend it, when you'd only just drifted in here? All I'd done was to give you a snack and a bed, Sport!"

Heitmann smoothed the wet head, eased the torn ears, begged for a response; but the dog was dying. His eyes were glassy, he breathed spasmodically, his limbs twitched. Once he slightly struggled—a final protest. Then he fell back. Languidly—oh, so languidly!—he flopped his loving tail, managed to lick the man's boot, drew a long, shuddering breath, stiffened, and had passed out.

Heitmann gently squeezed a paw already cold, rose, and straightened. He gazed down through the mist in his eyes.

"No," he said evenly, "you didn't have any special call to do it. You brave, beautiful thing, you! It wasn't your fight, any more than it was mine—and we could have let him go. But I reckon you thought it was up to you, didn't you? You weren't going to be what they call a slacker, were you, pard? No, darned if you were! And

I hadn't done much for you—just let you live here, and glad to have you."

He gulped, and brushed his arm across his eyes.

"Thunder!" he said, with fire in his voice. "What a dog can tackle, I guess I can. I've shorely got as much to fight for—meals, lodging, and a range of the whole United States, and then some! They've got to wipe that title off my name down below, and mighty quick. I'm a coming!"

He painstakingly buried the red setter snug and deep, without cramping him; tamped the soil over him; spent an hour, in the dusk, piling rocks above him; worked hard to smooth a piece of slab, so that he might scrawl upon it the penciled words:

#### SPORT—NO SLACKER

This he drove into the ground at the head of the pile. He bitterly let the grinning wolf lie, and felt more at ease.

Heitmann's pipe glowed late from the bunk that night. Before sunrise he had packed his horse, and was back-trailing to recross the divide where the first pink beams of a new day beckoned him like a flag.

#### THE AMERICANS COME!

"WHAT is the cheering, my little one?  
Oh, that my blinded eyes could see!  
Hasten, my boy, to the window run,  
And see what the noise in the street may be.

"I hear the drums and the marching feet;  
Look and see what it's all about!  
Who can it be that our people greet  
With cheers and laughter and joyous shout?"

"There are men, my father, brown and strong,  
And they carry a banner of wondrous hue;  
With a mighty tread they swing along;  
Now I see white stars on a field of blue!"

"You say that you see white stars on blue?  
Look, are there stripes of red and white?  
It must be—yes, it must be true!  
Oh, dear God, if I had my sight!

"Hasten, son, fling the window wide;  
Let me kiss the staff our flag swings from  
And salute the Stars and Stripes with pride,  
For, God be praised, the Americans come!"

*Elizabeth A. Wilbur*

# Remarkable Rescues at Sea

A COLLECTION OF YARNS ILLUSTRATING THE FACT THAT ON THE SEVEN SEAS  
TRUTH IS FAR STRANGER THAN FICTION

By Walter Scott Meriwether

Author of "The Fighting Record of the United States Marines," etc.

**M**ANY have missed death by narrow margins, but the castaway who figures in the following narrative was one for whom fate had narrowed the hope of rescue to the vanishing-point—one chance in a million.

In September, 1906, the commerce-destroyer *Minneapolis*, under the command of Captain—now Rear-Admiral—Bradley A. Fiske, was ordered to take on board two battalions of marines and proceed to Cuba as fast as her triple screws could carry her. A revolution was on the point of breaking out, and there was urgent need of an American force to maintain order. That expeditious combination, the swiftest vessel in the navy and the highly mobile force represented by the marines, lost no time in getting away.

Twenty-four hours later saw the *Minneapolis* plunging and lifting through a swell that ran in the wake of a cyclone which had revolved its way up the coast a day or two before. Through the bulky seas tossing in its wake the hurrying cruiser cut her way; but when two days out from the Delaware capes the vessel rode into quieter waters, through which she began to race at her topmost speed.

In telling me the story Rear-Admiral Fiske said that he had just left the bridge, and was making preparations for retiring—the time being close to midnight—when he heard the engines stop and then felt the ship quiver as her propellers were reversed at full speed. That meant something unusual. As he bounded to the door of his cabin, it was flung open by the orderly, who breathlessly reported:

"Man overboard, sir!"

The crew of the *Minneapolis* had been drilled to a high degree of efficiency. As the commander hurried to the bridge, he saw that two life-boats had already been swung out and manned, and that seamen were standing at the falls ready to lower away at the order. Hurrying onto the bridge, he heard what had happened during the brief period of his absence.

In substance it was that one of the marines, who had been leaning over the rail and talking to a carpenter's mate, had heard, or thought he had heard, a cry of "Help! Help!" from the waters rapidly washing past. The marine had quickly asked his companion if he had heard the cry. The man had said no, and both had strained their ears to listen.

The marine heard the cry again, but now well astern, and rendered faint by distance and the wash of waters. This time the carpenter's mate also heard the faint, far-off cry, and the two had dashed to the bridge and reported to the officer of the deck. Whereupon the officer of the deck had promptly stopped, backed the engines, and called away the life-boat crews.

Fiske ordered the engines set ahead, the vessel headed back into her wake, and the search-lights turned on. Meanwhile the executive officer of the cruiser, Lieutenant-Commander Stansworth, had joined the others on the bridge. He was extremely skeptical, and could not believe that any one could be calling for help out of the darkness on that waste of water.

As the cruiser slowly retraced her way, with her two search-lights blazing over her

former path, but disclosing nothing, her commander, revolving the probabilities in his mind, decided that the two men must have imagined they had heard the cry. Realizing that his ship was on urgent duty and headed in the wrong direction, he was on the verge of giving the order for her to resume her course, when the search-lights suddenly discovered an object directly ahead.

Down in the engine-room clanged bells ordering the engines to stop, and adown the darkened decks rang the order to lower away the life-boats. One of these was under the command of Ensign Howe; Ensign McCommon was at the steering-oar of the other. The two had a race of it, both being guided by the search-lights, which held steadily on the object.

#### A LIVING SPECK ON THE OCEAN

In a short time the two were back, one of the boats having on board a seaman who had shaved death to the fraction of a hair, one chance in a million—a castaway astride a bit of planking.

If this one lone chance had gone by, he could have had no other, as he was then at the uttermost limit of exhaustion. When lifted on board, the surgeon worked over him many hours before he could tell anything about himself.

The castaway was George Olsen, first mate of the schooner *Twilight*, which had set out from Charleston, South Carolina, for New York. The schooner had met the cyclone, had been flung on her beam-ends, and had turned bottom up. As Olsen went overboard he had caught at a bit of planking, and he was astride of this, riding waist-deep in the water, when rescued.

He had been clinging to his bit of wreckage for seventy-two hours. This means that he had been alone with his God and the tumbling seas throughout the long night when his ship had gone from under him; that without food, water, or sleep he had seen the next day come and go and the ensuing night shut in. All that second night and all the next day he rode upon his little plank, with miles of sea beneath him and hunger, thirst, and exhaustion numbing his senses. The long day wore to a

close, the third black, hopeless night set in, and then came the red and green lights of a steamer heading straight for him—the one chance in a million.

No need to speculate on what his sensations were as this one lone chance went rushing past, apparently heedless of his cry for help. "For that man," said Admiral Fiske, in concluding the story, "had no imagination."

#### OVERBOARD IN THE RED SEA

Another similarly destitute of imagination was a lascar sailor who fell overboard from the steamship *Imuan* while that vessel was making its way through the Red Sea on a voyage from India to Antwerp. No one knows how the man went upside, but the time is definitely fixed by the fact that he had been mustered with his watch at midnight, but at four bells, when his turn came to go on lookout, he could not be found. The ship was thoroughly searched, and on the next morning it was recorded in the log-book that the lascar had been lost overboard some time between midnight and 2 A.M. of June 10, 1904.

It was in the late afternoon of June 13 that the lookout of the British steamship *Shimosa*, traveling over the same route on her way from India to New York, sighted an object off the port bow. It was so small that he did not report it; but as the vessel drew near a faint cry was heard, and glasses, brought swiftly to bear, disclosed a swimmer weakly beating the water with naked arms.

The *Shimosa* was stopped and the man brought on board. They gave him a "peg" of rum and a bowl of barley-water, and then put him into a bunk, where he slept for nearly twenty hours.

When he came out of his long trance Captain Champlin questioned him at great length, but the lascar could speak but little English, and the captain could get nothing from him except the name of the ship from which he had fallen upside, the man indicating by sign language that he had been in the water for three days and nights. And this swimmer had no plank to buoy him, nothing beneath him but the waters of the Red Sea.

The Shimosa reached Suez to find that the Imuan, whose speed was reckoned as being about the same as hers, had called there three days before and gone on through the canal. A subsequent comparison of log-books established the fact that the lascar had been sixty-five hours in the water.

A rescue which was attended by circumstances so novel that if incorporated into a story it would be considered too improbable for credence, was effected a few years ago in that section of the Atlantic which washes to the westward of Gibraltar.

#### A SUICIDE THAT FAILED

It was in the early summer of 1906 that Paolo Sidler, a twenty-two-year-old Neapolitan, bade farewell to his young wife and child and set forth to seek his fortune in America, crossing to this country in the steerage of the Cunarder *Carpathia*. He had been here but a short time when he received word from Naples that his wife and child had mysteriously disappeared.

Sidler did not have enough money to pay his fare back to Naples. In keen distress he sought the purser of the *Carpathia*, whom he had come to know when the vessel had brought him over, and pleaded so earnestly to be taken back that the purser caused him to be shipped as his assistant. As such, the passengers became much interested in the distraught young Italian when his sad story had been told to them.

But Sidler brooded so long over his troubles that one night he concluded to end them, and forthwith plunged into the sea, the *Carpathia* then being about fifty miles to the westward of Gibraltar.

Some of the crew saw Sidler leap over the rail and gave the alarm. Life-buoys were tossed overside, the engines were stopped, and life-boats lowered and sent to the rescue. There was a choppy sea, and over it the boats searched for an hour or more, finding one of the life-buoys, but failing to find Sidler and the other.

Sidler had seen one of the circular buoys. His mania for suicide having subsided with the chilly souse of his plunge, he had fought his way to the buoy, had struggled into it, and began shrieking for help. But his cries

did not reach the life-savers, and eventually they gave up the search and the *Carpathia* proceeded on her way.

It was at ten o'clock on the following morning that the lookout of the *Renshaw*, a fast British steamship which was also on her way to Naples, sighted the life-buoy and its then unconscious wearer. A boat was quickly lowered, and Sidler was brought on board and given into the care of the surgeon, who worked over the man many hours before bringing him back to consciousness.

Sidler had fully recovered when the *Renshaw* arrived at Naples, and was on the pier when the *Carpathia*, which had made a short stop at Gibraltar, arrived a few hours later. The passengers, who had been discussing the suicide, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the man who had gone overboard from their ship waving greetings to them from the pier, having spent twelve hours in the water, and yet beating them to port by almost as many.

#### A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S YARN

I recall another story which, at the time of its telling, made a lasting impression upon me, owing to the simple manner in which it was told, as well as to the dramatic interest of the tale itself. It was related by Benjamin R. Weeks, sole survivor of the schooner *Harry S. Lord*, wrecked in an Atlantic cyclone while on a voyage from Haiti to New York. The schooner was hove to to meet the riot of wind and wave, but sprang so bad a leak that the pumps were unable to free the filling hold. All hands realized that the vessel was doomed to founder, and that unless the gale abated they must perish with her, as no boat could live in the sea that was running.

"I had been working at the pump ten mortal hours," said Weeks, "and was so dog-tired when I got into my bunk I didn't seem to mind nothing, until I heard the sails go. Then she went on her beam ends, spilling me out on deck. When she didn't right, and oceans of water came spilling down the forecastle hatch, I knew it was all up. When I got on deck, her lee side was clean under, and the mate and two or three others was holding on to the weather rail.

One man—we called him Jack—was overboard and holding on to a piece of the mizzen rigging, which was trailing over the lee side. He let go to catch at a grating, and a wave covered him ten foot deep. I could see him strangling, and the bubbles coming up, and then he glimmered out of sight. He was an old man, and the sea had been using him rough, and I don't reckon he cared very much."

From the narrative it appears that the others still clung to the lurching bulwarks, holding on as best they could, completely under water as the heavy seas rolled over the wreck, and with blinding sheets of spray slashing at them betimes. Then an enormous sea went roaring over the hulk; and when Weeks, sputtering from the submersion, looked down the rail again, he saw that all the rest of the crew had been carried overboard, and that he was alone on the foundering hulk. Looking to leeward, he got a glimpse of heads and waving arms, and then another wave swept the drowning seamen from his view.

The wreck rose on the crest of a prodigious wave, and the wind wrenched the top of the deck-house from its fastenings and sent it spinning full fifty feet to leeward before it struck the water—evidence of the terrific force of the gale. The wreck drifted down upon the bit of planking, and Weeks, realizing that all his shipmates had been drowned, and that the next sea might take him into their company, made a sudden decision and leaped to reach the deck-house. A wave swept him twenty feet away from it.

"I am no great hand at swimming," he said, "but as that wave went rolling away, and I saw that deck-house looking a long way off, I knew I'd have to get to it or drown mighty soon; so I scuffled for it the best I knew how. I was thankful when I got hold of an edge and dragged myself on top; but it was so thin it went down under me, and trying to hold on in that sea was worse than trying to ride a hundred bucking broncos at the same time."

#### ADrift FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS

Daylight faded, and as night shut in there was nothing to see but the white

crests of the running seas. The long night went by, the next day set in and closed, and with the second morning came something like despair. The castaway's hands had been cut by the broken glass of the skylight, the sudden lurches of the wreckage leaving him no time to choose where to clutch to save himself from being swept away. The dizzying swing of the bit of planking made brain and eye reel, and he began to wonder if it was worth while to keep up the fight against such hopeless odds.

"I prayed a little," he said. "I'm a Methodist generally, and I prayed some. I don't know exactly what I said, but it was some kind of a prayer."

The long hours went by, but sleep does not come to castaways huddled on bits of planking with seas continually beating over them. The third morning came, and with it a blank, unmeaning sky. The sun smiled upon a world of tossing waves, and the madness of thirst came with its heat.

"I was sitting there," said Weeks, "thinking of cool, fresh streams and wells, and all up to my waist in water, when a big man-eating shark rose just at my toes, and looked up at me with hungry eyes. I drew up my feet and crawled over to the other side. I thought I'd be done for in a little while, and the shark might as well wait till then. In the evening it looked like rain, so I took two planks, made a gutter out of them, and, reaching in, broke the cover off the clock that was inside the hatch, thinking I could catch a few mouthfuls of water. Only a few drops fell, and some I caught in my mouth.

"I was still sitting there, starving and perishing with thirst, when something said in my ear, quick and loud, 'Look there, and you'll see a schooner!' I turned quick, and, sure enough, there she was, just her topsails showing. She was heading straight for me. I lashed two planks together, tied my shirt on them, and waved till my arms were too tired to wave longer. Then she luffed up sharp and headed so as to pass me far to windward.

"I acted like a man gone crazy, and tried to scull that old bit of a deck-house with a plank. Then the schooner shifted her

course again, and headed so as to pass me to leeward. I found out afterward that she was steering so crooked because they were trying to set a new foresail. Then she headed up again, and pointed straight for the deck-house. Well, they saw me, and hove to, and brought me on board. I was mighty weak then. They put me to bed, and gave me one piece of cake and a glass of water. As soon as they had all left, I was stealing water. I drank a whole pitcher, and still it seemed as if I could never get enough."

#### A WOMAN'S DREAM OF RESCUE

A rescue in which a young bride's dream played an important part was that of the crew of the Nova Scotia schooner *Mineola*. Under command of Captain W. D. Lent, a young sailor who had just been married, the schooner was sailed out of Fernandina, Florida, bound for Demerara, the captain taking with him his blond-haired bride. In describing the disaster that followed, Captain Lent told the writer that the weather had been fair for the first three days, and then came a long swell from the southeast, groaning rollers that betokened the coming of the white horses of the Atlantic. Close behind the portent came the hurricane and its leaping waves.

In the riot that ensued, the strain of the heavy deck-load of timber started a dangerous leak, and the pumps were set going; but despite the desperate efforts of the men, the leak continued to gain. Moreover, the vessel was rolling so wildly that the sailors toiling at the brakes had all they could do to keep their feet under them.

The deck-load threatened to go adrift with every plunge, and men were ordered to jettison that part of the cargo. Captain Lent took the wheel, and his wife crawled up on the deck-house to keep a lookout. All night long the craft labored like a drowning thing, and dawn came to find the captain still at the wheel, three of the crew at work with the treacherous deck-load, the other two toiling at the pumps, while on the deck-house a blond-haired young woman, weary with her long vigil, was straining her aching eyes to scan the vacant sea-line.

During the forenoon the hurricane spent its force, but left behind a sea through which the wreck labored so heavily that the crew began to doubt whether she could keep afloat until nightfall; and when the sun went down few hoped to see it again. The next day came and went, and the next night shut in without any sail being sighted. The exhausted men who had been desperately working the pumps wondered why the schooner did not plunge under at once and be done with it.

The third and fourth days passed, and the sense that death was close at hand pervaded the famished crew. On the deck-house the lonely watcher sank into the sleep of sheer exhaustion. A dream came to her, and in it she saw a full-rigged ship steering straight for the foundering wreck, a fabric of sails and spars rounding to under the lee of the hulk.

She awoke with a start, and hardly believed her senses when out of a silent fog came a ship that was the replica of her dream. It was the stout *S. D. Carlton*, of Rockport, Maine, and within a short time the perishing crew had been transferred to her decks—and none too soon, for the lifeboat had hardly been hoisted before the clipper had to double-reef to another gale which sent seas over the wreck as over a sunken reef.

#### THE MYSTERY OF A DRIFTING BOAT

Captain George L. Norton, a former master mariner, and now editor of the *Marine Journal*, relates a singular experience as it came to him from a retired sea-captain.

"I followed the seas for forty years," said this ex-mariner to the editor. "I have been in all parts of the world and have had many strange experiences, but the strangest of all happened when I was serving as second mate on a voyage from Rio to New York.

"One day, when we were about two weeks out from Rio, we sighted an open boat bobbing up and down on the waves, with what seemed to be a red streamer floating from the stern. It showed no sign of life, and as lost boats are not a very unusual sight at sea, the skipper had de-

cided to keep on his course, when, glancing through the glass, I felt sure I saw something move in the boat. I told the skipper, but he maintained it was imagination on my part, and refused to take in sail. I felt certain, however, I had seen something move, and as some of the men began to grumble, the skipper changed his mind, and reluctantly ordered me to lower a boat and investigate.

"After a pull of a couple of miles we neared the boat, which was evidently the long-boat of some craft. We saw no sign of life, but I felt certain there was something living in the boat. As we pulled alongside, a horrible chattering greeted our ears. Some of the men turned pale, and I felt nervous as I reached out to grasp the boat's side. As I did so, a little monkey, dressed in a red silk jacket and a pair of silk pantaloons, feebly jumped on the gunwale, and chattered to us either in anger or welcome. In the bottom lay a Spanish sailor in the last stage of starvation, and delirious from suffering.

"Despite the change wrought in him by his experiences, I recognized him at once as the principal figure in a fight in a sailor's lodging-house in London some years before, in which a man was stabbed to death. I was a witness to the affray, and appeared in court at the subsequent trial, in which this man and others were sentenced to several years' imprisonment. We never learned how he came to be adrift in an open boat on the Atlantic, however, for he died in great agony almost as soon as we got him aboard.

"The monkey became a great pet with us, and was as chipper as ever long before we got to New York. We reported the circumstances of finding the man, of course, but I don't remember the result, if I ever heard it. I believe he was the sole survivor of the long-boat's crew. Several other men, I think, must have been with him in the boat, and he had thrown them overboard as they died, or possibly before."

#### THE MATE OF THE CYRUS WAKEFIELD

An entry made some years ago in the log-book of the American clipper *Cyrus Wakefield* told with log-book brevity that

"William Mitchell, chief officer, was knocked overboard by the spanker-boom and hauled aboard again by the deep-sea lead-line; ship under three lower topsails at the time, strong gale from west-northwest, and very heavy sea running. Time, one o'clock in the afternoon; latitude thirty-four degrees twenty-five minutes north, longitude fifty-eight degrees eleven minutes west."

It was while laboring through the gale that the spanker-boom had suddenly parted its lashings, and, swinging to leeward with a lurch of the ship, had struck the chief officer such a terrific blow as to knock him clean over the rail. One of the seamen flung a life-buoy to him, aiming so well that it fell within a dozen yards of Mitchell. Half-stunned by the blow from the boom, the chilly plunge had revived his senses, and he struck out for the buoy, reached it, and placed it about his body.

Meanwhile the captain, who had hurried aft, had cut another buoy from its fastenings and ordered a line made fast to it. The deep-sea lead-line was utilized, and the second buoy was flung in the direction of the swimmer, then far astern. Lowering a boat was out of the question, as none could have lived in the sea that was running; so the mate's life depended on the slender chance of his reaching the second buoy and clinging to that while being hauled on board.

The ship had been hove to, but was making leeway so fast that the seamen tending the line had to pay it out smartly. When the end was reached, another line was bent on and tossed overside. One of the crew, who had hurried to the mizzen-top, shouted down that the swimmer was nearing the second buoy. A few minutes later the man bellowed down that Mitchell had it fast about him, and told his shipmates to haul away on the rope.

The sailors promptly hauled, but their zeal was greater than their discretion. Tremendous seas were rolling, and the rapidity with which they drew in the line hauled the mate literally through the heavy waves. There were quite a number of them to be encountered before he reached the ship, and, as he said afterward, he began to won-

der if he would survive the journey. The men continued to put all their strength on the line, and as the chief officer disappeared behind a big roller and emerged a few minutes later from the other side of it, his comrades could hardly repress a laugh, although it was a very serious matter to Mitchell.

To prevent the buoy from being dragged from him, he had taken a hitch with the line around his feet. The result of this was that he was being hauled aboard feet foremost. That method of towing was all very well in its way, he said, but in a heavy sea it was very filling, so to speak, forcing him to swallow so much of the Atlantic that he was more dead than alive when hauled on board.

#### TOLD TO A NAVAL GREENHORN

All the preceding stories are strictly true, even though some of them may be stranger than fiction. I will not vouch, however, for the accuracy of a tale which was related to me, when I was a greenhorn in the navy, by a supposedly veracious son of the sea. It had to do with a ship half-foundering in a typhoon, running before it under bare poles, the sea-gaskets carrying away in the outfly, and some of the crew being sent aloft to make them fast.

Among these was a Milesian mariner, and it was his luck to lose his footing and plump overboard from that reeling height. As the vessel was on the verge of being swamped, and as all hands expected to be drowned, no particular attention was paid to the man who had fallen from the foreyard into a sea from which no rescue was to be thought of.

But "there's a sweet little cherub that

sits up aloft"—you know the rest. This particular one guided Pat to that projection which serves to spread the mizzen-rigging away from the hull, known to seamen as the mizzen-chains. There a sea carried him, and there he lay in a dead faint.

Anon he came to, with the ship in quieter waters, and beneath him an open port, which he recognized as one leading to the captain's pantry—a sedulously guarded store-place of good eatables. The famished sailor made his way inside, and ate so much that he lay in a comatose state for many hours. Then, on returning to the beauties of a sea life, which he had forgotten for a space, he again gorged himself so much that it was a long time to his next awakening.

And so it went, day by day, until at last Pat's conscience smote him, and he tried to devise some way of officially rejoining the ship. To this end he watched through the port-hole until the seas were utterly calm. Then lowering himself from the port, he dropped quietly into the sea and allowed the becalmed craft to drift some hundreds of feet from him. Then he set up a hullabaloo and came swimming after her—hand over hand.

Great excitement on the ship, the captain running aft and staring at the apparition coming up astern, the crew also gathering aft, and likewise dumfounded. A sea-ladder was thrown overside, and up came the bedraggled swimmer.

"My Heavens, Pat!" demanded the astonished captain, "where in the name of Neptune did you come from?"

"Sor," said Pat, with a twist of his forelock, "I've been swimming after the ship for two weeks, an' have jest overtook her!"

#### A WAR-SONG

WHEN the word is "war," and the war is glory,  
Could we fear to follow where our fathers led?  
Ours is now the moment in the shining story!  
We are roused, we are ready, for the word is said!

Now the heart's afire, and the waiting's ended;  
Now we hear the bugles from the farthest hill!  
We are up, we are out on the mission splendid,  
And our heroes fallen, they shall lead us still!

*Grace Hazard Conkling*

# EDITORIAL

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## The Coming Session of Congress—A Sweeping Reform Needed in Methods of Appropriating Money

CONGRESS begins its long session with the President, the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, and the representative leaders of disinterested thought in both great parties determined that if it lies within legislative possibility the wasteful and demoralizing system under which the taxpayers' money is voted away shall be reformed and a sensible method of centralized control substituted.

At present seven committees receive the estimates of expenses from the executive department and consider their requests for appropriations. Each committee looks after the needs of only that department with which it deals; each department asks for more than it hopes to get; and each appropriation is made with utter disregard for the balance in the Treasury, or for the allowances made by other committees for other departments. There is duplication, extravagance, waste; and it did not need a war to demonstrate this. But war, with its enormous expenditures, has emphasized abuses long recognized, and stirred the energy of reformers who had almost lost hope of improving a condition that affects the pocketbook of every taxpayer.

Seven committees mean seven chairmanships, whose occupants control no small amount of patronage and inhabit commodious offices. From them the active opposition to reform comes. But the inertia of Congress, the reverence legislators feel for precedent, the traditions that govern a deliberative assembly more truly than do its rules, have done much to perpetuate methods of legislation whose weaknesses nobody seriously defends.

The abuses in the appropriation system are non-partizan; so, too, is the movement to correct them. President Wilson, advocating consolidation under one committee, to which shall be referred all measures requiring the expenditure of money, takes the same position that President Roosevelt and President Taft held. Chairman Fitzgerald, the present head of the House Committee on Appropriations, to which, in spite of its inclusive name, not half the proposed appropriations are referred, cites in support of his campaign a formidable list of statesmen—the "watch-dogs of the Treasury" of other days—who have preceded him in office. His sincerity in the crusade he has undertaken, to which he gave much of his time after the adjournment of the special session of the Sixty-Fifth Congress, is such that he has announced his readiness to resign his chairmanship in order that there shall be no suspicion of self-seeking in his activities. In and out of Congress the danger of divided responsibility and the tremendous gains to be obtained from centralizing power and information are acknowledged; only within the House is there disinclination to correct a situation that now menaces the country more seriously than ever before.

If the first-fruits of the renewed movement to consolidate the too numerous committees having authority over appropriations results only in the creation of a central committee on war expenditure, much will be gained for sane administration. The good effects of this step would be so apparent that a complete reform within a short period could safely be predicted.

No great business concern could survive if seven separate and jealous committees of the directorate, each anxious for its own aggrandizement, had a voice in the company's financial affairs, and not one of them was charged with adjusting outgo to income; and the administration of the affairs of the United States has become a business of grim significance.

## American Diplomatic Dress

WHEN Mr. James W. Gerard went to Berlin as the American ambassador to Germany, he found that his predecessors had worn, on state ceremonial occasions, a sort of fancy diplomatic uniform designed by themselves. He abandoned this, however, in favor of the democratic dress suit, not because he liked it better, but, as he tells us, because the newspapers in this country and certain Congressmen have manifested a prejudice against conforming to the custom of foreign diplomats in regard to official dress. Hence we find in his book frequent reference to "that infernal dress suit" which he felt obliged to wear in season and out of season.

The regulations of the State Department permit our diplomatic and consular representatives who have been officers in the army or navy to wear the uniforms of the highest rank attained by them in the military or naval service; but this does not help an ambassador, minister, or consul whose career has been confined to civil life. He has to contrive a uniform for himself, and thus perhaps bring down the criticism of Congress upon his devoted head, or he must imitate the example of Mr. Gerard and stick to the conventional dress suit.

Very soon after Mr. Walter Hines Page was sent abroad as American ambassador to Great Britain, the *London Times* and other English newspapers began to call him "Dr. Page"; and this practise has been generally continued up to the present day. It puzzled American readers at first, until they ascertained that the prefix referred to the honorary degree or degrees which had been conferred by one or more institutions of learning upon our diplomatic representative in London. Usage in this country has confined it for the most part to persons holding the degree of doctor of medicine; although of late many educators who hold doctors' degrees in philosophy, science, or law, have been habitually addressed as doctors. Throughout South America generally, a statesman who is not a general is a doctor.

If American ambassadors are to be called doctors, by virtue of their academic honors, as in the case of Ambassador Page, why should they not also assume the academic costume appropriate to their degrees, and appear in the proper gown and hood on all occasions of state ceremony in which they are called upon to take part? This would be a diplomatic dress that really stood for something in the way of achievement, not a mere figment of the imagination,

like the fancy uniforms of Mr. Gerard's predecessors in Berlin, evolved out of their inner consciousness. A doctor's cap and gown, set off by the contrasting colors of a brilliant hood, make up a costume which is graceful in itself and to most men extremely becoming. It would be an eminently appropriate uniform for such of our ambassadors as have acquired sufficient academic distinction and recognition to entitle them to wear it.

## Music Not Made by Hands

**S**LIDE back the mahogany panels, insert the perforated paper roll, and press the button; or crank up the motor, if your phonograph has no self-starter attached; or form four abreast and clear throats for action. Which you do is no matter so long as music results, the music that every one can make and an increasing number enjoy—music not made by hands.

In the presence of this kind of music the trained musician suffers something of the awkwardness of the bashful youth who does not know what to do with his hands. No such embarrassment afflicts the amateur; he feels instinctively that they were made to mark time with. His forefinger goes like a pendulum and his right foot descends with infallible strokes. He is his own conductor, and can be as dramatic in the rôle as he pleases. The professional musician knows not these joys, but must saw away at the strings without conscious pose, the while a mysterious imp—call him a metronome—hops and skips among the beats and accents.

The player-piano is really one of the most notable inventions of the age, albeit there are some who will add "and the most infernal." But even those who do not enjoy Mr. Tobani's "Hearts and Flowers," as rendered by the young man in the flat above, can have nothing but respect for a mechanism which has saved thousands of expensive instruments from the scrap-heap. For that was whither most pianos were bound before playing devices were marketed. Now the oldest and longest-idle uprights and grands can have cabinet players hitched to them and be made to yield as large a dividend of melody as the owners demand and the rusty strings allow.

The true musical artist neither feels nor affects contempt for the piano automatically played, or the phonograph. He knows that the roll of perforated paper can sound chords which the fingers of Paderewski cannot compass; that the earliest appreciation of musical timbres and orchestral coloring may be derived from half a dozen black disks.

In music, as in every other art, the first requisite to the development of a sound and cultivated taste is frequent contact with the work of artists. A person of sufficiently acute mind, hearing music and more music and more music of all kinds, could conceivably end by deducing for himself every principle on which music is based. A person of merely average intelligence who will use it as he listens will, if opportunity to hear music comes often, arrive eventually at a fair understanding of what constitutes good music. More than that, he will have some inkling why it is good, and will appreciate what he hears at somewhat near its actual worth.

The case for vocal music is even stronger. We shall have an unusual

lot of it this winter, and the reference is not to concert platforms, but to chorus-singing in the home, in the church, in the camp. The chorus is a community enterprise hitherto underdeveloped in America, but less likely to suffer neglect in the future. Interest in choral singing has been powerfully stimulated by the plans of Major-General Franklin Bell and others to make the American soldier a singing soldier because, as General Bell rightly declares, a singing soldier makes a fighting soldier. Choral singing is capable of developing more enthusiasm than any other form of the musical art. It can progress to the heights of Parnassus, and it carries the singer with it.

The secret does not lie in the artistic knowledge and appreciation acquired, but in the kindling of generous emotions, their liberation or "motor discharge" as psychologists would say; above all in the creation of that contagious fellowship and general good-will which are vital to the success of an army and richly profitable to the life of each single human soul.

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## Pray for the Nurses, Too!

A WEARY Red Cross nurse sat in a suburban train. "We're glad to go," she said. "We would curse anything that kept us at home, and nothing is too good for the boys out there, but don't forget *us*. The churches offer prayers for our army and those of our Allies; why not a prayer for us, who risk our lives for both?"

Did this brave woman give voice to something which we have almost overlooked? Fifth Avenue never saw a nobler band than the nurses who marched that October afternoon. They were going, and others are following them, to spend days and nights in the midst of suffering and death. They will be tired, foot-sore, and homesick. All over the country women are knitting socks and making comfort-bags for a Merry Christmas for our soldiers. This is as it should be, but if we forget those agents of mercy who have an equal need for warm, comfortable stockings and cheerful souvenirs of home, we shall not be living up to our duty as a nation which cares for and is proud of its womanhood.

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## A New Thermometer

IT is to be noted that in scientific circles the Fahrenheit thermometer is becoming obsolete, its place being taken by the "absolute centigrade" scale, which has the advantage over both the Fahrenheit and centigrade instruments of being based on the zero of hydrogen gas. For all practical purposes at the present time this is an absolute zero, and consequently eliminates minus readings.

Mr. Alexander McAdie, in the *Geographical Review*, proposes a fourth system of measurement which he considers superior to all the three previously mentioned, for both scientific and domestic purposes. His thermometer is based on the same zero as the absolute centigrade, but in order to facilitate more exact readings the divisions of the scale are smaller. Thus, beginning

with absolute zero, which is 459 degrees—degrees Fahrenheit, that is—below the zero of the Fahrenheit thermometer, Mr. McAdie makes one thousand divisions between zero and the freezing-point of water, which we know as 32 degrees Fahrenheit. Mr. McAdie's 1,100 degrees approximates to what we know as 80 degrees Fahrenheit. His new thermometric scale does away with both decimals and minuses in temperature records, and he suggests that it would have an advantage over other systems in the circumstance that, roughly speaking, everything below 1,000 would be cold and everything above 1,100 hot.

We can see that from a scientific standpoint the Fahrenheit thermometer hasn't a leg to stand on. And yet we think it would be sadly missed in this part of the world should it be supplanted by a more logically constructed recorder. A Fahrenheit thermometer is what we might call emotionally suited to the climatic changes of a greater part of the United States. We support the cold weather because of the possible thrill of reaching the zero mark. We don't care if it is a zero 459 degrees above the zero of hydrogen gas. The Fahrenheit zero is the zero we all went skating with in our childhood. And likewise in summer the sight of the mercury slowly climbing toward the 100 mark brings a dismal exhilaration to the man in the street as he mops the perspiration from his brow. While 1,140 may be a much more scientifically correct expression of a hot day than 99 Fahrenheit, to hundreds of thousands of us it will never suggest anything except the departure of the theater-train to suburban retreats.

Finally, if both the Fahrenheit and centigrade scales are to pass out of sight, what will become of Mr. James Gordon Bennett's world-famous "Old Philadelphia Lady"?

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## The Mysterious Plain-Speaker at the German Court

**F**IVE years ago, when a number of his biographical and critical sketches were translated into English under the title of "Word Portraits," Maximilian Harden had few admirers in this country except in pronouncedly socialistic circles. This collection of pen-portraits introduced a literary critic of rather unsound judgment, with a style so exuberant and grandiose as to verge on the absurd; a critic who exalted Zola above Balzac and Ibsen as the greatest of philosophical novelists. If the book was remembered at all, it served to sharpen a picture of the socialist editor as an extremist, a poseur, and possibly a charlatan.

Now it seems as if we must revise our conception of the man's character and mentality, for Mr. Harden has achieved an enviable distinction—perhaps not of being the only man in Germany who has preserved his sanity and humanity, but at any rate the only one so fortunate who has the courage and opportunity to say what he thinks. Courage Mr. Harden must have, courage and sincerity, for, in order to support a man in opposing the greatest autocracy the world has ever seen, it takes more than a Shaw-like determination to disagree with everybody.

No one in the outer world knows just what is going on in Germany, or what is the secret of this one unsuppressed voice; but apparently the "Honorable Hun" has never hesitated to speak. If he lives to see the close of the war, and we hope he may, it will be interesting to become better acquainted with this editor.

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## Slouchiness

IN a recent speech Dr. John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University, told his students that the failure of most unsuccessful applicants for commissions in the military service was due to the fact that the candidates were "slouchy in manner, slouchy in mind, and slouchy in disposition." He referred to the adjutant-general of the United States army as his authority for this statement.

Whether President Hibben so intended it or not, we fear that the reproach of slouchiness is peculiarly applicable to American university and college students as a class. In any event, the fault is so common and widely diffused among the youth of the country that this reference to it in the address of a college president must be regarded as an admonition and caution to college men in particular.

Slouchiness is a habit which can readily be overcome in most cases. The young men who have gone into the army have dropped their slouchy ways as easily as one puts off a garment. On the other hand, it is a weakness which ought never to have been allowed to develop to such an extent as is indicated in President Hibben's remarks on its prevalence.

The slouchy manners of the young American of the present day find their most frequent expression in railway travel, when two or three callow youths from college enter the smoking-compartment of a Pullman car. If there is room enough, they proceed to sprawl over the chairs and sofa-seat to the greatest possible extent, placing their feet where it is intended that passengers shall sit, and otherwise distributing their bodies over the largest attainable area. If a middle-aged traveler, incommoded by these slouchy sprawlers, ventures to remonstrate mildly, he is fortunate if he succeeds in compelling an ungracious compliance.

Opportunity for observation extending over many years convinces us that slouchiness is on the increase among young men traveling on our railroads. If it keeps on, we may presently find a notice reading "Don't sprawl!" in every parlor-car compartment for smokers.

Mental slouchiness is evidenced by careless spelling as often as by anything else in college life. Men will misspell words which they know how to spell perfectly well, just because they are indifferent in the matter. Others will not take the trouble to consult the dictionary when in doubt, but will take the chance of spelling the word wrong. Least excusable of all are those who persistently spell words incorrectly which they have seen hundreds of times and which are in constant use in their own special pursuits. We have known a medical student who could not spell "tumor" and a law student who could not spell "judgment."

The young men condemned by the adjutant-general because they are "slouchy in disposition" are the most difficult cases to cure. Their slouchiness is basic. We should like to hear from President Hibben how he would deal with them. They embody a tendency in American youth which must be stamped out in some way.

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## The Old-Fashioned Winter

IT can be proved that there never was such a thing as an old-fashioned winter, and occasionally some one thinks it worth proving; just as occasionally some one endeavors to communicate to a careless world his personal excitement at discovering that Rome was not built in a day, but between the ides of March and the calends of September, 753 B.C. Each to his taste. Antiquarian research is not necessary to show that a blizzard occurred on March 12, 1888; the spry little man next house but one remembers a winter so cold that he walked from Manhattan to Brooklyn on the ice-bound East River; in a phrase already obsolescent you concede the obligation placed upon you to worry, but you don't. Perhaps it is because man is naturally incredulous, believing of the extraordinary that it never can happen again; perhaps because the amen corner is so much more comfortably occupied than the anxious seat; perhaps because you have got your coal in.

The records of the Weather Bureau establish nothing one way or another. They go back half a century, and what is half a century in the face of a great tradition?

Besides, though man by taking thought cannot add a cubit to his stature, he can add considerably to the wonder of the tale he has to tell. Solomon, on hearing a weather story, said in his haste that all men were liars. He was thinking of the race of Oldest Inhabitants, who lie at ease, safe in the consciousness that they cannot be found out. Of course this immunity will not last forever. When the Weather Bureau is a hundred years old, the Oldest Inhabitant, risking confrontation with official temperatures and inches of snowfall, will have to speak circumspectly, first producing his birth certificate as a nonagenarian, say. If the document shows him to be past the hundred mark, nothing he may say can be used against him.

If there is anything in climatology, the old-fashioned winter must have been unhealthful. For the climatologists tell us that the vigor and energy of the races of the temperate zones is due to the sudden and sharp changes of weather and temperature to which they are subjected. One winter day is warm, the next is twenty degrees colder; the sun shines gloriously for a few hours until driven to cover by clouds which heap the earth with drifted whiteness. Now all these incalculable fluctuations, says science, are just what we need. They set us to reacting, and one reaction follows another—or sometimes a cold in the head follows a cold on the chest, a drawback that the scientists overlook. We need just such rapid oscillations of the mercury in the bulb, just such tingles and thaws, to keep brain and nerves keen, the investigators declare. We also need two overcoats, a mackintosh,

galoshes, suits of clothes of different weights, and penitential underwear, to survive the ordeal.

These are the winters all are used to; but who ever heard of an old-fashioned winter like them? The old-fashioned winter was of one of two types; either it grew bitter cold and stayed that way for weeks and months on end, or so much snow fell that there was sleighing on Memorial Day. That is why we know the old-fashioned winter to have been utterly injurious to health. There were none of those capricious changes which have made the races of the temperate zones so hardy that they are moving to the dry zones as rapidly as possible.

Some might think the test of an old-fashioned winter to consist not in the temperature outdoors, but within. One of the earmarks of an old-fashioned winter was the water which froze in the pitcher on the wash-stand. Apartment-dwellers are urged not to neglect this interesting experiment. A pitcher of water should be drawn at bedtime and left on the dressing-table. If, in the morning, ice is found to have formed on the surface, you may know that an old-fashioned winter is at hand and make representations to the janitor to deal with the furnace accordingly.

Perhaps, after all, such a determination would be found to be superficial. When we think of an old-fashioned winter, do we think of the biting cold or of the wide-mouthed fireplace? Isn't it possible that the measurement taken was not of the depth of the snow, but of the circumference of a first-rate mince pie? The things that gave joy were the glass of cider and the delectable yarns spun in comfortable leisure; and the storm raging outside was of moment only for the contrast it afforded to the warmth and fun within.

Well, if that's the truth of it, the case of the old-fashioned winter is not hopeless. It will continue to be weathered by a few wise and happy mortals here and there for many a year.

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## The Baltic of North America

**E**VEN in the midst of war's alarms, the present and prospective development of Hudson Bay as a trade route for the transportation of grain from the great Northwest to the British Isles is one of the most important public questions under consideration by the people of Canada to-day. The question likewise possesses interest for us in the United States; for if the contemplated route proves practicable, much wheat from our Western States near the Canadian border might thereby find its way to Liverpool.

A railway is now under construction, and rapidly nearing completion, which will run from the Pas, an old trading-station of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Saskatchewan country, four hundred miles in a northeasterly direction to Port Nelson on the western shore of Hudson Bay. Port Nelson and Montreal are about equidistant by water from Liverpool; but it is a thousand miles farther by rail from the Pas to Montreal than from the Pas to Port Nelson. It follows that the Hudson Bay route *via* Port Nelson would, if practicable, save a thousand miles of railroad travel in the transportation of grain from the great wheat-fields of Canada to the English market.

Whether the route is practicable or not, in a commercial sense, will depend upon the number of weeks in the year during which Hudson Bay can be kept open for navigation, including Hudson Strait, the approach from the open sea in which the ice is most troublesome. The government experts expect an open season in the strait of at least four months, and this may be lengthened by the use of ice-breaking tugs, which have been employed with success in the White Sea, during the present war, to keep open the Russian port of Archangel.

The enterprise is one of great commercial and geographical interest. Hitherto, about the only concern of the outside world with Hudson Bay has related to its legal status in the domain of international law. Are its waters a part of the high seas, free to all nations, like the ocean outside the three-mile limit, or is it what admiralty lawyers and jurists call a closed sea (*mare clausum*) subject throughout its whole extent to British jurisdiction?

The weight of authority among recognized writers on international law is in favor of regarding it as an open sea. It is a misnomer to call it a bay. The Black Sea, the Red Sea, the North Sea, and the Adriatic are each much smaller; and Hudson Bay is three times as large as the Baltic, to which we have likened it, being about eight hundred miles long and six hundred miles wide. The question whether its international character is that of an open sea or a closed bay will certainly arise again if a great shipping port for the cereals of Canada is built up on its western shore at the terminus of a railroad from the valley of the Saskatchewan.

Henry Hudson perished in this, the greatest body of water which bears his name. A tragic picture in the Tate Gallery in London commemorates his fate. His mutinous crew are shown casting off the ship's boat in which he and his cabin-boy were sent to their death. No one who has seen this painting will ever forget Hudson or Hudson Bay.

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## The Fatal Umbrella

A CURIOUS accident occurred in the mining region of western Pennsylvania during the late summer. A miner set out from his home at Mount Pleasant at five o'clock in the morning to go to the colliery where he worked. A heavy thunder-storm was coming on, and he carried an umbrella with a steel rod. When it began to rain he raised the umbrella, and before he had gone far this rod was struck by lightning and the miner was instantly killed.

This occurrence will tend to confirm the prejudice against iron-rod umbrellas. A man who carries one in an electric storm is placing himself at the lower end of a lightning-rod. The conditions are the same as those which endanger a farmer who carries a pitchfork on his shoulder when driven from his hay-field by a thunder-storm. Many farmers have been struck by lightning under such circumstances.

Even to carry iron golf-clubs in a thunder-shower is to court danger. A few years ago, on the golf-links at Cooperstown, New York, the players were overtaken by a sudden thunder-storm, and on the way back to the clubhouse

one of the party, who was carrying his iron clubs over his shoulder, was instantly killed by a thunderbolt.

The mortality from lightning in the United States is only about one hundred and fifty deaths per annum in a population of one hundred millions; and the late Professor Tyndall, the eminent English physicist, assured us that death by lightning is absolutely painless. He ascertained this by receiving an electric shock from fifteen large Leyden jars when he accidentally touched a wire while making an experiment. "Life," he said, "was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval without a trace of pain." Hence he concluded that a person struck dead by lightning experiences only an abrupt stoppage of sensation, unaccompanied by any pang.

Neither the painless character of death by lightning, however, nor the remoteness of the chance of being struck is a sensible excuse for needless exposure in thunder-storms. Blatant bravado is almost as bad as abject fear. The right course is simply to be prudent and let the consequences take care of themselves; and it certainly is not prudent to sally forth into an electric storm carrying a metallic rod which invites a thunderbolt into your body on its way from the clouds to the earth. While the ordinary supposition that the metal attracts the lightning is not correct—in the sense of pulling the electric current toward it—the metal furnishes the easiest path for the discharge, and if a man places himself in such a path the result may be disastrous.

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## The French of Edibles

OUR soldiers who study French will have the happy fortune of acquiring familiarity with a tongue in which a word has a fixed meaning, or range of meanings. Students of French in American restaurants and hotels, mostly involuntary, are introduced to a language in which the same words seldom denote the same thing twice; nor can any affinity be discovered among the various significations.

The average frequenter of the more pretentious eating-places orders "potatoes O'Brien" with a certain degree of confidence. They always have minced peppers in them. But what the menu offers as "potatoes *julienne*" may be boiled potatoes, mashed potatoes, creamed potatoes, puffed potatoes, according to the whimsy of the hidden *chef*. "Potatoes *parisienne*" are equally variable.

Even where there is a uniformity of preparation there is no uniformity of results. This, however, is a defect of all cookery.

The most bewildering circumstance is the idiomatic use of menu French. We call it such, for an idiom is a word or expression which has a meaning other than would logically be expected. An example is found in *pie à la mode* and *beef à la mode*. *Pie à la mode* is pie with ice-cream on top of it, but *beef à la mode* is not beef with ice-cream on top of it.

Pure idiom! You take it as you find it. In the case of words you have no choice; in the case of the dish you can leave it untouched. To some of the men in our army, accustomed by years of experience to the French disguises of our bills of fare, the French of France will seem *pie à la mode*.

# Fact and Fancy

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Author of "Nothing—Nothing at All," "John Smith, an American Soldier," etc.

"WHY, you impertinent young pup!" old man Wright shouted angrily. "You'll apologize to me this instant, or I'll—"

"I apologize to myself for having worked for you so long for a measly twelve hundred a year," Clifford Long interrupted him. "But I'm through at that figure. I have another to consider now, and if I don't get what I'm worth from you I'll get it from some one else. I'm engaged to be married, and I want three thousand dollars a year from now on."

"Three thousand!" the old man gasped, his fat face purple with rage. "You're crazy! You're—"

"I'm indispensable to this business," Cliff declared firmly. "If you don't realize it now, you'll find it out too late; because, unless you meet my terms within thirty seconds, I'll quit!"

Cliff settled back in his chair, and, drawing out his watch, fixed his eyes on the second-hand.

"Quit!" Wright roared, rising and banging the desk with his pudgy fist. "Quit! You haven't got a chance. You're fired! Do you hear that? And you'll get no reference from me, you young fool. Now get out of here and don't ever come back!"

Cliff rose without a word and left the office, erect, smiling, his looks and actions expressing amused contempt of old Wright's vengeful rage. Whistling softly to himself, he gathered his personal effects from his desk, put on his hat, and walked out of the establishment, which he had entered ten years before as a scared applicant for the job of errand-boy. He smiled without regret as he pushed the elevator button. Without job, recommendation, or bank-account, he faced the future serenely confi-

dent. A few short months before, such a situation would have sickened him to the soul with a compound misery of doubt and fear; but now the most wonderful girl in all the wide, wide world believed in him, and he knew that he would not—could not—fail in the quest for that success with which her faith endowed him.

"Hey, you! Come here!"

Cliff turned and saw the boss—old man Wright himself—standing in the doorway, beckoning to him. He laughed aloud with a lifting consciousness of freedom and self-respect.

"I've come when you called for a good many years, but I'm through now," he said scornfully. "Get some other dog for twelve hundred a year to answer your whistle!"

"Mr. Long!"

Cliff knew it was old man Wright speaking, and yet he found it hard to believe. The boss had spoken to him respectfully—even pleadingly—and had called him "Mr. Long." Always before it had been "Hey, you!" plain "Hey!" or worse. Moreover, the boss was approaching with a conciliatory smile on his fat face, rubbing his hands, beaming cordially, as at a cash customer.

"You win, Mr. Long," the crusty old fellow admitted gracefully enough. "You've been practically running this business for the past two years, and well I know it; but I thought you lacked nerve. A man without nerve is not worth regular money to any business, no matter how efficient and loyal he may be. By gad, sir, I'm not often mistaken in a man, but I misjudged you. I'd have bet my last shiny dime that you didn't have it in you to stand up and talk cold turkey to a man like you did to me to-day. It's just such nerve that makes the

difference between an efficient wage-slave and a real business man, Mr. Long. Come on back into my office, and we'll—"

## II

JACK BOWMAN read the story, partially given above, in the *Pink Stories* magazine, and it hit him where he lived. He recognized many points in common between himself and Clifford Long, the hero of the tale, which was called "The Discovery of Himself." Jack was twenty-six; and after serving ten years with W. T. Shable, wholesale dealer in nuts and fruits, he was getting exactly twelve hundred a year. He knew he was indispensable to the business, and did not the most wonderful girl in all the wide, wide world love him and believe in him?

She did. The name of this particular most wonderful girl in all the wide, wide world was Laura Fuller. She was the interpreter for a card-index system in the office of a lawyer who believed in modern methods. He paid a man one thousand dollars to inaugurate the system, so that he could lay his hands on anything he wanted without a moment's loss of time, and he paid Laura twelve per week for her ability to remember where things were without having to take a day off to sift the evidence of the magic cards. She was a slim, pert, sensible little woman of twenty-two, whose pretty brown eyes were shrewd with the hard wisdom of the small wage-earner. She would have died for her Jack, but she knew better than to try living with him on his twelve hundred dollars a year. However, she was willing to wait for him until he could command a salary large enough to maintain a home, and glad to believe that the waiting would not be long.

But Jack felt the necessity for any waiting as a scathing indictment of himself as a man and a citizen. He felt that were he one-thousandth of the man Laura thought him to be, he would be earning a salary sufficient for their needs. There was no doubt in his mind that he was worth far more than he got, but he was skeptical of his ability to convince old man Shable of his true value.

The story, "The Discovery of Himself,"

set him thinking. It was written by one J. Hetherford Pemberton. An editorial note apprised the reader that J. Hetherford was a new author, dug up from the sands of anonymity by *Pink Stories*—a successful man of wide commercial experience, whose dope on the coin and how to get it, while presented in the form of fiction, was nevertheless based on the solid reality of fact.

"From time to time," so said the editorial note, "other stories of business life from the pen of this gifted young author will appear in *Pink Stories*. Place your order with your newsdealer now!"

The similarity between the *Clifford Long* of the story and Jack Bowman was startling. Jack practically ran old Shable's business, he got twelve hundred a year, and he was worth far more. The most wonderful girl in all the wide, wide world loved him and believed in him; but he couldn't marry her until he got more. He found himself practically identical with the hero of "The Discovery of Himself," up to where the latter turned on his employer and demanded his rights.

The story appealed to him as being the very voice of destiny, instructing him in the way he should walk. It gave him foreknowledge that he had old Shable beaten to the whisper of a deaf and dumb ghost. He could bluff the old man and walk out of the office, calm and smiling, without so much as a disturbing doubt about being called back and getting the demanded raise. Then he'd go to Laura and say:

"Well, little girl, let's go pick out the furniture!"

Her eyes would grow round with wonder, and she would say tremulously:

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I held old Shable up for what's coming to me, and got it," he would answer resolutely. "I mean that from to-day I'm getting three thousand a year—and we're going to be married to-morrow!"

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she would cry, and throw her arms around his neck.

The rest was perfection, clear down through the corridor of years, to where they sat together in the moonlit garden of their palatial country home and listened to the strains of "Silver Threads among the

Gold" floating out through the open windows of the music-room.

### III

AFTER two days' ecstatic mental rehearsal of his part in the scene he intended staging in old Shable's office, Jack felt himself perfect in letter and spirit. Having fortified himself with a final reading of J. Pemberton's story, he entered old Shable's private office, treading firmly.

"Shable," said Jack peremptorily, "I want a raise."

"You don't get it," the old man informed him, without looking up from the desk.

"If I don't get it I'll quit," Jack threatened a little less peremptorily.

"All right!" Shable answered casually.

A stage wait occurred.

"I'll quit right now, this minute!" Jack amplified his threat. "I'm indispensable to this business, and I know it. If you don't realize it now you'll find it out too late. I'm engaged to be married, and I'll give you just thirty seconds to raise me to three—three—three—" Finding himself unable to utter the sum he had in mind, he compromised with his tongue and succeeded in saying: "Twenty-five hundred a year."

He drew out his watch and grew sick with mortification to discover that the hand in which he held it was trembling violently.

"I—I apologize to myself for having worked for you so long for three thousand a year," he stuttered, getting his lines mixed. "I mean I'll give you just twelve hundred seconds to raise me to thirty dollars a year, or I'll—I'll—"

Old man Shable flung around in his chair and looked at Jack curiously.

"Young man, have you been drinking?" he inquired.

"No, sir!" Jack declared, groping in the confusion of his mind for the orderly, well-constructed sentences that he had created and memorized for use in the present situation. They were gone. He was able to recall only the spirit of the scene that he had meant to enact, and realized that he must improvise the words as he went along.

He clenched his fists and frowned fiercely at Shable, thereby expressing anger and determination; but his knees shook and his

voice was husky and uncertain. His actions were akin to those of an undecided pup who barks fiercely at a stranger in the hope that threats may avail, and wags his tail as a signal of friendship in case they don't.

"You—you old skinflint you!" he stammered. "I've stood about enough from you. I've been practically running this business for two years, and you know it. And what do I get out of it? Twelve hundred a year. I'm going to get married and all, and I've got to have more money. I'm worth three—three—twenty-five hundred a year, and you know it as well as I do. You give me three—three—twenty-five hundred a year or I'll quit. I mean what I say! I'm indispensable to this business, and if I don't realize it now I'll find it out too—I mean—look here, you old skinflint you, if you don't give me thirty seconds to—I mean three—three—twenty-five hundred a year—I'm through—you understand me? I—you can't bluff me. I'm through!"

"Precisely," old man Shable agreed sharply. "Your remarks are largely incoherent, and I think you're drunk; but you seem to have sense enough left to understand that you're through. Quite right—you are. Get your money to date from the cashier and get out!"

"I'm not drunk," Jack protested.

"Then get drunk!" the old man advised him. "Intoxication might improve you, but it certainly couldn't make you worse. G'by!"

The old man swung back to his desk and resumed his writing. Jack stood irresolutely for a moment, staring down at the watch in his hand.

"I'll—I'll give you thirty seconds," he offered weakly, recalling one of the original lines of his piece. "I'll give you just thirty seconds—"

The old man jumped up from his chair and stamped his foot, loudly angry at last.

"Any judge in this town will give me thirty days for what I'm going to do to you if you're not out of this office in less than thirty seconds!" he roared. "You're an idiot! If you'd come to me like a gentleman and asked for a reasonable raise, you'd 'a' got it; but you come in here like a madman and rile me all up before you even

tell me what you want, and then you ask for a million dollars a year, or some little sum like that. I'm surprised you didn't claim you owned the business and ask me what I was doin' in my own office. Now, git out!"

When Jack Bowman made his exit from the office he was not erect or smiling. Some cog in the psychological machinery of his plan had slipped. He did not expect the boss to follow him and call him back, and he was not disappointed. The boss did not.

As he walked out of the establishment that had known his services for so many years, he became uncomfortably aware of a bulge in his coat-pocket. It was the *Pink Stories* magazine, containing the provocative yarn by one J. Hetherford Pemberton—"The Discovery of Himself."

Jack Bowman snatched the periodical from his pocket, and with a snarl of rage hurled it into the gutter.

#### IV

OLD man Shable was a New Jersey commuter. Each week-night he ferried over the North River from lower New York and took the five forty-seven train to Fairwood, New Jersey. Like all commuters, he had his own circle of train friends. Among the most intimate of these was J. K. Stockton, a rival wholesale dealer in nuts and fruits. To him Shable told the story of his break with Jack Bowman.

"I don't know what's gettin' into the young fellows of this day," he complained. "Crazy, I call 'em. I've had this boy with me for ten years, and he was just gettin' to be handy to have around. Then this afternoon he slips into my office and throws a fit. Might have got somewhere if he'd held his head and stayed with me. He does know the nut and fruit business—I'll say that for him. He ain't got no personality, you might say, or anything like that; no git-up-and-go nor nothin', but he was a good, handy man. Can you imagine him comin' right into my office and cussin' me out—tellin' me where to get off? Askin' me for an outrageous raise—twenty-five hundred or three thousand a year, or somethin' like that he wanted—and tryin' to hold the watch on me till I give it to him? I don't

know where the young fellows of this day get their ideas."

"I think you were wrong in firing him," Stockton declared.

"Wrong?" Shable repeated. "What else could I do? Can't let your employees stamp all over you, can you? Got to have some control over 'em, ain't you? Can't let one of 'em come into your office like a burglar with a gun and hold you up."

"I know how you felt about it," Stockton said, "but I think you were wrong. It's just the kind of men who've got nerve enough to do a fool thing like that that have got nerve enough to be worth regular money, old man. You know a lot of us old business men, we get cut an' dried an' awful narrow. We want our employees to be industrious an' polite, an' come runnin' when we call, an' we forget the value to us of nerve an' ambition in a young fellow. Now, I've got a chap workin' for me that's been with me for about ten years. He's polite an' industrious an' respectful, knows the business, an' all that, but he ain't really worth a whoop. If he just had some sass an' ginger to him, he'd be a valuable man; but by golly, he's so meek an' so anxious to hold on to his job, that he's gettin' onto my nerves. Smith, his name is—Jim Smith. If he had any get-up-an'-go to him, I could afford to pay him twenty-five hundred or three thousand a year, instead of the twelve hundred I'm givin' him now. As it is, I've half a mind to let him go, an' to get somebody with some backbone that I can train up to take charge of things. What 'd you say this young fellow's name was—the one you fired?"

Shable told him.

"Would you mind givin' me his address? I think you made a mistake in lettin' him go, an' I think I might use him. I'd like to see him an' talk things over with him, anyhow."

"Sure, I'll give you his address," Shable agreed. "I ain't got anything against the young fool, and for his sake I hope you'll hire him; but I ain't givin' him no recommendation—mind that!"

"That's all right," Stockton said, as he took down Bowman's address. "I know how you feel about him, but I believe it

would be a good thing for us old codgers to use a little more imagination in our business. Funny, my wife an' me were readin' a story last night that fits my idea of your row with this young fellow right to a dot. It was in the *Pink Stories* magazine—a story written by a man of the name of J. Hetherford Pemberton, if I remember right, an' called 'The Discovery of Himself.' By George, it was good! The fellow that wrote that knew what he was talkin' about. I tell you it got home to me, an' set me thinkin'. The fellow that wrote that had imagination. I tell you that's what we need in our business!"

## V

JACK BOWMAN sat at his desk in the establishment of J. K. Stockton, wholesale dealer in nuts and fruits, holding a final consultation with poor, forlorn little Jim Smith.

Jack was taking Smith's job, but not Smith's salary. Far from it! Jack had engaged to work for Mr. Stockton at the sum of twenty-five hundred a year to start with, and a raise had been promised if he made good. In company with Laura, he had picked out the flat and the furniture, and a marriage license was in the breast pocket of his coat.

He felt genuinely sorry for poor, meek little Smith. Smith had been mighty decent about showing him the ins and outs of the Stockton establishment in the two weeks they had worked together. Many a fellow

would have made it unpleasant for the man who was taking his job.

And now Smith's two weeks were up, and the hour of parting had come.

"I wish you'd go over and see old Shable," Jack urged him. "I don't think he's got anybody to take my place, and you'd fit in there very nicely."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," Smith half whispered in his soft, perpetually scared voice, "but I guess I won't bother with it. You see, I'm engaged to be married, and twelve hundred a year is no real good to me. As long as it's not enough for me to get married on, it might just as well be nothing at all; and I don't suppose there's any chance of getting any more out of Mr. Shable."

"No," Jack admitted regretfully, "I'm afraid not."

"I don't see how you ever managed to get twenty-five hundred out of Mr. Stockton," Smith said admiringly.

"Well, we managed to come to an understanding," Jack said, at once modest and patronizing. "But tell me, have you anything in view?"

Smith sighed and picked up his hat.

"Maybe—maybe I'll write a little," he said timorously. "I did one story for the *Pink Stories* magazine under the name of J. Hetherford Pemberton, and got twenty-five dollars for it. I—I called it 'The Discovery of Himself.' They said it was good, and asked me to do some more for them."

## THE CITY

HERE mirages dissolve in mists of pain,  
The bow of promise shines through raining tears;  
There pierce the skies tall citadels of gain  
Built on laborious years.

The ardent glances of the westering sun  
Turn the steel flanks to chill and ruddy gold,  
Gilding the battlements where wealth is won  
And force is bought and sold.

Here Titan clamor is a trumpet-call;  
The iron an armor, and the clanging whole  
Holds martial music, though we stand or fall,  
To thrill a struggling soul!

Olin Lyman

# The War Cache\*

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF ARMAGEDDON

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

Author of "War," "The North Afire," etc.

**T**HOROLD, the chemist, had munitioned with extreme intelligence. He had earned his country's gratitude; also, he had earned himself a six-cylinder Napier.

Phillip—with two "I's," and said slow, please—had earned from his country a rest. A medium-sized, scallop-edged piece of high-explosive shell in the leg had assisted him. He was enjoying the convalescent indolence of England. He considered Thorold's new six-cylinder the right medium to give him calm.

"Just a mile out and back," he said to Thorold at his side. "Doesn't she run like the tongue of a military critic, Jimmy—so easy and smooth? Can you bribe the police about here?"

Thorold sat back and held tight. He was glad that he had insured himself. He was glad that he had made a will in favor of his mother. From the corner of his eye he saw Phillip, beautiful and cool; not a hair awry; and his kit a thing of almost awesome perfection.

Phillip didn't seem to think the six-cylinder was going fast. Perhaps this was a convalescent pace. Thorold was quite glad Phillip was not unwounded.

"Would we slaughter anything if we went round that corner at a fair bat?" Phillip asked. "I mean, is it necessary to slow up for gates or carts or cows?"

"It's a double hairpin, garnished with flint walls," answered Thorold. "The village idiot invariably stands in the middle of the second turn to think of nothing. Bink's prize bull-pup usually sleeps on the crown of the road by the end of the first

twist. Apart from such trifles, I leave it to you!"

With a sigh, Phillip slackened speed. He hated to hurt bull-pups.

They went round the corner merrily. The village idiot was not there, and the bull-pup was absent; but the nurse was walking toward them.

Understand, she was not a nurse; she was the nurse. There are some nurses who don the government's uniform and go under without a struggle. They are content, for so good a cause, to walk about under the public gaze in frocks done from the fashion-plate that Mrs. Noah thought so *chic*. There are others—the nurse was one of the others.

She rose superior to her uniform. She looked human, she looked pretty. One wanted to smile at her. Phillip didn't even trouble about the want—he smiled. One wanted to have her in the car, and hear her talk, and see her smile, and note the bright fire that came into her deep eyes, and see the sparkle of the color warming her soft and vivid cheek, and hang breathless on the ripple of her comely lips.

"I say," he shouted to Thorold, "how ripping she is! Who is she? Where does she come from?"

"She's the very prettiest," said Thorold. "Her name is Cicely—Cicely Baistain. She's in the town, at the Eighth Southeast Hospital."

Phillip was already slowing.

"Sportin' of you to know her. We'll turn this merry little barrow round, swiz up to her, and mention that the best thing possible for nurses in the Eighth Southeast

Hospital is to go for rides in a six-cylinder. Also, you will tell her that I am a very fine man, a millionaire, and a 'lonely soldier.'"

"No good," said Thorold. "I don't know her—only by sight and name; and I wouldn't—"

"Nor would I," said Phillip, opening out again and continuing the run. "But it's very sad. If you only knew how keenly I've been looking for just that girl! Anyhow, I *will* turn back and look at her again."

## II

THE staff-major came along just as Phillip was about to turn, and spoiled his intention.

The staff-major was in a large, grim, powerful car—"an unbaptized tank," Phillip said; but he was driving slowly. He was looking about carefully, as if he had dropped something. As Thorold's car swept by, he looked up jerkily and suspiciously.

"Staff-majors are ever suspicious," said Phillip. "They're always afraid that some one will make them colonels before they've had their proper rest. Wasn't that one a blond brute?"

"I didn't notice," said Thorold.

"Oh, I always notice," said Phillip airily. "There was something about that one—clothes, perhaps. One of the impenetrable secrets of the war, Jimmy, is the place where senior staff-officers buy their clothes. No tailor has yet had the courage to own up."

"Shall we turn?"

"'Nother half-mile. Don't care to come up too close to the brass hat."

They ran on. Thorold seemed a little bit anxious. Phillip the bland—who seemed to miss very little with his gay and casual eye—cried:

"Jimmy, I believe—"

"Eh?" gurgled Thorold.

"Shall we run on, and not bother about Miss Cicely?"

"Oh, I say, no! I mean, I've got some work—" He saw the grinning subaltern. "You devil, Phillip! You hooked me well!"

Phillip sighed.

"Ah well, I shall have to die a bachelor. That was really the only girl—"

"So was Inez, so were Dora and Leila and Julie and—"

"Well, we might turn now," said Phillip quickly. The man at the wheel has the tactical advantage. "How long have you known her?" asked the natty young officer, as they sped back.

"Well, I first saw her three weeks ago," replied Thorold.

"Three weeks—and you haven't spoken! Is this trench warfare?"

"Well, it's awkward—I don't see how a man can—but I've seen her often, and looked at her."

"Did she look at you?"

"Yes."

"Every time?"

"Well, I didn't count, you know." Thorold caught Phillip's glance. "I don't remember ever missing her eyes, anyhow," he said boldly.

Phillip chuckled. He looked at his finely molded, finely handsome friend. He guessed that under the circumstances Cicely might not be such a stickler for the etiquette of introduction as Jimmy thought. After all, Thorold was something big about here; his work was big. He must be well known.

Also, Phillip had seen the dawn of a shy smile on the bright lips of Cicely as they swung past her. He had thought it might be for him; but—

Phillip had rather a breathless taste in clothes. There was that about the unerring perfection of his kit which abashed one. He had a marvelous parting in the middle, and his little mustache was the sort of little mustache that all subalterns dream will be theirs in paradise. With his smooth and inscrutable face, his unruffled and debonaire air, you would take him for a blue-ribbon exhibit of what a young subaltern should be. He was not so dazzling and perfect a thing as those young subalterns who appear on the stage; but nothing is as perfect as those. He was the paragon of real life. He was the gilt-edged junior officer. He was wondrous to the eye.

There were some who thought he was

merely a gallery exhibit, to be looked at, but not to be used. Some thought him a decoration, and sought to treat him as such. They had only tried to do so once, however. Phillip is magnificent, but he is also war. Under that parting in the middle is a cool, swift brain that can do its thinking with a daring efficiency. Beneath his inconsequence, his casualness, his flippancy, and his dandified habit lie a keenness, a will, and a capacity to bring about disaster to lesser men, whether they be Germans, spies, or bores.

These things must be mentioned. The staff-major adopted the idea that Phillip was a "nut," tried to crack him—and broke his own teeth.

### III

WHEN they drew in sight of Nurse Cicely, they also drew in sight of the staff-major.

"Look and learn, my young friend," said Phillip to Thorold. "Here is a gallant soldier man who doesn't believe in trench warfare."

The gallant soldier man was making the pace with Nurse Cicely. His big car was drawn up by the side of the road, and he was out of it. He was, in fact, on the other side of the road, close up to the nurse. He seemed to be talking to her very absorbingly. Phillip watched with his keen, casual eyes.

"The great offensive! Behold it and learn, Jimmy," he drawled languidly.

"He's probably some sort of friend or relative of the young woman," said Thorold a little stiffly.

"Oh, perfectly possible!" admitted Phillip; but he slowed down—which he needn't have done, for there was plenty of room. "The stern uncle, perhaps, Jimmy—or the heavy father. What's your choice?" he asked impersonally, slowing some more.

"How do I know?" snapped Thorold testily. "Neither, I should say. Perhaps a brother, or cousin, or something. Why put silly suggestions?"

"Because," said Phillip judiciously, "Cicely doesn't love him in the way she ought."

"Rather—rather rotten taste, that sort of joke!" stuttered Jimmy, very dignified.

"You will notice"—Phillip was quite unconcerned—"you will notice, my little lad, the curious grouping of car and couple. One is—"

"I say!" said Thorold rather sharply.

"The dawn of brain in the bone of Jimmy is near at hand," went on the young officer. "You were just going to say that it is strange that Nurse Cicely shouldn't have crossed the road to her relative's car; still more strange, perhaps, that he should have clambered out of his awkward, flat-nosed automobile to go across the road to her. That was what you were about to say, Jimmy."

"No, it wasn't," jerked the chemist. "But I see what you mean—that she really didn't want to meet him or speak with him."

"My dear Watson, your mind is like lightning! Nothing is hidden from you. I don't need to tell you that his engine is still running."

"Why shouldn't it be?" cried Thorold.

He was trying to be sensible. After all, this was England, the major was an officer; what Phillip hinted—that the officer was accosting, even bullying, the nurse—wasn't done.

"An engine running free—war-time being what it is in petrol permits—means that the staff bloke doesn't mean to stop long in his dalliance. Also, it might mean that he hopes to get off quickly in an emergency. Observe the lad of the bullion hat. His manner is not the manner of the casual 'how d'ye do and *au revoir*' kind. Too vehement, and vehemence might mean hurry. So it seems—"

"I know," said Thorold, seeing reason. "She's wanted at the hospital—urgent case."

"We will now glance at that point of interest. You will pay careful attention to Nurse Cicely. Has she the look of one flying to the aid of the injured? Has she not—"

They had drawn very close; had done so very silently. The two people at the roadside had not observed them, being far too much engrossed. The pair in the car

could see that this was because the staff-major's attention was devoted to something very much like bullying, while the nurse was gripped by something very much like fear.

"Phillip, I think you are quite right," Thorold said very quietly. He was a man who went quiet at critical times. "That fellow is acting like a beast!"

"There was something about him I didn't like from the first," commented Phillip. "Do you think it's his hat, Jimmy?"

The big staff-major suddenly crystallized things. He almost shouted. He took an angry stride forward. Nurse Cicely sprang back, and there was real fear in her poise. The staff-major's hand went out, clutching.

Phillip blew his horn. The staff-major started back. Nurse Cicely swung round. Baffled anger was on the officer's face, the bright light of relief on the woman's.

Phillip nodded his head and beamed a friendliness for all the world over his steering-wheel.

"We don't butt in, do we, Cicely?" he said amiably. Thorold, half-way out of the car, gurgled at that. "I mean to say, don't you know, perhaps you'd rather we didn't run you back as we agreed?"

He was watching the girl with his calm eyes. She was bright and pretty, and she looked crisp and sure. Would she rise to that? At first she seemed taken aback.

"I—I—" she gasped. Then her wits came to her. "No, I'll come—yes, of course!"

"I like you a lot," thought Phillip. "You're pretty and capable and swift. I do like you!"

The staff-major had pulled himself together. He was glaring angrily. He put his hand behind him, but noticed that Thorold was close up beside him. Thorold was a big man. He let his hand drop. He didn't let his haughty manner drop, though. Observing Phillip's junior rank, he filled out his large chest.

"Who the brimstone are you, sir?" he snarled. "What the regulations do you mean by sitting in the car, sir? Before your superior officer, sir?"

Phillip came out of the six-cylinder with

his slow quickness. He became stiff. He rendered himself of a perfect salute.

"Sorry, sir," he said blandly. "So anxious to know if Cicely was coming, sir, I'm afraid I came a little bit ungummed."

The big brass hat wasn't so stupid. It is a mistake to think his sort are. He swung round to the girl.

"Who are these people?" he demanded.

That beat Thorold. He saw at once that the major was a heavy father or a stern uncle.

Phillip was not beaten, however—probably because he was looking at Cicely.

"Well, sir," he said in an admonitory voice, "if you don't know, I'm afraid there's something not quite—not quite O. K. about this. I am Cicely's cousin. Mr. Thorold here"—his eyes twinkled—"is her uncle."

Cicely gasped, but with a gasp of relief. The staff-major stepped back and glared at Phillip. Phillip held him with a serene and cherubic eye.

"Her cousin!" snapped the staff-major. "I don't believe it. I believe this is a ruse." He suddenly pulled his bluff together. "Let me warn you, sir!"

Phillip's eyes glinted. He was calm, but perhaps he was anxious. He saw that the other man was no fool. He saw that he was up to all the tricks, that he was going to use the best trick of all—the trick of discipline, which had all the British army behind it. He didn't know the staff-major's little game, but he saw that the staff-major was going to play it well.

Heaven sent Thorold in where Phillip hesitated to tread.

"Look here, sir!" said Jimmy, defiant of brass hats. "Look here, we come upon you here, accosting Miss Baistain, threatening her, even—"

"Silence!" roared the major. "I'll have no more of this nonsense. It is simply preposterous!"

"It's true," burst in Miss Cicely. "He demanded—"

"Of course it's true," jerked Thorold. "Didn't I see it with my own eyes? You were treating her like a footpad, sir. It was our duty to step in and stop that sort of thing."

"That's a lie, you fool!" snarled the major. "I was perfectly civil to the young woman. I had a full reason." He backed away before Thorold—backed toward his car. "Let me warn you," he shouted, "that you don't understand where you're meddling. This is a military matter, my man!"

"I don't care a trivet," said Thorold, thoroughly warmed.

The major played his best trick—played to the junior officer in Phillip.

"Lieutenant," roared the major, "I order you—"

Phillip came in.

"Oh, I don't think there's need for all this fuss," he said cheerily. "Uncle Jim's a bit hot about things, sir, as you may understand. After all, we probably know each other pretty well, if we only knew, you know. Stobbat, for instance, is a dear old friend of my father."

The staff-major gasped.

"Stobbat?"

"Yes, sir—Stobbat, of course, Stobbat. Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Brigade—your brigade, sir." He indicated the staff-major's badges. "Stobbat, your brigadier, you know."

The major gobbled and backed. He was properly unstuck.

"Brigadier—mine—Stobbat! No, I don't know. That is—you see—haven't reported yet—only just brigaded."

"Oh, I saw," said Phillip dryly.

The major looked angry and anxious and vicious. He seemed to wish that Thorold was not so near him.

"You saw—how—when?"

"Tabs," said Phillip.

"Tabs! What's wrong with my tabs?" He glanced fearfully at the scarlet patches on the revers of his tunic.

"Oh, they're nice tabs. Very comely tabs, tabs of the real spirit, sir; but Stobbat is rather strict, perhaps you've heard. Must have tabs of the latest regulation pattern. Makes a totem of 'em, you know. Keeps a private tabberty to gloat over, sir. The 1915 pattern you've got on, sir—"

The major did a startling thing. He jumped. He leaped. He was in his car in a flash. He was bumping her off in a

flash. Before they could break from their surprise he was away, tearing like the deuce along the country road.

"Glory!" Thorold gasped. "That put the fear of the wrath to come into him, Phillip! My hat, is Stobbat really as bad as all that?"

"Don't ask me," said Phillip. "I don't know."

"Don't know? Phillip, you devil, have you been—is there such a man?"

"There may be, of course, only I've not heard of him."

"And the tabs—were they really 1915 pattern?"

"Oh, rather; and 1916 and 1917, too. Really nothing wrong with his tabs. It was his conscience and—yes, and his hat."

"His hat? You said that before. What's behind it, Phillip? What does it all mean?"

"There's only one nation that's brazen enough to wear a very small hat with a very large head. Only the men of one nation will run like blazes in England when they suspect some one has discovered they are wearing a false uniform."

"Great Heavens! A German, a German spy!" shouted Thorold. "You didn't mean that—"

Nurse Cicely spoke for the first time since the major left.

"Yes, yes. He is that. He is a German and a spy. I have the proof!"

"The hat test is infallible," said Phillip.

The nurse looked beautiful, but she was pitiful, too. Her sparkling face was pale. In the depths of her eyes there was real fear.

"Yes, that man is a German and a spy," she repeated. "He wanted something from me. And—and I don't know what I am to do!"

She wrung her hands in desperate and appealing fashion.

"We are rather good in the doing line ourselves," said Phillip. "Trust us, Miss Cicely. As men of action, we hold certificates of the Do It Now and Do It Well League."

"We're here to help you, Miss Cicely," added Thorold in his quiet and powerful way.

The nurse looked from one to the other. Her glance passed lightly and swiftly over the subaltern. It rested with an air of reassurance upon the big, resolute form of Jimmy Thorold.

"Oh, thank you!" she said—to Thorold. "I *do* want help so—so enormously! If you could *only* help me, I'd thank you with all my heart."

It was Thorold she was ready to thank with all her heart. As far as glances went, Phillip might have been a Byzantine effect in the landscape.

"The strong, silent man rings the bell every time," reflected Phillip with a sigh. "The packet of cigarettes goes to him every try. Mere beauty is—well, nobody will believe that there's anything more than the latest song from the latest *revue* living under my little hat."

He grinned dryly. Phillip was the last to mind that.

"How can we help?" said Thorold. "You only have to suggest a way."

The bright little lady threw a glance about her. She seemed to fear the open. She began hesitatingly:

"I—I— It's mixed up, and there's rather a lot to tell. I—I—"

"Don't want you to think that asking ladies to ride has developed into a national pastime," said Phillip easily; "but I would hint that you should step into Thorold's car and be wafted swiftly to Thorold's works—the Thorold Chemical Combine, perhaps you know." The little lady nodded. She knew. "At those works you could sit down and be comfortable, and tell us without disturbance."

The nurse flashed a bright glance at Phillip, but did not answer.

"If you would trust us, Miss Baistain, that would perhaps be the best," Thorold said simply.

The nurse flashed a brighter glance at Thorold, and walked toward the car.

#### IV

PHILLIP came into Thorold's cozy office. The nurse was sitting in the comfortable chair before the fire. Thorold was doing the efficient thing with brandy and liqueur-glasses. The nurse had said no; but even

nurses at military hospitals don't always know how shaken they have been.

"I've just called up Dick Gibson at local headquarters," said Phillip amiably. "That staff-major is all wrong. They don't know him. They've never heard of him. They didn't even know that such a ripe specimen of brass-hat lived or had his being within the charmed radius of the Southeast Command." Phillip also nerved himself with brandy in a liqueur-glass. "Moreover and aforesaid, the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Brigade is at Saloniki—at Saloniki, observe, and our friend the major isn't."

"I guessed that man was fishy from the first," said Thorold.

"I knew it," said Phillip with a grin. "I remember how you swept away my doubts."

"Of course he's fishy!" said Nurse Cicely decisively. "He is a German and a spy, I know!"

Both young men looked at her.

"I know!" she cried. "I have reason. It was because of that he stopped me on the road."

The young men looked at her.

"You were saying—" suggested Phillip softly.

"It is because of that I want you to help me. I have something—something on me which is, I think, extremely valuable to the German government. That man wanted to get it—by fair means or foul he wanted to get it. If I know anything of him and his sort, he will still do his best to get it—by fair means or foul. That is why I want—"

"That is where we function," put Phillip dreamily. "This is where we come in and put Hindenburg off his little game. Is that it, Miss Cicely?"

"Yes," breathed Miss Cicely. "Yes, that is it. I am only a woman. This is a man's job."

Her bright eyes fixed themselves on Thorold.

"Why didn't mother make a little man of me?" sighed Phillip.

"We're going to help you, Miss Cicely," Thorold told her. "Rely on us entirely. You've only got to tell us—"

"And in your own way," added Phillip. "Don't worry about the telling. We'll pick it up."

The glance which Miss Cicely threw at Phillip was curious and keen. It seemed that Phillip, unexpectedly, had a way of touching right home to her.

"I was just going to say that, Mr. Manwaring," she admitted to Phillip. "It is all so mixed!"

Phillip nodded his jolly head. His nod seemed to say:

"Life always is; but we know how to pick out the essential threads, don't we?"

Curiously, after that nod, Nurse Cicely took to looking most at Thorold and talking most to Phillip.

"I'll make it as short as possible," she began. "You can see for yourself, I'm in the military hospital. I'm in a mixed ward—part civilians, part soldiers. One of my cases is a wounded civilian—a Zeppelin victim, you understand. His house was blown to pieces in the last raid. He had very bad shrapnel wounds and shock. He was on the fatal list. He was a little, unpleasant man. The only thing that made his case interesting was that he was so absolutely wrapped up in his wife and child, who were wounded when his house was hit. He was always asking for them—they were on the fatal list, too. We pitied the poor fellow for that. We hoped he'd die first."

She paused to concentrate her memories.

"We thought it strange when we—or rather I, for he was my case—found that he wasn't bitter. He didn't curse his enemies. He didn't hate the Germans who had done this to his family and his home."

"Not unusual," said Phillip. "Wounded men don't *strafe* Huns very much."

"I know," said the nurse. "I'm only saying that it seemed curious; for you see his little girl and his wife were horribly cut about. Even wounded men can hate wounds to their wives and children; but this man said that war was war, that you couldn't mark shells so that they would hit only soldiers."

She looked at Phillip.

"That did seem curiously philosophical under the circumstances. He was always

asking after his wife and baby; and soon it became certain that the wife, at least, would die before him. We broke the news as gently as we could—and his philosophy ceased. He didn't say that the action of the Zeppelins was dastardly. On the other hand, he didn't say that war was war. He just stopped mentioning things. He became sullen. Then his wife died."

The nurse stopped. She was a nurse, yes, but she had a heart.

"He was frightfully upset. Frightfully," she repeated, after the slightest pause. "A woman doesn't know how wrapped up a man can be in another woman, until that other woman dies. His wife's death seemed to rend his soul from top to bottom. He was in anguish; and he began to speak his mind about the Zeps. No, he didn't curse them—not then. It was only a sort of smoldering rebellion. He said that as weapons they were too capricious, that they couldn't really aim; and that no nation had a right to employ a weapon which it could not perfectly control. It was indiscriminate warfare—wicked. I'm only just giving you an idea of what he said. He didn't really accuse, he was merely bitter and rebellious. He didn't really hate, but cried out against the wantonness of the thing—that is, he didn't do more than that until his little girl died."

The nurse sat back. The state of the man when his child died must have been very terrible. That could be seen in her eyes.

"It was awful," continued Nurse Cicely. "Of course he was wounded and unstrung himself, and he knew he was dying; but never have I known a man so overcome. Hate—his hate chilled one's very heart's blood. He had swung from one extreme in philosophy to the other extreme. He raved. He raved terribly. It got so bad—well, we took him into the little private ward at the end of the big ward. We couldn't have him disturbing the other men. But that didn't check him. The things he said about Zeppelins and the Germans were frightful—so frightful that I couldn't stand it. I told him he mustn't say such things, even of Germans. I told him that!"

A look born of ugly memory came into the nurse's eyes.

"I shall remember what happened to the last of my days," she said slowly. "He sat up. He sat up madly. He glared at me madly. He cried out.

"Let me alone, nurse!" he said. "Let me alone! You don't understand what this black race is. You don't know what a vile thing the German is. I know!" He shouted then. "I know. *I am a German!*"

# V

NURSE CICELY paused. She was seeing that ugly and dramatic scene once more. She shuddered softly.

"When did this happen, Miss Cicely?" asked Thorold.

"Yesterday."

Thorold seemed surprised. Phillip remained imperturbable.

"He told me 'I am a German,'" Nurse Cicely repeated. "Then he waited, looking at me. He seemed to expect me to do something—to strike him, curse him, or perhaps call in the military. Of course I did nothing. I pushed him quietly back on his pillow. I told him that he was trying himself too much, and that such nervous excitement would hurt him. He lay back very quietly, looking at me deeply.

"Did you understand what I told you, nurse?" he said presently. "I was not raving. I was speaking the truth. I am a German."

"I told him that I had understood. 'There is no such thing as race here,' I went on. 'You are a badly wounded man. That is all that matters to us. Please don't worry.'

"And if I tell you," he said, "that I am a bad kind of German—a kind you English loathe—a secret agent, what you would call a spy—what would you say then?"

"He was trying to shock me, but I would not be shocked.

"I should say the same thing," I told him. "There are no special compartments in a hospital—only wounded men."

"He lay back calmly. He sighed, and seemed content. It seemed as if he had come to a point in his life, as if he had made a decision. He watched me closely

all that morning—it was in the morning—and I thought his eyes looked much happier. I was glad of that. He would be dead in perhaps a week, and he knew it, too. It was better that he should die easy. Before I went off duty he spoke to me again.

"It is true what I told you, nurse," he said. "I am a German and a spy—or I was. I do not think I am now. You British, there is a wonder in your kindness. We Germans laugh at it and you, call it softness, weakness; and we practise hardness, strength—with a Zeppelin!"

"His face became murderous as he said the last words, and he cursed in his own tongue. I am glad I don't understand German, for the words he said must have been terrible. He was still very angry when he went on.

"Now I can see Germany as Germany is," he said. "I can see that our might is murder. I can see it, for I have suffered." He was quite overcome. "But if I have suffered I have learned. Soft and kind you English are, that is true; only I have learned that it is better the world should be soft and kind than that it should practise such a slaughter of the innocents in the night!"

"His face became terrible. I thought his agony and anger would kill him; but he sat up.

"I know the truth," he said in a loud, clear voice. "I abandon Germany. I am for England!"

"Suddenly he put his hand in the bosom of his shirt, pulled out a packet, and thrust it into my hands.

"Quick, take this!" he said sharply. "Take it—take it—be careful of it. Do not let it out of your hand, whatever befalls. It is of enormous value. There is a paper there which is of vital importance to Germany. There is perhaps victory or defeat wrapped up in it. I beseech you, I am on my knees to you, to be careful with that paper. I ask you as you value your honor, your race—"

"He stopped. I'm afraid I thought him a little bit mad. I was just going to speak to him when he called in a frightened whisper:

"Hide! Hide it! *Der lieber Gott!* Hide it quick!"

"He startled me so that I pushed the packet into the bib of my apron, and then pretended to be putting back his medicine-bottles. The only man who came in was the R. A. M. C. orderly—a thick, quiet, good-tempered fellow, who dealt with this case quite well. I was about to ask Johnson—the R. A. M. C. man—to get me something, so that I could speak to the sick man while he was away, when I caught the patient's eye. If ever an eye said 'Don't talk,' that eye did."

"Well, good night, nurse," the patient said, while I stood there, not knowing what to do.

"I was so confused and startled that I answered 'Good night,' and came away like a lamb."

"With the paper?" said Phillip.

"Yes. The packet was still in my bib." She touched her breast. There was a slight crackle. The papers, though, were under more than her bib now.

"May I?" said Phillip easily and calmly.

Nurse Cicely hesitated and then nodded.

"I was coming to this presently," she said; "but it doesn't matter." From the bosom of her uniform she pulled a grimy little packet enveloped in oiled silk. "I don't know that this will help." She opened the oilskin and brought out a single sheet of note-paper. "It is in cipher."

"We ate nothing else but cipher at headquarters," said Phillip amiably. "Being on the shelf has whetted my appetite."

From mystical recesses of his uniform he had produced a gold-and-platinum pencil and a little pad of paper.

"He didn't give a hint—the wounded man?" suggested Thorold.

"No—no more than I have said. The orderly came in, just as—"

Phillip laughed.

"Here's a very dear old friend," he chuckled. "This is one of their kindergarten ciphers. It is one of the first and easiest German attempts in the line. We always used this as a sort of 'Young Subaltern's First Reader' to train the new bloods of the intelligence. I've decoded more difficult things in my sleep."

His brisk pencil was busy.

"He only said that." Nurse Cicely was speaking to Thorold. "He said that it was a big thing—enormously important."

Phillip stopped chuckling. His amiable eyes had grown narrow and keen.

"And I don't think he was a liar, either," he said. "It has the hall-mark of importance. Listen! Here are the head-lines—I will omit a row of figures." He read slowly and impressively. "'War cache—England—directions to find full plans and data—important—important—important—to be destroyed if in the slightest danger.' That sounds interesting, don't you think, Jimmy? Somewhere in England the secretive Hun has hidden something—cached it, buried it, or otherwise rendered it obscure to the naked eye. That, I think you will agree with me, is big!"

"But, it might be anything—or nothing," said Nurse Cicely.

"Yes, Miss Cicely," said Phillip. "You have hit it. It is either anything or nothing—there is no between. Anything, which means everything. Nothing, which means nothing. We will rule out Friend Nothing. He is a non-starter. One doesn't—at least the German doesn't—put the full facts of nothing into a secret and elaborate cipher. The German hasn't the *flair* for misleading people so subtly as that. On the other hand, if you know our little brother the Hun, you will also know that when he lays himself out to take care and trouble, it's not for nothing. With all his faults—and I have noticed several—Fritz has a large, full-blooded way with him. For Fritz, everything or nothing, as you say, Miss Cicely, all the time! That's how I read this memo. The idea behind it is big. No hidden supply of sausage in air-tight boxes about this! Fritz has put his heart into the matter. He has been careful and elaborate, he has made the thing tricky. It is so big that he has done his best to eliminate risk—as I read this."

"As you read it," said Thorold. "But you haven't—well, not publicly. You've only read the head-lines. What about the body of the matter? Does it say more? Does it explain the gravity of the title?"

"Yes, and again no," said Phillip. "Carefully it says nothing explicit. By implication it holds out a rich arcana—good word, 'arcana'—of suggestion. It merely says that the plans of the cache are hidden in a sort of secret catacomb beneath a house."

"What house?" asked Nurse Cicely quickly.

"The house known as No. 7 East Street, Thorpwood. It appears that the man who lives in that house is called Cobb."

Nurse Cicely sat up stiffly. The breath came swiftly through her teeth. Phillip looked at her.

"Cobb is the name of the Zeppelin casualty?"

"Yes," the girl whispered.

"His real name is Brandt," said Phillip, "though I don't suppose that is of much importance. What is important is the fact that the enemy should think it necessary to put a cross check on the secret. They've double-locked it, so to speak, and this paper is only the first turn of the key. Nothing can be done, nothing can be found out about the cache, where it is, what is in it, why it is so important, until we put our hands on the papers in Cobb's catacomb. This paper is no more than a hint."

Thorold leaned back. The exact thinker in him was troubled by this apparently trivial complexity.

"But it doesn't fit in, you know, Phillip," he insisted. "Where's the logic of all this childish trickery?"

"It's a sort of war logic, and that is sometimes infernally childish. There are people with well-developed frontal areas, who imagine modern war is a sort of deep, brainy, scientific test of rival gray matter. It may be that on occasions; most days it isn't. War, in a nutshell, is piling up obstacles in front of the other fellow, while trying to clamber over obstacles in front of oneself. There's the logic of war in this sheet of paper. There are two obstacles, and you've got to get over this one before you get to the next, which is the one that matters most. To the man who doesn't know, this sheet of paper is absolutely essential. The man who hasn't read it knows nothing."

"I see. Brandt, or Cobb, could easily destroy so small a piece—swallow it, no doubt."

"You bull in one. A map, a schedule of directions, and a specification of the articles in the cache are difficult things for the quick-lunch expert."

"There might, however, be another sheet of paper."

"I think not. It isn't usual. Moreover, at the bottom of this sheet is a pencil note—for memorizing, I think. It says, 'If necessary, if duplicate plans are needed, write to G. B. of Rotterdam. Embody in letter a sentence about the wind blowing off a limb of an elm-tree. Add the code word.' The code word, of course, isn't here, and G. B. of Rotterdam means nothing to us. When Brandt had committed the sheet to the mercy of his digestion the pencil note would have gone, too; but he would have had it well in his head by then."

"Still, in the face of things, it does seem precarious to trust the whole secret to one man only."

"Secret-agent work—spying, if you like—as a pastime is precarious. Risks have to be taken, you know. They—the Germans—probably, in fact obviously, had him under their eye."

Nurse Cicely cleared her throat to speak; but Thorold didn't notice.

"Yes, that's it," he jerked eagerly. "They must have had him under observation—other spies watching him, you know. Then why keep the secret to one man only? Why?"

"You are singularly innocent of our little playfellow the spy. A spy is a man you get to do dirty work, and don't trust. Nine-tenths of the population of the kingdom of spies is thoroughly untrustworthy. Spies are purveyors of illicit information; they are out for cash deals. Most of them believe in free trade. They are willing to sell any ripe knowledge to anybody. In Great Britain, in this year of war, it is eminently difficult to put your hand on a reasonably reliable German spy. The life is exacting, whatever the pay. The British Intelligence has the air of being a very dull concern, but the mortality in

secret agents is curiously large, all the same. In these conditions, the enemy can't help himself, and a good-class spy man must be trusted. I take it that, but for the unlucky aim of that Zeppelin, Brandt was as reliable as spies could be made. He was the only man who could be trusted with the real gist of the secret. Of course, the other scalawags had orders to watch him closely."

Again Nurse Cicely cleared her throat to speak; but Thorold was still full of speculation.

"Still, if this paper got into British hands, by capture, or—or in the way it did—I don't see that the other scalawags could do much."

"Not very much, perhaps—that's part of the risk of the game. They'd do their best, however. They'd try to balk things. They'd try to prevent us knowing the full secret of the cache. Perhaps they have word that Brandt's house in Thorpwood is to be ransacked or burned or blown up, or otherwise *strafed*, if any accident happened. They'd do all they could to hold us up until they got in touch with G. B. of Rotterdam. They'll do everything to spoil our chances." Phillip looked at Nurse Cicely. "They'd even, in circumstances like the present, try by fair means or foul to get this paper out of enemy hands."

"Yes!" cried the girl breathlessly. "Yes, that's just what they are doing. They are doing that, they are trying to get that paper back!"

Thorold felt that he had been dense.

"Of course! Of course!" he cried. "The staff-major!"

"And perhaps others," said Phillip, smiling sweetly. "You forget, Nurse Cicely has only told us a part of her tale."

## VI

"How stupid we are!" cried Thorold. "We've started arguing before we've heard half the facts."

"Oh, I don't know," considered Phillip. "We've got a grip of the thing, anyhow. It'll give us a better working idea." He turned to the nurse. "What followed after you had left the wounded man?"

Nurse Cicely bent her eyes on the table, concentrating her thoughts.

"I went back to my quarters. All that had happened seemed to me to be exciting and strange, but unreal. As a matter of fact, I thought that Cobb—Brandt, that is—had been at least light-headed, if not mad. When I looked at the paper, and saw it was in code, it *did* occur to me there might be something behind it. But a nurse meets the queerest people; so many patients have hidden fortunes and secret papers, and I wasn't ready to be impressed. Anyhow, I do remember making up my mind that I would show the paper to the C. O. at the hospital, in case it was important. When I had made up my mind to do that, I forgot the thing."

Phillip nodded. He knew a great deal about the humanness of human nature, you saw, by that nod.

"I didn't think of the matter again until I went on duty the next day—that is, this morning. Then I had to think of it—terribly." She stopped and drew a deep breath. "The wounded man—Cobb—was dead, suddenly dead."

"Heavens!" gasped Thorold.

"Brisk business," said Phillip tranquilly.

"You feel the shock," said Nurse Cicely to Thorold. "Imagine how I felt. It was painful, not only to me but to the others in the ward. You see, nobody expected him to die—not for a day or two, anyhow. The medical officer on duty was puzzled, I could see. He talked about a sudden collapse, but he was far from sure of himself. He asked me how the patient had been the day before, and I told him that Cobb—or Brandt—had been a little excited. I didn't tell him anything about the paper business. I thought it wise to reserve that for the C. O. The other things I said didn't help, for the doctor, while talking of heart failure, also said that he wanted to get Dr. Locke's opinion."

"Dr. Locke?"—from Phillip.

"He was the doctor in charge during the afternoon. He would be the man who saw Cobb last."

"Sorry to interrupt," smiled Phillip. "One likes to get all the facts. Please go on, Miss Cicely."

"The doctor went off, saying he was going to telephone Locke. He still talked of heart failure, but it was easy to see the deep fog of perplexity about him. When he had gone I went into the little ward where Cobb lay dead."

Again Nurse Cicely thought, arranging her memories carefully.

"I examined Cobb closely myself. There was no sign, none at all, of—of anything strange; no outward sign of—well, of the unusual. Heart failure seemed the only explanation of his end; and yet I felt convinced it wasn't that. As I looked down at him, I felt almost certain it hadn't been his heart; and then, on that skeptical impulse, I did something that gave me proof.

"You know there is a little locker at the side of every bed, for the patient's oddments. I bent down to Cobb's locker and opened it. It had been plundered. No, not swept bare—just plundered. His medicine-bottles, watch, and other trinkets were still on the shelves, but everything in the shape of paper had gone. Even a pocket Bible, which he used often, and which I had noticed when I had pretended to put the medicine-bottles away yesterday—even that was gone. I knew then that poor Cobb's death wasn't a case of heart failure. It was murder. I knew then that all the man had told me was true, and that he had been killed so that he would tell no more.

"Full of horror, I stood looking at that plundered locker; and as I looked I knew I must go to the C. O. at once. I saw now how important it all was—now that killing was in it. And then—I was afraid. The paper was even then in my bodice, and Cobb had been killed for that paper. I remember I pulled myself together, saying, 'I must go to the C. O. now!' And I turned to go; but as I turned I saw Johnson, the orderly. He was standing just inside the doorway, looking at me steadily."

Nurse Cicely paused. Then she made a feminine gesture of decision.

"I knew now what that man was," she went on. "I knew my danger. He was looking at me quietly, without threat, but there was something in his eyes—I feared

him. I knew I had to fight him with my wits.

"Well, what do you want, Johnson?" I said sharply.

"Beg pardon, nurse," he said in his smiling way—but it wasn't good humor in his smile then, only grim wickedness—"beg pardon, nurse, the C. O. has sent word he wants this man's papers—all of them."

"Perhaps I was a trifle too defiant.

"There are none here," I said pointedly. "His locker has already been emptied. Didn't you know?"

"He smiled cruelly as he looked at me.

"I know there are none *there*, nurse," he said softly, coming into the ward and swinging the door to. "I have already cleared that locker, nurse—for the C. O. The C. O. isn't satisfied. He says there is one paper missing. One missing, nurse! And it is very important—*very*."

"He took a step toward me.

"Well?" said I, quaking and knowing I had been a fool.

"Perhaps you might have found it, nurse," he said.

"I tried to bluff him.

"If I find it," I said, "I'll take it to the C. O."

"He was close to me then. I was fearfully afraid.

"If!" he whispered, and his whisper just curdled my blood. "If! Perhaps you will not find it. Perhaps you have no need to find it. Perhaps you already have it, nurse, eh?"

"I knew that the paper—that I—was in terrible danger. I tried to bluff the brute.

"If you have any innuendo to make," I said, "I will be glad to come with you to the C. O. If not, you had better leave this room and attend to your other duties. There is such a thing as reporting orderlies for rudeness."

"He just ignored that. He came right up to me. He snarled in my face. He was anxious, no doubt, for there was a sound of people bustling about outside the door.

"You have that paper, nurse," he said savagely, "and I want it. I have my orders

to be firm. Perhaps you will understand that—I am to be firm.’

“I fell back before him. I was ready to scream. I saw how brutal he was. I saw that he would stop at nothing. Most of all I saw how important this paper must be. I fell back before him. If I could only dodge by him! But he was quick. He was like a tiger. He caught my wrist and flung me onto the bed, onto the body of the dead man. His great, thick hand snatched at my dress.

“I was ready to give in—somehow I didn’t dare to scream. I felt that I was done; but I wasn’t. There is a Providence which watches over fools and women. As Johnson tore at my dress, Dr. Locke came to the door. I heard him calling out in his high voice:

“‘Please tell Nurse Baistain I want her about this Zeppelin casualty. I’ll be in here.’

“He came in. I could have hugged him. I tried to call out, but he himself called out first:

“‘Hello! What’s this?’

“The orderly was upright in a flash.

“‘She’s fainted,’ he snapped. ‘I’ll get some sal volatile.’

“He was out of the door even as he spoke. I was on my feet quickly, too.

“‘That man!’ I called out. ‘Stop him! Stop him!’

“Of course Dr. Locke didn’t understand me. He thought I was ill. He tried to soothe me.

“‘That’s all right,’ he said. ‘That’s all right. Keep quiet.’

“‘Stop that man—quick!’ I called, trying to get by. ‘Stop that man! He attacked me!’

“Even then I wanted to keep the paper dark; but even if I’d called out ‘Spy!’ I was too late. When I got some sense into them all, Johnson had disappeared. He had jumped into the stretcher-lift and got to the ground like lightning. A car was waiting for him. He went off in that—vanished.

“They tried to get things out of me—tried to find out what it was all about; but I said I would see the C. O. and no one else. I had become suspicious of every

mortal man. I said I would go to the C. O. there and then. At that they told me not to be a fool—the C. O. had left the hospital yesterday and would be away for a week. That was another thing that showed what Johnson was.

“I’m afraid that, and what had gone before, just about finished me. I broke down. I sat on a chair and gave a mild exhibition of hysterics. That seemed to make them think the orderly had not been far wrong. They told me to go off duty and take a thorough rest—a week of it. The C. O. would be away for a week, so I had better stay off duty for a week, and then come back rested, to see him. It was their way of dealing with a nerve-strung, hysterical subject.

“Well, I was ready enough. I went back to my quarters and sat and tried to think. I had my lunch and tried to think; but as I thought of nothing hopeful, or useful, or good, I despaired. I came out for a walk in despair. I thought walking might help me to see matters clearly.”

“Whereas,” said Phillip, “it positively strewed your path with staff-majors and things.”

“Ah, yes,” put in Thorold. “What about that major?”

“Very little,” said Nurse Cicely with a smile. “Very little, thanks to you. He came up behind me, stopped his car, and asked if he could give me a lift. I didn’t want a lift. I felt that he was wrong, too. I declined. Then he got out of his car and tried to bully me into taking a ride. That is where you came up.”

## VII

THE three sat silent for a minute. Then Thorold turned to the girl.

“What pluck you have, Nurse Cicely! You faced them out splendidly, in spite of their being the determined and efficient brutes they are.”

“They’re bright lads, aren’t they?” put in Phillip. “They don’t let little things like killing or kidnaping disturb their happy thoughts, and they don’t let grass sprout either, eh?”

“Nor must we,” said Thorold gravely. “By George, nor must we!”

"My method was more allusive, but I was hinting at the same need of action and urgency," admitted Phillip.

"We *must* do something," urged Cicely.

"And quickly," added Thorold. "We must go to headquarters at once. My car—"

Phillip smiled amiably.

"You said 'quickly,'" he remarked.

"But, my dear fellow, that car—"

"There are no spots on the car," said Phillip; "but I was thinking about headquarters."

"What's wrong there?"

"I'm not going to say anything about the army. The army's all right. The army has a fine, bulldog manner. Again, I will not hint that the army would be blind to the meaning of this paper. They would grip onto it. They would make the machinery go round merrily. But—"

Thorold's eyebrows went up. Nurse Cicely got up and walked about the office. Her feminine sense rebelled against Phillip's casualness.

Phillip answered the eyebrows.

"I have known some divisions where a demand—not in triplicate, either—has brought a portable, asbestos-lined camp-stove along by return of motor-truck," he said speculatively. "At the same time, I wot of others where the vermilion tape is still winding itself round the bundles of memoranda which asked in August, 1914, for no more than 'salt, common table, one pound of.'"

"You mean that if we go to headquarters the people there will procrastinate, and all the chances this paper offers will be lost?"

"I don't mean that—not exactly. I mean that that *might* happen. There are all sorts of headquarters—dens of red-hot efficiency as well as pits of Abaddon set down by the waters of Lethe. I don't know the local headquarters. It may be the most hustling of its group; but the only wise way to test it would be with something that isn't a rush order."

"This is a rush order?"

"Oh, quite."

"You mean that we had better tackle it ourselves?"

Phillip looked at him, smiling; but there was a touch of unsheathed steel under the smile.

"Those chaps," he drawled, referring to the Germans, "those chaps are not dawdling by the wayside to pause and browse and quote Ella Wheeler Wilcox to the grass. How dare we?"

"And we've got to beat them. By Huxley, yes!"

"They're going all out. So must we," said Phillip. "We can't handicap ourselves with anything. We must be in Brandt's house and in his catacomb before they realize that Brandt's house is the second move in the game. There's no silken dalliance in such a matter."

"Of course you're right. We'll start now—this moment!"

"Well, just as soon as you can get the six-cylinder round to the door will do. If you have a little pistol, take him along for company. I've only one myself."

"There's an automatic here." Thorold was pulling out a drawer. "I'll phone the garage."

"Mr. Thorold—Mr. Manwaring!" called Nurse Cicely from the window. "Come here quickly! That man going in through the yard gates—that civilian—is Johnson, the orderly!"

Phillip grinned.

"They don't get dusty standing still, these Germans! Jump, Jimmy. Work of a dirty kind is about to be done at the crossroads."

## VIII

THOROLD sprang toward the door. Phillip allowed him to go first. At the door he checked.

"Where to?" he called. "Where to?"

"Your garage," said Phillip. "And the shortest way, please."

Thorold made another stride and stopped again.

"Oh, but the phone will be quicker. Quick, Phillip—I'll be through in a trice."

"Lead on, brother—at the run," urged Phillip. "Any wisdom you may pour into the phone will avail nothing against the Hun. This is the moment when the personal touch will tip the scale."

As Thorold ran down-stairs he couldn't refrain from grumbling.

"My garage is a deuce of a distance away—right through the factory yard. A word to my chauffeur would have saved all this precious time. You don't know my chauffeur."

"He is probably a gilt-edged chauffeur, though I don't know him. On the other hand, I know our Boche. There are moments when even the best chauffeurs are not proof against his wiles. Run, Thorold, my lad! Don't let me beat you at the hundred-yard dash."

"I was remembering your leg—your wound."

"Don't! I was forgetting it. Excitement is a perfect, if temporary, cure. Besides, as long as you arrive before Mr. Fritz Johnson gets busy, I am content to be an also-ran."

They sprinted through the yard. Quickly they passed through the great stacks of lumber, old packing-cases and new, empty carboys, piles of glass vessels, old machinery, and general litter, that inevitably fill the desert spaces of a large works. Set in a remote corner, where the peril of fire would not endanger the factory, was the garage. It was a bigish, clean place, set by itself. It had a large sliding door filling its end, and a small service door at the side. There was a convenient gate entrance into a side street from the factory yard, though none from the garage.

The gate entrance was shut. Thorold thought this explained things.

"That's why, thank goodness, the fellow came round by the front. Wonder how he got past the timekeeper!"

Phillip was puffing a little.

"It would be a wonder if he didn't. One of the striking amenities of British life is that you can always get by the doorkeeper—no matter where it is, your factory or the War Office. All you've to do is to say you want somebody, fill up a paper, and go in. Getting out, of course, is another matter. People who want to get out of factories, or war offices, are subjected to enormous vigilance. If you haven't got the jolly little paper you first signed, you'll probably go to jail. The British system is a great friend

to the man who wants to do murder in ease and comfort!"

Thorold eased, now that the garage was at hand. He laughed softly.

"Phillip, you will break into a monologue on your death-bed!"

"I think I shall," admitted Phillip. "It 'll be a most interesting occasion. I don't think any of the death-bed rhetoricians have done the business quite well enough; and then I'm always eloquent at moments of stress. There's our lethal friend."

They were at the big door of the garage. Inside, near the bonnet of the Napier, was the ex-orderly, Johnson. Before him was Thorold's gilt-edged chauffeur, smiling ruefully but deferentially.

Thorold was going forward in wrath and anger, but Phillip held his arm.

"Let him get away from the bonnet," he whispered. "I don't like Germans near the bonnets of British cars. Their presence at that spot strikes me as being abnormal."

"Ah!" breathed Thorold. "He might damage the machinery!"

"As I said," agreed Phillip. "Good—he moves to assume control."

The spy walked a little forward, talking to the chauffeur, and the chauffeur nodded. The man put his foot on the running-board, prepared to mount.

"Go in now," said Phillip. "You talk; it's your car. Try a mild, unsuspecting, thoroughly bovine air at first. Mildness is a great asset."

Thorold walked forward.

"What is this fellow doing here, Cudd?" he said sternly to the chauffeur.

"No more than you've allowed, sir," said the chauffeur, not without a sense of huffiness in his tone.

"I've allowed nothing," said Thorold, puzzled but wary.

Cudd's sense of injury grew.

"Well, 'ere you are, sir. 'E comes with papers an' all—signed an' all. Wot more do a man—"

"Show me those papers, please," said Thorold tersely.

The ex-orderly turned round. Thorold noticed that the man examined him coolly,

and only him. Also, the examination was slightly insolent. When he had finished his calm regard he said crisply, in perfect English:

"Would you mind telling me who you are?"

Thorold gasped. He saw that Phillip was right—that in dealing with these beauties one wasn't dealing with fools. Evidently this man had not merely courage, but the cleverness to play a great bluff hand.

He expected Phillip to make some characteristic comment; but Phillip, somewhere behind him, kept uniquely silent.

"Anyhow, it's my car," Thorold reflected. "Suppose I must carry on on my own."

Recalling that Phillip had advised an air of unsuspicion and simplicity, he answered the man civilly.

"I am the owner of this car and of these works."

That ought to put a spoke in the fellow's wheel! But it did not. The fellow was amazing. He frowned, he seemed to doubt.

"Is that true?" he asked.

Thorold gasped. He felt inclined to punch the fellow's head; but he said diplomatically:

"Ask the chauffeur."

"Tryin' ter be comic?" said Cudd. "O' course it's Mr. Thorold."

Magnificent spy! He came down a step, as it were, in deportment. His insolence took upon it a tinge of subservience. It was beautifully done.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Thorold," he said. "But really, since I noticed your signature on my requisition papers, it seemed strange you should want to know about me."

This was almost too bewildering for Thorold. The bluff was too enormous. He felt that Phillip was the right man to deal with it; and yet Phillip, the loquacious, would not speak. Also the man seemed to think there wasn't anybody else here who mattered but Thorold. Mentally Jimmy floundered.

"I signed your papers? That's nonsense!" he cried.

The spy did surprise admirably. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a little bundle of papers, some of them of official blue, some of official buff.

"I don't understand you at all, Mr. Thorold," he said. "When I called at your office with the C. O. Transport's requisition, there was no suggestion of friction. I can't understand—"

Thorold tried to grip things together. The man's assumption of regret was absolutely perfect.

"Let's get to the bottom of this," he put in. "What is this requisition?"

"That's it," said Cudd savagely. "Transport officer wants use of the car—the fastest car in the district. Wants it in king's name. Wants it at once. Bearer of papers to take same away. It's all O. K. in them papers—the officer's, and the one with your signature on, Mr. Thorold. Wot's a man goin' to do in face o' that?"

Thorold felt that he was swimming in a sea too deep and strong for him. He felt that he, a man inexperienced in trickery, was playing a game against a system that left no details to chance. He felt that Phillip, after all, was the only man to deal with this matter. Phillip, who was so silent, would presently put in one of his amiable but thoroughly destructive questions, and they would confound this dangerous spy. Until then he must fight as best he could.

"Do you mind my seeing those papers?" he asked.

The man with one foot on the running-board of the car looked at Thorold closely. He seemed to decide that his wits could conquer the chemist's. He was probably certain that all there were quite ignorant of his personality; also, he probably saw that there was nothing for it but to keep up the bluff. He took his foot off the running-board, advanced a step, and held out the papers.

"Most certainly you can see them, Mr. Thorold. You will find them quite in order, I think."

Thorold took the papers. Indeed they were all in order. He looked at his own signature. That was the bemusing part of the matter—it was his own signature.

"All the same, I didn't sign this," he said, frowning.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Is it your signature?" he demanded.

As he spoke, and with a casualness they did not notice, he moved a little forward, so that they had to move a little away from him. It was one of the most natural movements; only it penned Thorold and Cudd into the angle made by the garage wall and the half-opened door. At a moment of action they would be at his mercy.

"It is like my signature—only I never signed this paper!"

"I must doubt your statement," said the man firmly. "I presented that paper at your office. It was taken through to your room, and came out with your signature."

"I can't help that," persisted Thorold angrily. "I know nothing of this whole business."

"I cannot help it either," said the man resolutely. "I have my duty to do, sir. Since my papers are all in order, I must do it."

"Oh, must you?" barked Thorold. Why didn't Phillip help?

"I will," snapped the man. He swung on the bewildered Cudd. "I call on you in the name of the king to help me in the course of my duty!"

"Look 'ere, leave me out!" mouthed Cudd.

Thorold suddenly saw that he need be no longer unsuspecting and simple.

"Your duty? Nonsense, man! This isn't my signature."

"And I say it is," sparled the spy.

"Why not compromise on the matter?" said an easy voice behind the spy. "Such a nice thing, compromise! Let all look at things from another point of view. Let us say that the signature is not really the signature of one James Thorold, but a signature infernally like it—as like as one of those dinky little rubber stamps, cunningly applied, can make it. Let us say that, shall we?"

The spy jumped. He had reason to jump. He had thought his rear was safe. He jumped for the car, and would have landed on the running-board, only Phillip was standing there.

The impact of Phillip's left hand thrust the fellow off, and he staggered back, glaring. He saw, too late, that he had neglected the service door of the garage, and that a third enemy, Phillip, had slipped in behind him. He saw defeat, but he acted at once.

"Be careful!" he shouted. "You can be imprisoned for this!"

His right hand forked back quickly to his hip. German spies have the "do it now" spirit.

"Hit him on the elbow, Cudd—hard!" snapped Phillip.

And Cudd hit. The chauffeur was lacking in the brighter finesse of spying, but his blow was the blow of a boxer—half-arm, as quick as a flash, timed to a hair, and extraordinarily painful to the recipient. The spy howled. He jerked his smitten arm. An automatic pistol fell to the cement floor of the garage with a heavy bump.

Cudd put his foot on the pistol. The spy fell back a step, using language of a burning and torrential diction.

"More from your attitude than from what you say," said Phillip sadly, "I gather that you are not really grateful to friend Cudd. But, believe me, his act wasn't unkindly. I would almost go so far as to say he saved you from a very sudden dissolution—Mr. Johnson!"

As he spoke, Phillip raised his right hand. Balanced on the palm of his right hand was a small but very workmanlike revolver. He looked at the revolver. He looked at the spy.

The spy did a surprising thing. He, too, looked at the revolver, and he sneered. He stiffened himself. He walked with the greatest calmness to the wide doors of the garage.

"Shoot away!" he called. "Shoot away!"

For a minute even Phillip hesitated. Cudd, on the other hand, jumped forward to grapple. As the chauffeur blundered into the line of fire, the spy laughed. He had won his point. He turned like lightning, doubled round the corner of the building, and rushed for the gate leading to the side street.

"That's all right!" Thorold shouted triumphantly. "That gate will stop him. It's locked!"

"Sorry; I should have mentioned what I thought about that gate before," said Phillip. "They don't forget little details of that sort. I am guilty of bad staff work."

And they hadn't forgotten. The gate that should have been locked was open. A push, and the man had forced it ajar and had slipped out, free.

Cudd wanted to follow, but Phillip stopped him. There was no knowing what was on the other side.

"One to them!" he said. "That stunning piece of bluff caught me bending. You've got to keep all the nuts screwed up when facing brother Boche!"

## IX

"WHAT is our next move?" demanded Thorold.

"Thorpwold, and on the top gear, I suggest. Also, we should be very wise men if we got the car round to your office. Some bright lad might yet requisition it, or otherwise play havoc with its running-gear. Can we get it through the yard?"

"Yes," cried Thorold. "Come along!"

"And we'll take all the petrol you have, too," suggested Phillip. "Thank the Lord you're a munitioneer, and have a large and healthy supply of the speed-giving fluid!"

They loaded up the car. Phillip sat beautifully at the steering-wheel while they did it, for he had been sprinting on a lame leg, and it was beginning to speak to him in terms of revolt. When they had loaded, he said cheerfully:

"Cudd, be bright, and lock up everything. I mean that little side door which friend Johnson overlooked, as well as the big sliding doors. And if there are any blinds to your windows—"

"There are blinds, sir," Cudd shouted. "Perlice regulations."

"Cheery old regulations! First time I've ever loved 'em. Sorry you've got a skylight, though."

"Why fuss?" said Thorold. "If the car's with us, how can—"

"Skylight's all right, sir," said Cudd. "Glass painted green, also draw-blinds, which I've drawn. They won't be able to see wot's inside or isn't, sir."

Phillip beamed on Thorold.

"Cudd bites!" he said. "Cudd, the gilt-edged, understands the value of delaying the enemy's action. Observing a garage heavily locked, barred, and bolted, the agile mind of Germany will grasp the fact that there is something precious inside. Perhaps you follow, Jimmy?"

"Oh, quite! All the same, directly we start, directly we pass out through the factory gates, they'll see that the only precious thing inside the garage is air. They're sure to know the truth in less than half an hour."

"Half-hours, like the curve of Cleopatra's nose, may change the destinies of the world," remarked Phillip sagely. "Warned and comforted by that excessive padlock which Cudd now manipulates, they will probably be lulled. The sudden appearance of ourselves and car will be a shock to 'em. We reap the reward of shock. For the same reason let us get the car to your office before they creep back to investigate."

Thorold got into the car. He was ready for Phillip to start. Phillip was looking at Cudd languidly, speculatively.

"Cudd," he suddenly inquired, "what was your regiment?"

Cudd, without a flicker of surprise, came up to the car, stood at attention.

"No regiment, sir—navy man, Mr. Manwaring."

"Better still!" murmured the glittering young man. "You look a lad of the 'sit tight, carry on, and be damned' gild. Is that on your discharge, Cudd?"

"Don't know, sir. Served five years, sir, no crimes; put out at the Bight fight, sir—bit o' six-inch shell, not uncomfortable to me, sir, but impressive to doctors."

"So! Sorry to be out of it all?"

"No, sir, not *me*. A quiet life suits yours truly to the ground."

"I think," said Phillip to Thorold, "Cudd's the man for us. Cudd, my lad, we're on a dangerous job. There may be some scrapping, there may be some wounds

flying round. You might even get scuppered. I don't promise, mind you, but these lethal and painful things are in the air. Will you come?"

Cudd, who wanted the quiet life, grinned.

"How can you ask, sir? When do we start?"

Phillip's head indicated the tonneau with a nod. Cudd, grinning, climbed in.

"Must have somebody to hold the car's head while we're away, and to make himself useful at purple moments," said Phillip, and he started the car.

As they crawled along the yard, Thorold was trying to get events into that logical and exact sequence beloved of all true scientists.

"There's a meaning in it all, obviously," he said to Phillip; "but exactly what it is and where it is I can't see. Why this rather trivial plan? Why try to scupper my car? They must see that it can't possibly matter much. The car's not vital; we have a score of avenues. We can get away to Thorpwood or anywhere by many methods—roads, trains, other cars—"

"Curb your intensive speculation until you have tried the other avenues and roads," said Phillip, swinging the six-cylinder through a cañon of packing-cases with the perfection of an artist.

"Just what do you mean by that?"

There was a bit of straight going.

"The French," said Phillip oratorically, "have developed an interesting method of gunning. When they wish to actuate what some call the strangle-hold, some the kibosh, and others a barrage, on a particular sector of German line, they put a perfect circle of shell-fire round it. Thus, cut off from the fellowship of man, the stalwarts in that curtained circle run out of food, ammunition, and men. That sector is isolated. It can be dealt with by concentrated forces at a given time, while no effective help can come through the curtain of shell-fire."

"What part does my car play in this parable?"

"Call it Exhibit A in the process of barrage. Here are we, the only people who

have this valuable bit of paper bequeathed by Brandt. So far as they can see, the secret of that paper is known only to people within a circle drawn—roughly—round these works. They have probably taken steps to lock us in that circle. The car, however, is a means of breaking the lock. They can watch trains and roads and make all sorts of difficulties, outside the ring. With the car we can break out with a rush and get clear before they can grab us. To put the car out of action is to render us considerably less mobile and elusive."

They had pulled up at the office door—a door happily situated out of sight of the factory gates. The young men got out of the car.

"I see," said Thorold gravely. "And you think that we cannot get away to Thorpwood by other means—that we are, in fact, cut off from the world, pinned down here by—"

"By a sort of moral barrage. I won't stake half my kingdom on it, but I am willing to admit that I am probably right. Heinrich, the spy, would not be himself if he had not done his best to get us noosed."

By now they were up-stairs, near Thorold's private room.

"Very well, you think that," said Thorold, with a note of triumph in his voice. "I am now about to prove that Heinrich, the barrage expert, is a human and fallible creature like the rest of us."

"Father always told me," said Phillip chattily, "that when troubles beset me I should go at once to Thorold, the youth with the nimble wits. 'Thorold,' said he, 'will snatch you out of the burning. Thorold will—'"

"I'm not joshing," said Thorold. "I'm banking on facts. There's one sure way out of your circle of moral shell-fire—one means that you have overlooked."

"Go ahead! Point out the way to freedom, success, and safety."

Thorold opened the door of his office. His hand waved victoriously toward his desk.

"I could telephone for a car. You overlooked that—the telephone!"

"Ah!" sighed Phillip.

"The telephone," said Thorold, "would break through your barrage."

Cicely rose from a chair and came forward.

"What was it you said about the telephone?" she asked.

"Nothing pressing," Thorold replied.

"Phillip was building mountains out of theories. I just removed his mountains with—the telephone. I said that at a critical moment we could call up aid on the telephone—"

"But you can't!" cried Cicely.

Phillip grinned.

"I can't?" said the slightly crestfallen Thorold.

"No. Something has gone wrong with your telephone. I tried to use it myself, but I can't get connected. Your clerks say that they can get no connection. The line is broken somewhere."

"Dear Heinrich doesn't seem to have overlooked much!" said Phillip.

"I begin to grasp that this isn't a game that can be played amateurishly," said Thorold, standing in the middle of his office while he put on a heavy coat. "We shall need all our wits. We mustn't neglect a single detail, and we must act without the slightest hesitation."

"I think I remember mentioning somewhere that it was a rush order," interpolated Phillip.

"No, we mustn't wait a minute—not a minute!" Cicely said.

Thorold turned on her.

"We?" he said lamely. "Meaning Phillip and myself, of course?"

"And me!" said Cicely.

She had a lovely color, a high color of adventure, in her sparkling cheeks, but her prettiness did not allow them to miss her resolution. Phillip said nothing; Thorold would answer, he knew.

Thorold, who still had archaic and sentimental ideas about women, opened his mouth to deliver himself of certain orthodox, Victorian sentiments about women and their need to leave danger and action to men; but he did not speak. It was Cicely who spoke first.

"Your car is at the door, isn't it? I heard it drive up, so I know that you've settled the matter of Johnson; and of course you will tell me all about it presently. I want to hear so much!"

It was just woman—any sort of woman, Victorian or otherwise, for sex is beautiful and eternal—that flashed a bewildering, a breath-taking glance of reliance and admiration on Thorold. But, all the same, sex wasn't going to spoil sport.

"I can't hear about it now, naturally," the nurse went on. "Isn't it a case of hurry, hurry, hurry all the time if we are to beat these men? We must start to find the secret of Brandt's house at once. You perhaps have an overcoat in the car for me, Mr. Thorold?"

Thorold's mouth opened mid-Victorianly, though his twentieth-century eyes sparkled at the thought of Cicely's courage, and at the thought, too, that she, with her fine, bright spirit, was to come with them.

"I have a coat," he said haltingly; "but—ah—is it quite the sort—"

She flashed a look, as if she were hearing the voice of some unexpectedly reawakened great-grandmother.

"Please—please!" she cried in her quick way. "You really are not going to refer to lily-type women in these days of the century? Don't let us waste time over stupid stupendities on woman's spheres of influence. Those things don't matter at all now. The thing that matters is what a woman makes up her mind to do; and I've made up my mind to come. Why do you think I wanted to use your telephone, Mr. Thorold? I was trying to ring up the hospital to tell them I wouldn't be back there to-night, and they were not to expect me until they saw me. I can't get to them, but I can't help that. They must just worry until I'm back. Meanwhile we'll go to Thorpwold. Come on!"

Thorold looked at Cicely for a minute.

"By Jove!" he breathed. "I'd rather go to Thorpwold with you than to— Come on! Come on!"

They followed through the door toward the stairs and the car. Phillip, of course, had already started.

(To be continued in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

# THE STORY OF The Sun.

A NEWSPAPER IS THE 'MOST NEARLY HUMAN OF ALL INANIMATE THINGS—  
"THE STORY OF THE SUN" IS A ROMANCE FASCINATING,  
ILLUMINATING, DELIGHTFUL

By Frank M. O'Brien

**EDITORIAL NOTE**—This is the eighth of a series of articles narrating the history of the famous New York paper, and giving a vital, intimate view of metropolitan life and journalism during more than eighty eventful years. The first article, printed in the May number, told of the founding of the paper by Benjamin H. Day, in September, 1833, and of its rapid rise to success. The second (June), gave a full account of the memorable moon hoax, which made the *Sun* famous all over the world. The third, fourth, and fifth (July, August, and September) continued the paper's prosperous record under its second proprietor, Moses Yale Beach, and his sons, Moses Sperry and Alfred Ely Beach, down to the time of its sale, in January, 1868, to a company whose guiding spirit was the great Charles A. Dana. The sixth and seventh (October and November) sketched Mr. Dana's career and described his journalistic methods.

**M**ANAGING editors did not come into favor in American newspaper offices until the second half of the last century. As late as 1872 Frederic Hudson, in his "History of Journalism in the United States," grumbled at the intrusion of a new functionary upon the field:

If a journal has an editor, and editor-in-chief, it is fair to assume that he is also its managing editor.

That historian had not been reconciled to the fact that between the editor of a newspaper—the director of its policies and opinions and general style and tone—and the subeditors to whose various desks comes the flood of news there must be some one who will act as a link, lightening the labors of the editor and shouldering the responsibilities of the desk men. He may never write an editorial article; may

never turn out a sheet of news copy or put a head on an item; may never make up a page or arrange an assignment list—but he must know how to do every one of these things and a great deal more.

A managing editor is really the newspaper's manager of its employees in the news field. He is an editor to the extent that he edits men. He may appear to spend most of his time and judgment on the acceptance or rejection of news matter, the giving of decisions as to the length or character of an article, its position in the paper, and, more broadly, the general make-up of the next day's product; but a man might be able to perform all these professional functions wisely and yet be impossible as a managing editor through his inability to handle newspapermen.

The *Tribune* was the first New York paper to have a managing editor. He was Dana. Serene, tactful, and a man of the

world, he was able by judicious handling to keep for the *Tribune* the services of men like Warren and Pike, who might have been repelled by the sometimes irritable Greeley. The title came from the London *Times*, where it had been used for years, perhaps borrowed from the *directeur gerant* of the French newspapers.

#### THE SUN'S FIRST MANAGING EDITOR

The *Sun* had no managing editor until Dana bought it, Beach having preferred to direct personally all matters above the ken of the city editor. The *Sun's* first managing editor was Isaac W. England, whom Dana had known and liked when both were on the *Tribune*. England was of Welsh blood and English birth, having been born in Twerton, a suburb of Bath, in 1832. He worked at the bookbinding trade until he was seventeen, and then came to the United States and made his living at bookbinding and printing. He used to tell his *Sun* associates of his triumphal return to England, when he was twenty, for a short visit, which he spent in the shop of his apprenticeship, showing his old master how much better the Yankees were at embossing and lettering.

England returned to America in the steerage and saw the brutal treatment of immigrants. This he described in several articles and sold them to the *Tribune*. Greeley gave him a job pulling a hand-press at ten dollars a week, but later made him a reporter. He was city editor of the *Tribune* until after the Civil War, and then he went with his friend Dana to Chicago for the short and profitless experience with the Chicago *Republican*. In the period between Dana's retirement from the *Republican* and his purchase of the *Sun*, England was manager of the Jersey City *Times*.

England was managing editor of the *Sun* only a year, then becoming its publisher—a position for which he was well fitted. An example of his business ability was given in 1877, when Frank Leslie went into bankruptcy. England was made assignee, and he handled the affairs of the Leslie concern so well that its debts were paid off in three years. This was only a side job for England, who continued all the time to

manage the business matters of the *Sun*. When he died, in 1885, Dana wrote that he had "lost the friend of almost a lifetime, a man of unconquerable integrity, true and faithful in all things."

#### CUMMINGS AND HIS PICTURESQUE CAREER

The second managing editor of the *Sun* was that great newspaperman Amos Jay Cummings. He was born to newspaper work if any man ever was. His father, who was a Congregational minister—a fact which could not be surmised by listening to Amos in one of his explosive moods—was the editor of the *Christian Palladium and Messenger*. This staid publication was printed on the first floor of the Cummings home at Irvington, New York. Entrance to the composing-room was forbidden the son, but with tears and tobacco he bribed the printer, one Sylvester Bailey, who set up the Rev. Mr. Cummings's articles, to let him in through a window.

The trade once learned, young Amos left home and wandered from State to State, making a living at the case. In 1856, when he was only fourteen, he was attracted by the glamour that surrounded William Walker, the famous filibuster, and joined the forces of that daring young adventurer, who then had control of Nicaragua. The boy was one of a strange horde of soldiers of fortune, which included British soldiers who had been at Sebastopol, Italians who had followed Garibaldi, and Hungarians in whom Kossuth had aroused the martial flame.

Like many of the others in Walker's army, Cummings believed that the Tennessean was a second Napoleon, with Central America, perhaps South America, for his empire. But when this Napoleon came to his Elba by his surrender to Commander Davis of the United States navy, in the spring of 1857, Cummings decided that there was no marshal's baton in his own ragged knapsack and went back to be a wandering printer.

Cummings was setting type in the *Tribune* office when the Civil War began. He hurried out and enlisted as a private in the Twenty-Sixth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry. He fought at Antietam, Chancel-

lorsville, and Fredericksburg. At Marye's Hill, in the battle of Fredericksburg, his regiment was supporting a battery against a Confederate charge. Their lines were broken and they fell back from the guns. Cummings took the regimental flag from the hands of the color-sergeant and ran alone, under the enemy's fire, back to the guns. The Jersey men rallied, the guns were recovered, and Cummings got the Medal of Honor from Congress. He left the service as sergeant-major of the regiment and presently appeared in Greeley's office, a seedy figure infolded in an army overcoat.

#### CUMMINGS IN THE TRIBUNE OFFICE

"Mr. Greeley," said Amos, "I've just got to have work."

"Oh, indeed!" creaked Horace. "And why have you got to have work?"

Cummings said nothing, but turned his back on the great editor, lifted his coat-tails and showed the sad, if not shocking, state of his breeches. He got work. In 1863, when the *Tribune* office was threatened by the rioters, Amos helped to barricade the composing-room and save it from the mob.

Cummings served as editor of the *Weekly Tribune* and as a political writer for the daily. This is the way he came to quit the *Tribune*:

John Russell Young, the third managing editor of the *Tribune*, got the habit of issuing numbered orders. Two of these orders reached Cummings's desk, as follows:

Order No. 756—There is too much profanity in this office.

Order No. 757—Hereafter the political reporter must have his copy in at 10.30 P.M.

Cummings turned to his desk and wrote:

Order No. 1234567—Everybody knows — well that I get most of the political news out of the *Albany Journal*, and everybody knows — well that the *Journal* doesn't get here until eleven o'clock at night, and anybody who knows anything knows — well that asking me to get my stuff up at half past ten is like asking a man to sit on a window-sill and dance on the roof at the same time.

CUMMINGS.

The result of this multiplicity of numbered orders was that shortly afterward

Cummings presented himself to the editor of the *Sun*.

"Why are you leaving the *Tribune*?" asked Mr. Dana.

"They say," replied Amos, "that I swear too much."

"Just the man for me!" replied Dana, according to the version which Cummings used to tell.

#### FROM THE TRIBUNE TO THE SUN

At any rate, Amos went on the *Sun* as managing editor, and he continued to swear. The compositors now in the *Sun* office who remember him at all remember him largely for that.

The union once set apart a day for contributions to the printers'-home fund, and each compositor was to contribute the fruits of a thousand ems of composition. Cummings, who was proud of being a union printer, left his managing-editor's desk and went to the composing-room.

"Ah, Mr. Cummings," said Abe Masters, the foreman, "I'll give you some of your own copy to set."

"To hell with my own copy!" said Cummings, who knew his handwriting faults. "Give me some reprint."

Green reporters got a taste of the Cummings profanity. One of them put a French phrase in a story. Cummings asked him what it meant, and the youth told him.

"Then why the hell didn't you write it that way?" yelled Cummings. "This paper is for people who read English!"

In those days murderers were executed in the old Tombs prison in Centre Street. Cummings, who was full of enterprise, sought a way to get quickly the fall of the drop. The telephone had not been perfected, but there was a shot-tower north of the *Sun's* office and east of the Tombs. Cummings sent one man to the Tombs, with instructions to wave a flag upon the instant of the execution. Another man, stationed at the top of the shot-tower, had another flag, with which he was to make a sign to Cummings on the roof of the Sun Building, as soon as he saw the flag move at the prison.

The reporter at the Tombs arranged with a keeper to notify him just before the execution, but the keeper was sent on an

errand, and presently Cummings, standing nervously on the roof of the Sun Building, heard the newsboys crying the extras of a rival sheet. The plan had fallen through. No blanks could adequately represent the Cummings temper upon that occasion.

Cummings was probably the best all-round news man of his day. He had the executive ability and the knowledge of men that make a good managing editor. He knew what Dana knew—that the newspapers had yet to touch public sympathy and imagination in the news columns as well as in editorial articles; and he knew how to do it, how to teach men to do it, how to cram the moving picture of a living city into the four pages of the *Sun*. He advised desk men, complimented or corrected reporters, edited local articles, and, when a story appealed to him strongly, he went out and got it and wrote it himself.

#### CUMMINGS A GREAT REPORTER

In such brief biographies of Cummings as have been printed you will find that he is best remembered in the outer world as a managing editor, or as the editor of the *Evening Sun*, or as a Representative in Congress fighting for the rights of Civil War veterans, printers' unions, and letter-carriers; but among the oldest generation of newspapermen he is revered as a great reporter. He was the first real human-interest reporter. He knew the news value of the steer loose in the streets, the lost child in the police station, the Italian murder that was really a case of vendetta. The *Sun* men of his time followed his lead, and a few of them, like Julian Ralph, outdid him, but he was the pioneer; and a thousand *Sun* men since then have kept, or tried to keep, on the Cummings trail.

It was Cummings who sent men to cover the police stations at night and made it possible for the *Sun* to beat the news association on the trivial items which were the delight of the reader, and which helped, among other things, to shoot the paper's daily circulation to one hundred thousand in the third year of the Dana ownership.

The years when Cummings was managing editor of the *Sun* were years stuffed with news. Even a newspaperman without

imagination would have found plenty of happenings at hand. The Franco-Prussian War, the gold conspiracy that ended in Black Friday (September 24, 1869), the Orange riot (July 12, 1871), the great Chicago fire, the killing of Fisk by Stokes, Tweedism—what more could a newspaperman wish in so brief a period? And, of course, always there were murders. There were so many mysterious murders in the *Sun* that a suspicious person might have harbored the thought that Cummings went out after his day's work was done and committed them for art's sake.

When men and women stopped killing, Cummings would turn to politics. Tweed was the great man then; under suspicion, even before 1870, but a great man, particularly among his own. The *Sun* printed pages about Tweed and his satellites and the great balls of the Americus Club, their politico-social organization. It described the jewels worn by the leaders of Tammany Hall, including the two-thousand-dollar club badge—the head of a tiger with eyes of ruby and three large diamonds shining above them.

#### JIM FISK, BOSS TWEED, AND THE SUN

Everybody who wanted the political news read the *Sun*. As Jim Fisk remarked one evening as he stood proudly with Jay Gould in the lobby of the Grand Opera House—proud of his notoriety in connection with the Erie Railroad jobbery, proud of the infamy he enjoyed from the fact that he owned two houses in the same block in West Twenty-Third Street, housing his wife in one and Josie Mansfield in the other; proud of his guilty partnership in Tweedism—

"The *Sun's* a lively paper. I can never wait for daylight for a copy. I have my man down there with a horse every morning, and just as soon as he gets a *Sun* hot from the press he jumps on the back of that horse and puts for me as if all hell was after him.

"Gould's the same way; he has to see it before daylight, too. My man has to bring him up a copy. You always get the news ahead of everybody else. Why, the first news I got that Gould and me were blackballed in the Blossom Club we got from the *Sun*. I'm damned if I'd believe it at first, and Gould says, 'What is this Blossom Club?' Just then Sweeney came in. I asked

Sweeny if it was true, and Sweeny said yes, that Tweed was the man that done it all. There it was in the *Sun*, straight's a die."

The *Sun* reporter who chronicled this—it may have been Cummings himself—had gone to ask Fisk whether he and his friends had hired a thug to black-jack the respectable Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, a foe of the Erie outfit; but he took down and printed Fisk's tribute to the *Sun's* enterprise. As there was scarcely a morning in those days when the *Sun* did not turn up some new trick played by the Tweed gang and the Erie group, their anxiety to get an early copy was natural.

Tweed and his philanthropic pretenses did not deceive the *Sun*. On February 24, 1870—a year and a half before the exposure which sent the boss to prison—the *Sun* printed an editorial article announcing that Tweed was willing to surrender his ownership of the city upon the following terms:

To give up all interest in the court-house swindle.

To receive no more revenue from the department of survey and inspection of buildings; and he hopes the people of New York will remember his generosity in giving up this place, inasmuch as his share amounts to over one hundred thousand dollars a year.

#### THE SUN'S TWEED-MONUMENT JOKE

Tweed was liked by many New Yorkers, particularly those who knew him only by his lavish charities. One of these wrote the following letter, which the *Sun* printed on December 7, 1870, under the heading "A Monument to Boss Tweed—the Money Paid In":

Enclosed please find ten cents as a contribution to erect a statue to William M. Tweed on Tweed Plaza. I have no doubt that fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand of his admirers will contribute. Yours, etc.,

SEVENTEENTH WARD VOTER.

On December 12 the *Sun* said editorially:

Has Boss Tweed any friends? If he has, they are a mean set. It is now more than a week since an appeal was made to them to come forward and put up the ancillary qualities to erect a statue of Mr. Tweed in the center of Tweed Plaza; but as yet only four citizens have sent in their subscriptions. These were not large, but they were paid

in cash, and there is reason for the belief that they were the tokens of sincere admiration for Mr. Tweed. But the hundreds, or, rather, thousands, of small-potato politicians whom he has made rich and powerful stand aloof and do not offer a picayune.

We propose that the statue shall be executed by Captain Albertus de Groot, who made the celebrated Vanderbilt bronzes, but we have not yet decided whether it shall represent the favorite son of New York afoot or ahorseback. In fact, we rather incline to have a nautical statue, exhibiting Boss Tweed as a bold mariner, amid the wild fury of a hurricane, splicing the main brace in the foretopgallant futtock shrouds of his steam-yacht. But that is a matter for future consideration. The first thing is to get the money; and if those who claim to be Mr. Tweed's friends don't raise it, we shall begin to believe the rumor that the Hon. P. Brains Sweeny has turned against him, and has forbidden every one to give anything toward the erection of the projected statue.

Ten days later the *Sun* carried on the editorial page a long news story headed "Our Statue of Boss Tweed—the Readers of the *Sun* Going to Work in Dead Earnest—The *Sun's* Advice Followed, Ha! Ha!—Organization of the Tweed Testimonial Association of the City of New York—A Bronze Statue, Worth Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars to Be Erected."

Sure enough, the ward politicians had taken the joke seriously. Police Justice Edward J. Shandley, Tim Campbell, Coroner Patrick Keenan, Police Commissioner Smith, and a dozen other faithful Tammany men were on the list of trustees. They decided upon the space then known as Tweed Plaza, at the junction of East Broadway and New Canal and Rutgers Streets as the site for the monument.

The *Sun* added to the joke by printing more letters from contributors. One, from Patrick Maloy, "champion eel-bobber," brought ten cents and the suggestion that the statue should be inscribed with the amount of money that Tweed had made out of the city. This sort of thing went on into the new year, the *Sun* aggravating the movement with grave editorial advice.

#### TWEED DECLINES THE MONUMENT

At last the jest became more than Tweed could bear, and from his desk in the Senate Chamber at Albany, on March 13, 1871, he sent the following letter to

Judge Shandley, the chairman of the statue committee:

MY DEAR SIR:

I learn that a movement to erect a statue to me in the city of New York is being seriously pushed by a committee of citizens of which you are chairman.

I was aware that a newspaper of our city had brought forward the proposition, but I considered it one of the jocose sensations for which that journal is so famous. Since I left the city to engage in legislation the proposition appears to have been taken up by my friends, no doubt in resentment at the supposed unfriendly motive of the original proposition and the manner in which it had been urged.

The only effect of the proposed statue is to present me to the public as assenting to the parade of a public and permanent testimonial to vanity and self-glorification which do not exist. You will thus perceive that the movement, which originated in a joke, but which you have made serious, is doing me an injustice and an injury; and I beg of you to see to it that it is at once stopped.

I hardly know which is the more absurd—the original proposition or the grave comments of others, based upon the idea that I have given the movement countenance. I have been about as much abused as any man in public life; I can stand abuse and bear even more than my share; but I have never yet been charged with being deficient in common sense.

Yours very truly,  
WM. M. TWEED.

This letter appeared in the *Sun* the next day under the facetious heading: "A Great Man's Modesty—The Most Remarkable Letter Ever Written by the Noble Benefactor of the People." Editorial regret was expressed at Tweed's declination; and, still in solemn mockery, the *Sun* grieved over the return to the subscribers of the several thousand dollars that had been sent to Shandley's committee. William J. Florence, the comedian, had put himself down for five hundred dollars.

Was it utterly absurd that the Tweed idolaters should have taken seriously the *Sun's* little joke? No, for so serious a writer as Gustavus Myers wrote in his "History of Tammany Hall" (1901) that "one of the signers of the circular has assured the author that it was a serious proposal. The attitude of the *Sun* confirms this." And another grave literary man, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, set this down in his "Essays in Application" (1908):

William M. Tweed, of New York, who reigned over the city for seven years, stole six million dollars or more for himself and six million dollars or more for his followers; was indorsed at the height of his corruption by six of the richest citizens of the metropolis; had a public statue offered to him by the New York *Sun* as a "noble benefactor of the city," etc.

Of course Mr. Myers and Dr. Van Dyke had never read the statue articles from beginning to end, else they would not have stumbled over the brick that even Tweed, with all his conceit, was able to perceive.

#### THE DOWNFALL OF THE TWEED RING

In July, 1871, when the New York *Times* was fortunate enough to have put in its hands the proof of what everybody already suspected—that Senator Tweed, Comptroller Connolly, Park Commissioner Sweeny, and their associates were plundering the city—the *Sun* was busy with its own pet news and political articles, the investigation of the Orange riots and the extravagance and nepotism of President Grant's administration.

The *Sun* did not like the *Times*, which had been directed, since the death of Henry J. Raymond, in 1869, by Raymond's partner, George Jones, and Raymond's chief editorial writer, Louis J. Jennings; but the *Sun* liked the Tweed gang still less. It had been pounding at it for two years, using the head-lines "Boss Tweed's Legislature," or "Mr. Sweeny's Legislature," every day of the sessions at the State capital; but neither the *Sun* nor any other newspaper had been able to obtain the figures that proved the robbery until the county bookkeeper, Matthew J. O'Rourke, dug them out and took them to the *Times*.

The books showed that the city had been gouged out of five million dollars in one item alone—the price paid in two years to a Tweed contracting firm, Ingersoll & Co., for furniture and carpets for the county courthouse. Enough carpets had been bought—or at least paid for—to cover the eight acres of City Hall Park three layers deep. And that five million dollars was not one-tenth of the loot.

In September, 1871, after the mass-meeting of citizens in Cooper Union, the *Sun* began printing the revelations of

Tweedism under the standing head, "The Doom of the Ring."

Tweed engaged as counsel, among others, William O. Bartlett, who was not only counsel for the *Sun* but, next to Mr. Dana, the paper's leading editorial writer at that time. The boss may have fancied that in retaining Bartlett he retained the *Sun*, but it is more likely that he sought Bartlett's services because of that lawyer's reputation as an aggressive and able counselor. If Tweed had any delusions about influencing the *Sun*, they were quickly dispelled. On September 18, in an editorial article probably written by Dana, the *Sun* said:

While Mr. Bartlett, in his able argument before Judge Barnard on Friday, vindicated Mr. Tweed from certain allegations set forth in the complaint of Mr. Foley, he by no means relieved him from all complicity in the enormous frauds and robberies that have been committed in the government of this city. With all his ability, that is something beyond Mr. Bartlett's power; and it is vain to hope that either of the leaders of the Tammany Ring can ever regain the confidence of the public, or for any length of time exercise the authority of political office. They must all go, Sweeny, Tweed, and Hall, as well as Connolly.

Mr. Tweed must not imagine that he can buy his way out of the present complication with money, as he did in 1870. The next Legislature will be made up of different material from the Republicans he purchased, and the people will exercise a sterner supervision over its acts.

A good picture of Tweed's popularity, which he still retained among his own people, was drawn in an editorial article in the *Sun* of October 30, 1871, three days after the boss had been arrested and released in a million dollars' bail:

In the Fourth District William M. Tweed is sure to be reelected [to the State Senate]. The Republican factions, after a great deal of quarreling, have concentrated on O'Donovan Rossa, a well-known Fenian, but his chance is nothing. Even if it had been possible by beginning in season to defeat Tweed, it cannot be done with only a week's time.

Besides, his power there is absolute. The district comprises the most ignorant and most vicious portion of the city. It is full of low grog-shops, houses of ill-fame, low gambling-houses, and sailor boarding-houses, whose keepers enjoy protection and immunity, for which they pay by the most efficient electioneering services. Moreover, the district is full of sinecures paid from the city treas-

ury. If, instead of having stolen millions, Mr. Tweed were accused of a dozen murders, or if, instead of being in human form, he wore the semblance of a bull or a bear, the voters of the Fourth District would march to the polls and vote for him just as zealously as they will do now, and the inspectors of election would furnish for him by fraudulent counting any majority that might be thought necessary in addition to the votes really given.

Tweed was reelected to the State Senate by twelve thousand plurality.

The great robber-boss was a source of news from his rise in the late sixties to his death in 1878. As early as March, 1870, the *Sun* gave its readers an intimate idea of Tweed's private extravagances under the heading: "Bill Tweed's Big Barn—Democratic Extravagance Versus That of the White House—Grant's Billiard Saloon, Caligula's Stable, and Leonard Jerome's Private Theater Eclipsed—Martin Van Buren's Gold Spoons Nowhere—Belmont's Four-in-Hand Overshadowed—a Picture for Rural Democrats."

Beneath this head was a column story beginning:

The Hon. William M. Tweed resides at 41 West Thirty-Sixth Street. The Hon. William M. Tweed's horses reside in East Fortieth Street, between Madison and Park Avenues.

That was the *Sun's* characteristic way of starting a story.

#### THE BIRTH OF THE SUNDAY SUN

Tweed was, in a way, responsible for the appearance of a *Sun* more than four pages in size. Up to December, 1875, there was no issue of the *Sun* on Sundays. In November of that year it was announced that beginning on December 5 there would be a Sunday *Sun*, to be sold at three cents, one cent more than the week-day price, but nothing was said, or thought, of an increase in size.

On Saturday, December 4, Tweed, with the connivance of his keepers, escaped from his house in Madison Avenue. This made a four column story on which Mr. Dana had not counted. Also, the advertisers had taken advantage of the new Sunday issue, and there were more than two pages of advertisements. There was nothing for it but to make an eight-page paper, for

which Dana, who then believed that all the news could be told in a folio, apologized as follows:

We confess ourselves surprised at the extraordinary pressure of advertisements upon our pages this morning; and disappointed in being compelled to present the *Sun* to our readers in a different form from that to which they are accustomed. We trust, however, that they will find it no less interesting than usual; and, still more, that they will feel that although the appearance may be somewhat different, it is yet the same friendly and faithful *Sun*.

But the Sunday issue of the *Sun* never went back to four pages, for the eight-page paper had been made so attractive with special stories, reprint, and short fiction that both readers and advertisers were pleased. It was ten years, however, before the week-day *Sun* increased its size. Even during the Beecher trial (January, 1875) when the *Sun's* reporter, Franklin Fyles, found himself unable to condense the day's proceedings within a page of seven columns, the *Sun* still gave all the rest of the day's news.

#### THE GREAT AMERICAN CONDENSER

Cummings's right-hand man in the news department of the *Sun* was Dr. John B. Wood, the Great American Condenser. All the city copy passed through his hands. He was then nearing fifty, a white-haired man who wore two pairs of glasses with thick lenses, these crowned with a green shade. He had been a printer on several papers and a desk man on the *Tribune*, whence Dana brought him to the *Sun*. Wood's sense of the value of words was so acute that he could determine, as rapidly as his eye passed along the pages of a story, just what might be stricken out without loss. It might be a word, a sentence, a page; sometimes it would be ninety-eight per cent of the article.

Even when his sight so failed that he was unable to read copy continuously, Dr. Wood performed the remarkable feat of condensing through a reader. Willis Holly read copy to him for months, six hours a night. Holly might read three pages without interruption, while Wood sat as silent as if he were asleep. Then—

"Throw out the introduction down to the middle of the second page, begin with 'John Elliott killed,' and cut it off at 'arrested him.'"

Joseph C. Hendrix, who became a member of Congress and a bank president, was a *Sun* cub reporter. One night he was assigned to read copy to Dr. Wood. He picked up a sheet and began:

"The application of Mrs. Jane Smith for divorce from her husband, John Smith—"

"Cut out 'her husband,'" said Wood.

"—who alleges cruelty," Hendrix continued, "'in that he—'" Here the reporter's writing was blurred, and Hendrix, who could not decipher it, said "Damn!"

"Cut out the 'damn,'" said Dr. Wood.

In keeping news down to the bone Wood was of remarkable value to the *Sun* in those years when Dana showed that it was possible to tell everything in four pages. New York was smaller then, and display advertising had not come to be a science. The *Sun* got along nicely on its circulation, for the newsdealers paid one and one-third cents for each copy. With the circulation receipts about fourteen hundred dollars a day, the advertising receipts were clear profit. Amos Cummings had such a fierce disregard for the feelings of advertisers that often, when a good piece of news came in late, he would throw out advertising to make room for it.

#### A VETERAN STILL IN THE SERVICE

Another desk man of great value to Cummings in the first days of the new journalism that Dana was making was Amos B. Stillman, a ninety-pound man from Connecticut. He was a newspaperman in his native state until the Civil War, and after Appomattox he went back to Connecticut. He went on the *Sun* in 1870 as telegraph editor, and stayed on the same desk for forty-five years. Even Charles A. Dana could not dislodge him.

One night Dana discharged the deacon, as Stillman was called, but the next evening Stillman was at his desk, busily handling the despatches from Albany.

"Didn't you understand what I said last night?" inquired Dana. "I told you

you were dismissed, to take effect immediately."

"I heard what you said," replied Deacon Stillman, "but I'm not going. I like it too well here!"

In the early days of Dana's *Sun* there were no night editors, for it had not been found necessary to establish a central desk where all the news of all the departments could be gathered together for judgment as to relative value. Each desk man sent his own copy to the composing-room, and the pages were made up by the managing editor or the night city editor after midnight. Leisurely nights, those, with no newspaper trains to catch and no starting of the presses until four o'clock in the morning!

One evening in that period the other desk men in the news department of the *Sun* observed that Amos Stillman was extraordinarily busy and more than usually silent. He scribbled away, revising despatches and writing subheads, and it was after twelve o'clock when he got up, stretched, and uttered one sentence:

"Quite a fire in Chicago!"

That was the October evening in 1871 when Mrs. O'Leary's cow started the blaze that consumed seventeen thousand buildings. To Deacon Stillman it was just a busy evening.

Deacon Stillman was born about the same date as the *Sun*—Ben Day's *Sun*; but even as this is being written (October, 1917) he is strolling up and down a corridor in the *Sun* office, waiting for another old-timer, some mere lad of sixty, to come out and have dinner with him. As he said to Mr. Dana about the time of the Franco-Prussian War, he "likes it too well here" to go.

JOHN B. BOGART, A FAMOUS CITY EDITOR

Under Cummings was developed a young man who turned out to be one of the great city editors of New York—John B. Bogart, of whom Arthur Brisbane wrote that he was the best teacher of journalism that America had produced. He was in most respects the opposite of Cummings. He had all of Cummings's love for the business, but not his tremendous rush. Cum-

tings was an explosion, Bogart a steady flame. Cummings roared, Bogart was gentle.

Like Cummings and Stillman, Bogart was a Union veteran. In 1861, when he was only sixteen years old, he left the New Haven store where he was a clerk and enlisted in the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers. After serving three years in the army, he returned home to become a book-keeper in a dry-goods store. He went on the *Sun* February 21, 1871, as a general reporter. On March 17, 1873—his twenty-eighth birthday—he was made city editor, the former city editor, William Young, having been promoted to the managing editor's desk to take the place of Cummings, whose health was poor.

John Bogart remained at the city desk for seventeen years of tireless work. He was a master of journalistic detail, a patient follower-up of the stories which, like periscopes, appear and reappear on the sea of events.

"He was a whole school of journalism in himself," Brisbane wrote of Bogart years afterward. "He could tell the young men where to go for their news, what questions to ask, what was and what was not worth while. Above all, he could give enthusiasm to his men. He worked by encouraging, not by harsh criticism."

Bogart always asked a young reporter whether he had read the *Sun* that morning. If one confessed that he had read only part of it, Bogart would invite him to sit down, and would say:

"Mr. Jones, it is one of the salutary customs of this paper that every reporter shall read everything in it before appearing for duty. Don't even skip the advertisements, because there are stories concealed in many of them. The *Sun* is good breakfast-food."

The custom of Bogart's time is the custom still, but a reporter has to go harder at his reading than he did in the days of the four-page *Sun*.

If a new reporter had not absorbed the *Sun* style, Bogart gently tried to saturate him with it.

"I notice," he said to a man who had covered a little fire the night before, "that

you begin your story with 'at an early hour yesterday morning,' and that you say also that 'smoke was seen issuing from an upper window.'"

"Isn't that good English?" asked the young man.

"It is excellent English," Bogart replied calmly, "and it has been indorsed by generations of reporters and copy-readers. If you look in the other papers you will find that some of them also discovered smoke issuing from an upper window at an early hour yesterday morning. We do not deny that it is good English; but it is not good *Sun* English."

Never again did smoke issue from an upper window of that reporter's copy.

#### A GALAXY OF STAR REPORTERS

Under Cummings and Bogart the *Sun* turned out *Sun* men. A young man from Troy, Franklin Fyles, was one of their first police-station reporters. He did not know as many policemen as did Joseph Josephs, who wore a silk hat and a gambler's mustache, and who covered the West Side stations, but he wrote well. He did not know as many desperate characters as were honored with the acquaintance of David Davids, the East Side police reporter, but he knew a *Sun* story when he saw it.

In 1875, five years after Fyles came on the *Sun*, he was quite the star reporter, and was assigned to report the Beecher trial.

Ten thousand words a day in longhand was an easy day's work for the reports of that great scandal. Fyles became the dramatic critic of the *Sun* in 1885, and continued as such until 1903. In that period he wrote several plays, including "The Girl I Left Behind Me," in which David Belasco was his collaborator; "Cumberland '61," and "The Governor of Kentucky." Fyles died in 1911 at the age of 64.

Another police-station reporter of the *Sun* was Edward Payson Weston, who had been an office-boy in various newspaper offices until about the beginning of the Civil War and had then become a reporter. Before Dana bought the *Sun* Weston had walked from Portland, Maine, to Chicago—thirteen hundred and twenty-six miles—in twenty-

six days. Forty years later he walked it in twenty-five days.

Cummings liked Weston. Whatever faults there may have been in his literary style, his knee action was a perfect poem. He could bring a story down from the Bellevue morgue faster than all the horse-cars. He was the best "leg man" in the history of journalism. In 1910, more than four decades after the *Sun* first took him on, Weston, then a man of seventy years, walked from Los Angeles to New York in seventy-seven days.

Other *Sun* reporters were Larry Kane, a big blond Irishman who wore mutton-chop whiskers and wrote a good story about anything; Tom Cook, who came from California, had the shiniest silk hat on Park Row, and knew Fisk and the rest of the Erie crowd; Big Jim Connolly, one of the best news writers of his day; Walter J. Rosebault, as reliable a reporter as Bogart ever trained, now a lawyer; the McAlpin brothers, Robert and Tod; and Chester S. Lord, who was to become the managing editor of the *Sun* and serve it in that capacity for a third of a century.

William Young, who was city editor when Lord went on the paper, gave him his first assignment—to get a story about the effect of the Whisky Ring's work on the liquor trade. Lord wrote a light and airy piece which indicated that the ring's operations would bring highly moral results by decreasing the supply of intoxicants; but when the copy-reader got through with the story this is the way it read:

A *Sun* reporter interviewed several leading wholesale liquor-dealers yesterday concerning the despatch from Louisville, saying that all the old whisky in the country had been purchased by a Western firm for a rise. They said that they had sold their accumulated stock of prime whisky months ago. One firm, the largest in the city, had sold nearly two thousand barrels, stored since 1858. One shrewd dealer said it was reported that Grant was in the ring, and that he wanted to secure a supply to fall back on in his retirement.

#### A NESTOR OF THE WORLD OF SPORT

Mark Maguire, the celebrated "Toppy," was the chief of the sporting writers. He was about the oldest man in the *Sun* office, born before Napoleon went to Elba. He

was the first king of the New York newsboys, and Barney Williams, the boy who first sold Ben Day's *Sun*, once worked for him.

Maguire had as customers, when they visited New York, Jackson, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. When prosperity came to him he opened road-houses that were the resorts of horse-owners like Commodore Vanderbilt and Robert Bonner. His Cayuga House, at McComb's Dam, was named after his own fast trotter, Cayuga Girl. Maguire's intimacy with Bonner was such that the hangers-on in the racing game believed that Bonner owned the *Sun* and transmitted his views to Dana through "Topsy." Maguire worked for the *Sun* up to his death in 1889.

When Amos Cummings had an evening to spare from his regular news work he would go with Maguire to a prize-fight and write the story of it. Maguire invented the chart by which a complete record of the blows struck in a boxing match is kept—one circle for the head and one for the body of each contestant, with a pencil-mark for every blow landed. After an evening in which Jem Mace was one of the entertainers, Maguire's chart looked like a shotgun target, but Cummings, who watched the fighters while Mark tallied the blows, would make a live story from it.

The *Sun* of that day had women reporters; indeed, it had the first real woman reporter in American journalism, Mrs. Emily Verdery Battey. She worked on fashion stories, women's-rights stories, and general-news stories. She was one of the Georgia Verderys, and she went on the *Sun* shortly after Mr. Dana took hold. Her brother, George Verdery, was also a *Sun* reporter. Another *Sun* woman of that time was Miss Anna Ballard, who wrote, among others things, the news stories that bobbed up in the surrogates' courts.

#### WILLARD BARTLETT AND ELIHU ROOT

The dramatic criticisms of the *Sun*, in the first three or four years of the seventies were written by two young lawyers recently graduated from the law school of New York University, Willard Bartlett and Elihu Root. Bartlett was a year the younger, but

he ranked Root as a critic because of his acquaintance—through his father, W. O. Bartlett—with newspaper ways. If Lester Wallack was putting on "Ours," that would be Mr. Bartlett's assignment, while Mr. Root went to report the advance of art at Woods's Museum, where was the Lydia Thompson troupe. If it befell that on the same evening Edwin Booth produced "Hamlet" in a new setting and George L. Fox appeared in a more glorious than ever "Humpty Dumpty," Critic Bartlett would see Booth; Assistant Critic Root would enjoy Fox.

In time these young journalists passed on to be actors in that more complex and perhaps equally interesting drama, the law, which for fourteen years they practised together. Mr. Bartlett figured as one of Mr. Dana's counsel in several of the *Sun*'s legal cases. After thirty years on the bench, retiring from the chief judgeship of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York through the age statute in 1916, Judge Bartlett is still actively interested in the *Sun*, and many of its articles on legal topics are contributed by him.

As for Mr. Root, his friendship with the *Sun* has been unbroken for almost fifty years, and he has made about as much news for it as any man. Under such circumstances even the most jealous newspaper is willing to forgive the desertion of an assistant dramatic critic.

#### THE SUN'S FAMOUS OFFICE CAT

It was Willard Bartlett, incidentally, who was the inventor of the *Sun*'s celebrated office cat. One night in the eighties the copy of a message from President Cleveland to Congress came to the desk of the telegraph editor. It was a warm evening, and the window near the telegraph desk was open. The message fluttered out and was lost in Nassau Street. The *Sun* had nothing about it the next morning, and in the afternoon, when Mr. Bartlett called on Mr. Dana, the matter of the lost message was under discussion. The editor remarked that it was a matter difficult to explain to the readers.

"Oh, say that the office cat ate it up," suggested Bartlett.

Dana chuckled and dictated a paragraph creating the cat. Instantly the animal became famous. Newspapers pictured it as Dana's inseparable companion, and the *Sun* presently had another, and longer, editorial article about the wonderful beast:

The universal interest which this accomplished animal has excited throughout the country is a striking refutation that genius is not honored in its own day and generation. Perhaps no other living critic has attained the popularity and vogue now enjoyed by our cat. For years he worked in silence, unknown, perhaps, beyond the limits of the office. He is a sort of Rosicrucian cat, and his motto has been "to know all and to keep himself unknown." But he could not escape the glory his efforts deserved, and a few mornings ago he woke up, like Byron, to find himself famous.

We are glad to announce that he hasn't been puffed up by the enthusiastic praise which comes to him from all sources. He is the same industrious, conscientious, sharp-eyed, and sharp-toothed censor of copy that he has always been, nor should we have known that he is conscious of the admiration he excites among his esteemed contemporaries of the press had we not observed him in the act of dilacerating a copy of the *Graphic* containing an alleged portrait of him.

It was impossible not to sympathize with his evident indignation. The *Graphic's* portrait did foul injustice to his majestic and intellectual features. Besides, it represented him as having a bandage over one eye, as if he had been involved in controversy and had had his eye mashed. Now, aside from the fact that he needs both eyes to discharge his literary duties properly, he is able to whip his weight in office cats, and his fine, large eyes have never been shrouded in black, and we don't believe they ever will be. He is a soldier as well as a scholar.

We have received many requests to give a detailed account of the personal habits and peculiarities of this feline Aristarchus. Indeed, we have been requested to prepare a full biographical sketch to appear in the next edition of "Homes of American Authors." At some future day we may satisfy public curiosity with the details of his literary methods. But genius such as his defies analysis, and the privacy of a celebrity ought not to be rudely invaded.

It is not out of place, however, to indicate a few traits which illustrate his extraordinary faculty of literary decomposition, so to speak. His favorite food is a tariff discussion. When a big speech, full of wind and statistics, comes within his reach, he pounces upon it immediately and digests the figures at his leisure. During the discussion of the Morrison Bill he used to feed steadily on tariff speeches for eight hours a day, and yet his appetite remained unimpaired.

When a piece of stale news or a long-winded, prosy article comes into the office, his remarkable

sense of smell instantly detects it, and it is impossible to keep it from him. He always assists with great interest at the opening of the office mail, and he files several hundred letters a day in his interior department. The favorite diversion of the office-boys is to make him jump for twelve-column articles on the restoration of the American merchant marine.

He takes a keen delight in hunting for essays on civil-service reform, and will play with them, if he has time, for hours. They are so pretty that he hates to kill them, but duty is duty. Clumsy and awkward English he springs at with indescribable quickness and ferocity; but he won't eat it. He simply tears it up. He can't stand everything.

We don't pretend he is perfect. We admit that he has an uncontrollable appetite for the *Congressional Record*. We have to keep this peculiar publication out of his reach. He will sit for hours and watch with burning eyes the iron safe in which we are obliged to shut up the *Record* for safe-keeping. Once in a while we let him have a number or two. He becomes uneasy without it. It is his catnip.

With the exception of this pardonable excess he is a blameless beast. He mouses out all the stupid stuff and nonsense that finds its way into the office and goes for it tooth and claw. He is the biggest copyholder in the world. And he never gets tired. His health is good, and we have not deemed it necessary to take out a policy on any one of his valuable lives.

Many of our esteemed contemporaries are furnishing their offices with cats, but they can never hope to have the equal of the *Sun's* venerable polyphage. He is a cat of genius.

The cat may have contracted his hatred of the dull and prosy from the men who worked in the *Sun* office when Amos Cummings smiled and swore and got out the greatest four-page paper ever seen, singing the while the song of Walker's filibusters:

How would you like a soldier's life  
On the plains of Nicara-goo?  
Marching away and fighting all day,  
Nothing to eat and as much to pay—  
We do it all for glory, they say,  
On the plains of Nicara-goo.  
Not a bit of breakfast did I see,  
And dinner was all the same to me;  
Two fried oats and three fried rats  
Was a supper at Nicara-goo.  
Marching away and fighting all day,  
Nothing to eat and as much to pay—  
We do it all for glory, they say,  
On the plains of Nicara-goo!

Cummings worked so hard that in 1873 he broke down and the *Sun* sent him to Florida. There he wandered about, explor-

ing rivers, studying the natives, and writing for the *Sun*, over the signature of "Ziska," a series of travel letters as interesting as any that ever appeared in a newspaper. When he returned to New York in 1876, John Kelly, then endeavoring to raise Tammany from the mire into which Tweed had dropped it, persuaded Cummings to become managing editor of the New York *Express*. Cummings did not stay long on the *Express*, being disgusted with Kelly's hostility toward Tilden's candidacy for the Presidential nomination, and he went back to the *Sun*.

#### THE LATER CAREER OF AMOS CUMMINGS

For the next ten years his efforts were mostly in the direction of improving the weekly issue. In 1886 he was elected to the House of Representatives from a West Side district, but he maintained his connection with the *Sun*, and in 1887, he became editor of the *Evening Sun* then just started. In 1888 Cummings resigned from the House, saying that he was too poor to be a Congressman, but on the death of Representative Samuel Sullivan ("Sunset") Cox he consented to take the vacant place and continue Cox's battles for the welfare of the letter-carriers. His service in the House lasted fifteen years. Cummings was a great labor advocate, not only in behalf of letter-carriers, but of printers, navy-yard employees, and musicians. He had the last-named in mind when he said in a speech on an alien-labor bill:

As the law now stands, when a German student, or one of those fellows that swill beer along the Rhine, desires to come here for the summer, all he has to do is get a saxophone or some other kind of musical instrument, call himself an artist, and be allowed to land here.

That was Amos's convincing, if inelegant, style. When he introduced a bill to com-

pensate navy-yard men for labor already performed, but not paid for, Representative Holman, of Indiana, asked:

"How much money will it take out of the Treasury?"

"None of your business!" snapped Cummings. "The government must pay its just debts."

While he was in the House, Cummings wrote a series of articles on the big men of Washington. He was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions of 1892 and 1896. He died in Baltimore May 2, 1902, and a Republican House of Representatives voted a public funeral to this militant Democrat.

Greater news men than Cummings followed him, undoubtedly, but there was no newspaperman in New York before his time who knew better what news was or how to handle it; not even the elder Bennett, for that great man knew only the news that looked big. Cummings was the first to know the news that felt big.

It was Cummings and his work that Henry Watterson had in mind when he one day remarked to Mr. Dana:

"The *Sun* is a damned good paper, but you don't make it."

That statement undoubtedly pleased the editor of the *Sun*, for it was evidence from an expert that he had carried his theory to success. He had set men free to write what they saw, as they saw it, in their own way. It was the *Sun* way, and that was what he wanted. As Dana himself handed down this heritage of literary freedom in his editorial page to Mitchell, so he gave to the men on the news pages, through Amos Cummings and Chester S. Lord and their successors, the right to watch with open eyes the world pass by, and to describe that parade in a different way three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

(To be continued in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

#### SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

SOMETIMES a tiny lock of fadeless hair  
Bears silent witness to the heart's despair,  
Or flowers pressed in some long-cherished book—  
Pathetic memory of love's last look.

William H. Hayne

# The Glass Slipper

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

WITH a phantom effect it fell from the club piazza into the bank of rhododendrons and ferns below—something white, with a moment's glitter as it cut the moonlight.

"Aha!" cried Jasper Brooke, and went on in the immemorial witticism: "Dropped something!"

Rufus Lyman, seated half-way down the steps that led from the piazza to the drive, sprang over into the shrubbery and in a second emerged with a satin slipper, buckled with rhinestones. There was a chorus of young laughter.

"Will *Cinderella* and the proud stepsisters kindly present their tootsies for the prince to fit?" singsonged Jasper in the manner of a court chamberlain.

"Give it here, Reddy," commanded Aline Ashmead peremptorily. "I dropped it. Thank you!"

Aline had gone to school with Rufus when the dark auburn of his hair burned more ruddily, and she had never given up his youthful nickname, even though various other habits of their old comradeship had recently been shed. She stuck out her silk-stockinged foot, substantial though slender, as became her pliant length of figure, and young Lyman, dropping his manner of exaggerated courtliness, settled the slipper firmly—almost brusquely—upon it. Then, returning to his place, he resumed his occupation of fanning Evelyn Hiller.

"What a silly story it is, after all!" that young woman commented.

She thrust her own foot forward into a band of light streaming from the clubhouse. It was a pretty foot, an uncommonly pretty foot, though she surveyed it with an air of disparagement. Just now it was shod in cloth of gold; there was a gleam of golden gauze about her arms and in her dark hair.

"Starlight and midnight," Jasper Brooke had described her, not ineptly, earlier in the evening, and had colloquially hazarded the guess that "she was out to make a killing."

She went on with her exposition of the silliness of the *Cinderella* myth.

"A lover who couldn't be sure of his sweetheart except by so purely physical a test! It's almost immoral!"

"What would you suggest instead?" inquired Jasper, with ever-lively curiosity. "I need help in picking out the right girl."

"Oh, I haven't any ready-made rule," said Evelyn. Her head was in the shadow of a porch pillar, and from that vantage-point of obscurity she watched Rufus. "But I suppose common tastes, intellectual sympathies, the same beliefs—isn't that the safest measure? Don't you think so, Rufus?"

Though she had been a newcomer to Roslynmead two years ago, she had fallen into the intimate nomenclature of its younger set.

"That seems to be the modern idea," agreed Rufus, rather uninterestedly.

"What do you think, Aline?" asked Jasper.

"I haven't thought about it at all," the girl replied indifferently, even ungraciously. She rose as she spoke. "There's the two-step beginning, and Monty'll be looking for me. I'll go in."

Rufus Lyman's eyes followed her resentfully as she crossed the wide piazza, with its colored lanterns gleaming incongruously in the white beauty of the night. Evelyn, watching the direction of his glance, stiffened, hardened.

"It's a queer thing about pacifism," commented Jasper, also watching Aline's departure. "It seems to make its devotees so everlastingly bad-tempered. Life is one

long grouch, if you believe in the rule of love and peace. Even a dance isn't a truce in your hostilities with the rest of the world. Now, once, Aline—"

But Rufus, apparently, had no mind to listen to criticisms of his old schoolmate, however he might scowl upon her.

"You'd probably lose some of your own Sunny-Jimness, Jasp," he interrupted, "if you were the champion of a lost cause. It's easy enough to keep smiling when you're going the same way as the crowd."

"What I don't understand about Aline," said Evelyn, with an engaging air of thoughtfulness, "is her—her—I don't know the right word. 'Conceit' sounds unkind, and I don't mean to be unkind; but really, isn't it a little conceited for one person to think her judgment so much better than that of many, many wise and experienced and learned people, men who have a real knowledge of conditions? Even if one didn't particularly love one's country, didn't think it"—her voice vibrated charmingly—"a land to lay down one's life for, why, even then, wouldn't one have a little doubt of one's own infallibility merely about its policies?"

It was toward Rufus that she looked for a reply; but Rufus was staring, a frown between his eyes, toward the high moon. Jasper, the ever conversational, answered her rather haltingly.

"Aline isn't conceited, however she may seem just now," he insisted loyally. "She's just a nut—a temporary nut. She'll come around. If you had known her always, as the rest of us have, you'd understand. She gets dippy every now and then over one thing or another, but—oh, you'll see! She'll come around all right."

"I'm sure I hope so!" Evelyn's voice was plaintive. "We need her dreadfully for the Red Cross. There are so few of us in town who can run our cars through the country, drumming up membership. Aline could do it in that runabout of her uncle's that she uses, if only she would. Her work takes her outside the town often, too. I did a hundred and thirty-two miles to-day. That's why I am so tired to-night. I think I'll make mother and Martha come home now."

"Let me take you," said Rufus. "There's no need of your spoiling Martha's good time. I'll run you down in a jiffy."

"Are you sure you won't be forsaking your partners?"

"I'm not dancing to-night," he answered rather shortly. Then he amended his manner to one of gallantry. "Hadh't you noticed that?"

She stood up and looked at him with faint reproachfulness.

"How could I be sure," she asked, "that it was not merely with me you weren't dancing?"

"That would be so likely!" he scoffed.

"Well, then, if you will run me down home, I'll go in and tell mother and Martha I'm off."

Jasper, who had watched the byplay with a touch of aggrievedness tempering the customary mere inquisitiveness of his manner, now asked solicitously:

"How's your knee to-day, old man?"

"It's all right." Rufus's tone was meant to act as a stop-gap, but Jasper had no respect for the innuendo. If an old friend objected to his talking about this thing or that, the old friend had to serve unmistakable notice in words of one syllable.

"Hasn't bothered you before for years, has it?"

"It's not bothering me now."

Rufus was somewhat too positive to be entirely convincing. He moved away as he spoke, and with a "Well, good night, Jasp," went back to the club sheds, where his machine was parked.

## II

WHEN he drove around to the porch, Evelyn, beautiful, graceful, black and rose and gold in the lights from lantern and moon, waited for him. She was very handsome—almost alluring. Rufus paid her the intellectual tribute of admitting her charm; yet he knew, quite definitely, that he was not going to propose to her that night.

It was, he was fairly certain, a postponement merely. He believed that he would have yielded weeks ago to her attraction, and to the flattery of her quite obvious preference for him, had not his impulse always been side-tracked, as it were, by the

train of irritation, of actual hostility, which Aline's astounding development of opinion had planted between him and the progress of an easy courtship. She had kept him in a state of bewilderment and pugnacity, in which his realization of the attraction Evelyn exerted upon him was intermittent. Aline Ashmead—his oldest, his most intimate girl friend!

Once upon a time he had imagined himself in love with her for a week or two. It had been during his junior vacation from the institute, and her freshman vacation from Bryn Mawr. She had been subtly changed from the girl he had always known—changed just enough to have glamour added to all her old, tried qualities. But she had scoffed at his essay into love-making with a brutal, wholesome amusement that had rapidly restored their relations to the old plane of fraternal comradeship.

"No *King Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid* in mine!" she had declared in reprehensibly vigorous language.

"Oh, rot!" he had retorted, a trifle warm behind the ears.

For he could recognize, when it was thus candidly presented to his attention, that there had been a certain condescension—at any rate an assurance—in his attitude. He had not been the son of the richest man in Roslynmead, six feet one in his socks, stroke oar on his class team, and assured of the varsity, without being subconsciously aware that he was a very desirable young male; but it had annoyed him to have Aline perceive his consciousness of the fact—indeed, to have her bring home to his own realization his consciousness of it. He had told himself hotly that it wasn't true. He did not think himself a catch just because so many girls had openly tried to persuade him that they thought him one! And certainly not for a moment had it occurred to him to feature Aline as the *Beggar Maid* of a *King Cophetua* romance, though it was undeniable that her widowed mother was better endowed with gentility than with affluence.

However, the premature little bud had been blighted by Miss Ashmead's rude blast of youthful scorn, and they had quickly drifted back into their long give-and-take

intimacy. For the last five years he had never given her other than a brotherly thought. Indeed, except for the purposes of brief evening flirtations—as much a part of the festive routine as his evening clothes and dancing-pumps—he had given no girl any very sentimental thought until Evelyn Hiller had come to Roslynmead.

The Lyman Chemical Works stood on the edge of the town, far enough removed from it to be satisfactory in the matter of soft-coal smoke and smells, near enough to afford that solid foundation for communal prosperity, a large industrial class. Rufus had gone into the works when he had come home from his postgraduate year at the institute—the nations of the earth having rudely interfered with his plan for a year's study in Germany. Aline, arriving later at Roslynmead, had also found employment at the Lyman plant as an active assistant to Miss Meigs, who directed the welfare work among the foreign employees and their families.

From the very moment of her return there had been indications of that intellectual difference between them which had culminated in the actual breach in their old friendship as the date of the country's entry into war marched nearer and nearer. At first Rufus had blunderingly—as it seemed to him later—ascribed the girl's abruptness, her outspoken hatred of his opinions, to jealousy of his interest in Evelyn Hiller. Pretty cheeky of Aline—so he had called it in a rosy glow of pride engendered by that explanation—to be stand-offish with him over his attentions to another girl, after the way she had turned him down when they were kids!

But gradually that flattering hypothesis grew to seem inadequate. Aline was embittered toward him, not because she cared a peanut about his love-affairs, but because—of all insanities—she loathed his political views! Aline was, as Jasper said, a nut!

She had chosen to see the national situation with the eyes of a pacifist, while Rufus had been restrained from uttering seditiously vituperative attacks upon a President and Congress who seemed to his ardor dilatory, even cowardly, only by his respect for constituted authority. He burned to offer

his services to any government of the Allies that would accept them; but his father had been disabled for months, and his work at the factory was increasingly responsible.

Naturally, Rufus had stormed at Aline about national honor, Anglo-Saxon ideals, Lafayette, and Rochambeau. Aline, white-lipped and brilliant-eyed, had retorted with the families who couldn't, she affirmed, possibly afford war, but who must do the fighting if it came. She had even been guilty of what Rufus called the blasphemy of opposing to the Magna Carta the Sermon on the Mount. Their arguments had the customary result of all argument—each was greatly and passionately strengthened in the belief already held.

### III

BUT meanwhile Rufus's courtship of Evelyn Hiller hung fire. Evelyn needed no converting. She had already proclaimed herself convinced that national honor demanded America's entry into the war. She knitted for the men in the trenches and the men in the ambulances; she managed booths at fairs; she organized lectures by home-returning war-correspondents. She had long ago relieved Mrs. Hiller of the showier duties of the feminine head of a household and participant in society. There was no question that the daughter performed them more gracefully than the mother would have done.

Finally, when the great day arrived, a mammoth flag was flung from her windows almost before the ink was dry on the President's declaration that a state of war existed between this country and Germany. On the same day Rufus joined the Roslynmead Buffs, a military organization that had existed continuously, if sometimes rather languidly, from the period following the Revolution.

He had almost proposed to Evelyn that night. For, when he had told her his news, she, with the prettiest impulse, had cried: "Oh, my dear, my dear!" and had leaned toward him in unmistakable invitation. But as he, kindling, bent to her, her father, a corpulent gentleman of uncertain rhetoric and poor domestic diplomacy, had stumped along the hall, the evening paper in his

hand and many words upon his lips. Rufus and Evelyn had drawn back, he with a strange, fleeting impression of rescue; and the radiant moment had not come again.

Rufus had begun to ask himself how Aline had taken the day's news. Her obstinacy, her determined blindness to national duty, national decency, made a sore spot in his mind, one that he continually pressed to see how much it was hurting.

Well, Aline had taken it as might have been expected. She had affected amusement because the Roslynmead Buffs, organized a century and a quarter ago in zealous distrust of Great Britain, should now be polishing their figurative swords to draw in her behalf. She had derided, with a heat which perhaps indicated a lack of conviction, his claim that the sword was drawn in democracy's behalf, not England's. She had talked of the profits of munition-makers. Oh, there had not been a single one of the pacifist's red flags that she had not waved defiantly before her old friend's angry eyes!

After that day they had met no more, except on neutral territory. He never went to her mother's house, he never went into Miss Meigs's office at the works. He spent a good deal of time with Evelyn; and, although the magic moment of impulse had never come again, he knew that he was going to propose to her as soon as he could attune his irritated, outraged emotions to the melodious measures of a courtship.

He perceived, of course, with some faculty of his mind that sat appraisingly apart from the heat of life, that Evelyn intended it; but, after all, he told himself, that did not matter. The times were gone when girls pretended not to know their own minds. One had not seen "Man and Superman" for nothing! And she attracted him, even if she did not particularly intrigue his imagination, his interest. She was what the wife of a successful, practical young man should be. What more did any one want? The story-tellers and poets with their grand passions and their lyric loves were—story-tellers and poets!

Evelyn was also fairly confident of the end of her campaign; not entirely comfortable, not perfectly assured, but sufficiently

so to endure with equanimity the criticisms she felt thick about her. It had been a campaign, she admitted. She had wanted Rufus, if not from the first moment she had seen him, at any rate, from the first moment that she had known him for the son of the Lyman Chemical Works. Perhaps it had been too patently a campaign; perhaps she had, by a certain feverishness of method, merited the sneering comment of Anna Sands, overheard as she had besought Rufus's aid once in the winter, in the matter of a loosened skate.

"Why doesn't she disguise her hook?" Anna had asked.

But she had wanted him badly, the son of the Lyman Chemical Works. She had wanted various things that the unambition, the unsuccess of her parents had thus far denied her, though it was her passionate public pretense that she had them—money, position, security. That these great gifts should be embodied in the highly presentable person of a young man whom it would certainly be easy to love, made her aspiration, her intention, wear, to her, the colors of romance.

Nevertheless Rufus did not propose to her on that homeward drive from the club dance. He was undeniably moody, passing from a somewhat strained and deliberate gaiety of manner into abstraction.

Evelyn set her teeth. When they were married she would tell him a few home truths about moods!

#### IV

Two days after the dance Aline, coming out of Miss Meigs's office, saw Rufus walking slowly, almost like an old man, across the quadrangle about which the buildings were grouped, toward the executive offices. She stared after him, a little frown of anxiety between her eyes. It wasn't like Rufus to go haltingly!

Had Evelyn—but that was out of the question. Evelyn, of course, had not discarded him after leading him on for six months. Evelyn had not been coquetting, Aline's intuition told her; she had been working! Where else, indeed, in Roslynmead would she find the thing for which, patently to all clear-seeing feminine eyes,

she was striving? No, it was not Evelyn who had taken the spring from his tread, the confidence from his bearing.

What then? Trouble in the works? No, she—Aline—would have heard underground murmurs of approaching disagreements before even Rufus.

Oh, well, she could not waste time speculating about it! Probably, she told herself with a grimace of impatience and distaste, the French had lost half an inch along the Aisne. At the moment she impartially hated all the world of nations and longed, like a competent mother at the end of her endurance, to advance into their *mêlée*, to spank and send them all into retirement "until they could learn how to behave themselves." Not from long-suffering amiability of spirit was Miss Ashmead enrolled among the pacifists!

That evening Rufus went out to the Hiller place. Martha and Evelyn were having a sisterly quarrel in the hall, and Martha's young voice rang out in high defiance:

"Well, I think it's perfectly piggy the way you're treating him! And if that old dub of a rector gets him fired from the church just because he thinks a minister ought to be for peace, and you go back on him, I'll—I'll marry him myself!"

"Of course Michael would feel perfectly repaid for anything by that!"

Then Evelyn gave a start. Rufus came up on the porch. Martha repressed a nervous giggle; but apparently he had heard nothing. He walked slowly. He almost crawled up the steps.

"Good evening," he said, seeming to drag his voice from a distance. "Are you at home, and may I stay for a while? Are you coming out on the piazza, or shall I come in?"

"I was just going out to the hammock," said Evelyn smoothly; "and Martha's just starting for the Dunns'."

Martha's lips opened on a protest, but she remembered the whole duty of younger sisters, and vanished after a word or two.

After Evelyn had adjusted her muslins in the swinging seat, Rufus sat heavily on a chair opposite her.

"Isn't to-day's news disgraceful?" cried the girl. "To think of the way Congress

sits back and talks and talks and talks! While France—oh, it makes me wild! Why don't we do something?"

She was charmingly flushed by her zeal.

"Oh, I dare say something's getting done," said Rufus dully.

Her manner of excitement dropped from her like a becoming cloak let slip. She stared at him in astonishment. Rufus usually kindled to words like these as to a torch.

"What's the matter, Rufus?" She swung the hammock nearer him and leaned toward him. She put her hand—slender, white, and smooth—upon his knee. "Something's wrong. What is it?"

Her voice was tender. His hand closed tightly, convulsively, over hers; his eyes searched hers eagerly.

"Something is wrong, Evelyn," he told her. "I can't go with the Buffs into camp or—anywhere!"

"Can't go?"

"No. It's like this." He was broodingly silent for a minute. "You didn't know me when I was a boy," he went on; "but twelve years ago, when I was fourteen, I had an attack of this damnable infantile paralysis. It wasn't severe. If affected only my left leg. Of course, everything in the world was done for me—electricity, massage, special gymnastics. It seemed all right at the end of two years. It *was* all right." Rufus seemed to be arguing against some obstinate, invisible opponent. "It was all right! Why, I could have played football if I hadn't been so much keener on rowing."

Again he broke off and frowned backward into his past.

"Yes, yes," she whispered.

"Well, the drill has done for me—shown me up. It has shown up my knee—its inherent weakness. It isn't a good enough leg for the real thing. It gave way in drill the other night, and again, and worse, last night. And to-day—to-day they went over me again. I'll—I'll have to get out to make room for a whole fellow. Golf is about my limit!" He spoke with a savage bitterness.

"Do you mean," she asked excitedly, "that you don't have to go to war? That you are sufficiently disabled—"

His hand withdrew from hers, but she disregarded the signal.

"To be exempt?" she went on. "Oh, Rufus, Rufus! I am so glad, so happy! I—I"—she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief—"have been so frightened, so miserable! I would not say a word to weaken or discourage you, to unman you. I know how to be a soldier's—a soldier's friend; but you don't blame me, do you, for being glad with all my heart—with all my heart, Rufus—that you can honorably stay at home? Oh, but I am thankful—so thankful, my dear!"

She leaned back again. It was his move. She could have prompted him. He ought to say now, in a shaking voice:

"Do you, then, care so much, Evelyn?"

But what he was saying, in a curious, rather strained tone, was something quite different.

"It's awfully kind of you to feel that way about it, Evelyn. But—oh, well, I don't suppose any one can understand what it means to me."

So she had blundered! She drew a sharp breath, and was about to try again, though she had a chilly premonition of failure, when a telegraph-boy jumped from his bicycle in front of the house. The yellow slip he carried was for her. She switched on the piazza light and read the message.

"There is no answer," she said, and crushed the thing into a ball, which she tossed through the screen door onto the hall-table. But when the boy rode off again and she came to the swinging seat, Rufus was standing.

"I'm no sort of company to-night," he said. "I ought to be ashamed to have inflicted myself on you. I'll take myself off."

"I wish you wouldn't! I'd do my best to help you bear your disappointment—a friend wants to be of use. And, of course, you understand, Rufus, that I am sorry you are disappointed, however glad I cannot help being that you are to be safe."

"You're no end good," he assured her with formal gratitude, and was gone.

Whereupon she retrieved her telegram, smoothed it out, read it again, and, being a young woman of admirably provident habits, wrote out a night-letter to the Rev.

Michael Calhoun, St. Boniface's Church, New York, in which she said that, of course, he could count upon her sympathy and support in whatever course his conscience dictated.

## V

MEANWHILE Rufus found his feet taking the familiar path toward the Ashmead house. Since he could not have that which he had gone seeking—full sympathy, full understanding of the sharpness of his disappointment—he would have a quarrel. He began to feel as if Aline had somehow plotted this disaster of his. He had to have it out with her.

She was at home, writing at the black-walnut secretary in the comfortable, homely sitting-room. He heard her mother's voice from a neighboring porch. She greeted him more kindly than he had expected.

"Anything wrong, Reddy?" she asked him after a few pointless preliminaries.

"You won't think so."

"Try me and see."

"It's"—his mouth twisted grimly to keep from quivering—"it's that confounded leg of mine. Acting up after all this time! My knee went to pieces in drill. I've—I've got to get out of the Buffs. One less American—you ought to be—"

"Reddy!"

Unbelief, anger, resentment, spoke in her voice, but he knew that these were not for the gibe he had been attempting.

"Fact. I can't stand the gaff."

"Reddy! Oh, what a shame! What an outrage! Why, they must let you go! It's ridiculous. Look at that little shrimp, Joe Grieves—he never yet went on a picnic where the sun, or the lemonade, or something didn't make him sick! And Algy Devine—he's a mental defective if ever there was one! Oh piffle! They've got to let you go—"

"They won't." He came slowly out of the nightmare of his disappointment to examine her curiously. "But—but I didn't expect you to take it like this, Lina. You ought to be glad, you know, with your views—"

He broke off before something in her eyes. They stared at each other across the little

room. Understanding began to glow in him, to run warm and sweet through his veins. The air between them seemed to grow clear, luminous, vibrant. There was a tremble of passionate tears upon Aline's eyelids. He got to his feet. He shook with the excitement of a great discovery.

"Oh, Reddy, I can't bear it," she was sobbing. "You want it so, you care about it so, you believe in it so! You've got to have it, one way or another—you've got to, got to—"

"Aline, do you know what you are saying?" He stood above her.

"No—yes—of course I know what I am saying!"

"No, you don't! You're shouting—simply shouting—that you love me," he informed her, suddenly calm, filled with an elation like a still, tremendous tide. He knelt beside her. His arms went about her. "That you love me—like this—like this! And I am telling you—oh, my darling, my dear—that I thank God I have the right to love you!"

By and by, when the miracle of their discovery of each other ceased to fill the universe to the exclusion of everything else, he said:

"But, Aline, you're a pacifist—a hot-headed, ill-tempered, overbearing pacifist—and I should like to lock all your kind in jail. And to you I'm a jingo and a blood-thirsty profiteer, and you want to strangle me. And yet—"

"Don't you see, Reddy? It isn't necessary that people should think the same thing—only that they should think with the same reality, and so be able to understand each other. It's because I care so—so intensely—for what I believe, that I understand how intensely you care. And, oh, Reddy, you've got to have it somehow—got to have your share, your part! You shall have it!"

He did not answer. There was a smile on his face as he watched hers, flushed, starry, self-forgetful.

"The glass slipper," he remarked irrelevantly. "Only *Cinderella* might wear it, though there were so many pretty little feet in the world!"

# The Odd Measure

A Democratic  
Autocrat of  
the Orient

*Vajiravudh,  
King of Siam,  
Who Is at War  
with the Kaiser*

THE declaration of war against the Kaiser by the King of Siam, followed by the recent call for volunteers from among his loyal subjects, has turned the lime-light of inquiry upon this little-known sovereign and his out-of-the-way state.

The first impression one gets from meeting his majesty, Maha Vajiravudh, is that he is a gentleman of unusually high culture. His English accent is perfect and his vocabulary large; and, although equally at home in French and German, it is to English that he turns with greater pleasure than to any other foreign tongue.

When a lad of twelve, Prince Vajiravudh was sent to England and put in charge of the brother of a noted archbishop—a man renowned for learning and eloquence. The next decade of his life was spent in Europe, mostly in Great Britain, where he studied at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and at Christ Church, Oxford, besides serving for a time in an English regiment. He has written in English on historical, political, and scientific subjects. Just lately he has been amusing himself by writing English plays, which he himself produces and directs as stage-manager.

The king also acts as stage-manager of his cabinet, being his own prime minister. He is emphatically the ruler of his people, and has a tremendous tradition behind him. For centuries the Siamese have looked up to their sovereign as a divine being.

Siam is a tranquil and contented country, whose people are far better off than their neighbors, the British-ruled Burmese and the French-governed Indo-Chinese. In these neighboring states taxation is exceedingly high, and a constant stream of emigration flows from them into the kingdom of Vajiravudh. The Siamese monarch is working for his people by methods of his own. Nothing distresses him more than the aping of European customs and costumes; nothing pleases him so much as the development of his country along natural and nationalistic lines.

Vajiravudh is cautious in making up his mind, but acts promptly when once the decision is made. The announcement of war with Germany was immediately followed by the internment of all Teutons in the kingdom. One of the prominent European clubs in Bangkok was the German Club. This the king took over and fitted up for the accommodation of the German women and children, while the men were taken to a discarded palace outside the city walls. Within twenty-four hours of the declaration every German and Austrian in Siam was under lock and key, and the nineteen German vessels lying at anchor in the Menam River were manned by Siamese sailors and flying the Siamese flag.

Many foreign officers—American, English, French, and German—were formerly employed in the Siamese army, but these have been displaced by natives, all of whom are graduates of foreign military colleges. The king himself is a thoroughly-trained soldier, and he gives personal attention to selecting and testing the leaders of his fighting men.

As in the army, so also in the schools of Siam, he shows a never-tiring interest. The University of Bangkok, started by his father, is still scattered all over the city, but the former rather loosely amalgamated colleges have been knit together more closely; and while there is no chancellor of the university, the royal minister of education is as it were the centralizing link of the entire educational system. Some of the most worthy and ambitious youths are sent to foreign schools; but of course it is impossible for all the young men of Siam to go to Europe or America for college

degrees, and the king is seeing to it that good schools shall be provided for them at home.

Another thing that is sure to impress the visitor to Siam is the pomp and magnificence of Vajiravudh's court. The most democratic of gentlemen in his every-day intercourse with Europeans and Americans, no one could be stricter in his demand for an elaborate etiquette at state functions. At the time of his coronation, seven years ago, he dazzled Occidental spectators with ornate ceremonies, as well as with the costly jewels and gorgeous costumes worn by himself and his attendants.

Not above medium height, and compactly built, his majesty is careful to keep himself in the best possible physical condition. He is a good horseman and a skilful fencer, and enjoys giving his pet regiment—known as the War Tigers—the hardest possible afternoon on the drill-field. He is fond of all outdoor sports. Following his lead, everybody in Bangkok belongs to the Royal Sports Club, where everything from tennis to golf and from football to cricket finds its place.

Immediately upon coming into power, Vajiravudh banished the royal harem, an institution having the sanction of twenty-five centuries. As king, he is the head of both church and state. He has taken his place among the shaven monks to beg his food from door to door, and he has outdone even his father in his devotion to the tenets of the Buddhistic faith.

It will be seen that in some respects this interesting figure is a man of contradictions.

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### Kerensky and His Work for the New Russia

*Whatever His Future,  
He Is One of the  
Historic Figures  
of His Time*

**T**O-MORROW all the gods of democracy might weaken for a moment, and Alexander Feodorovitch Kerensky, the mainstay of the Russian revolution, might suffer the fate of Danton, whom he resembles in eloquence; of Robespierre, of whom his nervous figure is a counterpart; of the bloodthirsty Marat, to whom he is such a contrast, and of Camille Desmoulins, that youthful enthusiast for the rights of man, whose more forceful twin brother he might be. Indeed, do we not tremble for his safety each day, and ask anxiously what the evening papers say? Whatever our hopes and beliefs, in these times it is not safe to speak in the present of the leaders of a mighty revolution.

At all events, in power or out, dead or alive, Kerensky's is a personality of the very greatest interest, and he will go down in history as one of the principals of the great drama which is now being written in the toil and blood of nations.

Kerensky is not, as some have supposed, an anarchist by the grace of an emotional disposition such as actuates certain agitators of industrial revolt in America. He is not even an out-and-out Marxian socialist. In fact, there is nothing to distinguish him politically from Aristide Briand, lately premier of France, in M. Briand's recent aspect, except the fact that Kerensky has always been what he is now and has never turned his coat.

To the graybeards of politics Kerensky is a mere youth. He was born in 1881, the son of a school-teacher in a Siberian village. A little later his father was transferred to Tashkent, the capital of Russian Turkestan, where young Alexander Feodorovitch grew up to manhood. Then he went to Petrograd, studied law, and soon became a favorite attorney in political cases.

In 1910 the electorate of Saratoff sent him to the Duma, a representative of the Party of Toil, the Russian peasant party which leans to socialism without adopting its ultimate doctrines. He himself, from the beginning of his political consciousness, had been as much opposed to strict Marxism as to Czarism. He was an eager seeker of the golden medium which, while giving the people that to which they are entitled by their toil, yet would not abolish the governing authority without which there can be no organized,

civilized state until we attain the millennium and all men are unselfish, just, and wise.

At Petrograd, Kerensky joined the chosen circle of the Intelligentsia, the "intellectuals" of his time and country. When the revolution came he was made a member of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, in which, at times, he was almost alone to hold out for moderation and common sense, not only against anarchy, but against the wildest of the nihilists' dreams. As minister of justice, one of his cries was:

"No petty vindictiveness against the deposed Czar, but humanity and a fair trial!"

His appeal was heeded. The Czar and his family have not only had their lives spared and protected, but have apparently been treated with the utmost consideration compatible with existing conditions.

Kerensky has had a man's work—nay, almost a superman's work—to do in holding disorganized Russia together. His vigorous methods were illustrated when there first arose the problem of the German propaganda among the Russian troops—the fraternizing across the firing-lines, and the desertion of whole regiments. Kerensky, now minister of war and also premier, went to the front and harangued the soldier muzhiks. His words had no perceptible effect. He donned his uniform and went into the trenches, the first to lead an attack on the enemy. The soldiers began to admire him. Then he was wounded in action—so unostentatiously that Americans never heard of it until we received photographs of Kerensky that showed him with his right arm in a sling; and then the Russian army was with him and for him. Probably a war minister had never before risked the fate of a common private in battle.

Pessimists say that Kerensky relies too much on the force of his intellectual and moral appeal. Optimists reply that so far events have proved him right. So far, yes—events are giving points to the optimists; but what will the morrow bring?

Kerensky's government calls itself a government of social salvation. He and his followers are confident that it will prove so; but revolutions are unruly things.

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### Russia's Strange Race of Soldiers

*The Cossacks Are  
Likely to Prove a  
Problem for the  
New Republic*

IT appears that General Kaledines retains his position as *ataman* or *hetman*—"head man"—of the Cossacks, in spite of his complicity in Korniloff's unsuccessful attempt to seize the reins of power. His followers seem to have been ready to raise the standard of revolt rather than consent to the punishment of their leader, and Premier Kerensky wisely restored his command.

The peculiar military and civil organization of the Cossacks has not been modified by the change that has taken place in Russia. A mixed Tatar and Slav people, they were settled along the Don, the Dnieper, and the Volga at least four hundred years ago, harassing indiscriminately their Polish, Russian, or Turkish neighbors. "Cossack" is a Tatar word which may be translated as "free-lance," but beyond their own borders it came to be synonymous with "freebooter." By the time of the Empress Catherine they had been brought into some sort of subjection to the Russian Czars, whom they agreed to serve as a special military caste.

In return for certain privileges, every male Cossack, on the attainment of his eighteenth year, becomes a member of the Russian army. He trains for three years, serves with the colors for twelve years, and passes into the active reserve for five years. He supplies his own kit, uniform, and horse, and receives from the government a saber, a lance, a rifle and ammunition, and the famous whip, or *nagaika*. The army unit is the *sotnia* of about a hundred men, and the whole fighting force, on a peace footing, was supposed to number fifty-two regiments of cavalry, eight battalions of infantry,

and twenty batteries of artillery, which in war time could be trebled without difficulty.

They are organized in twelve corps, or *voiskos*—those of the Don, Orenburg, Kuban, Terek, Ural, Astrakhan, Turkestan, the Amur, Transbaikalia, Semirychensk, Ussuri, and Siberia. The Don Cossacks and the Siberians have been rivals for the fighting honors in the great war.

In their home villages, or *stanitsas*, the Cossacks live in closed communities, holding their lands as family properties, but sharing forest and stream on communal lines, and yielding obedience to their elected chieftains. They do not pay taxes, nor were they subject to the general administration of the Russian Empire.

That the new government will find it no easy task to mold this strange people along the lines of a wider democracy is shown by the alarm taken at the threat to Kaledines. The Cossacks evidently felt that a blow was being struck at the very foundation of their privileges. They are an empire within the empire, a community within the Russian community, and like all primitive peoples they are suspicious of anything that endangers their independence.

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### The Ex-Czar's Prison Town in Siberia

*The Remote and  
Gloomy City of  
Tobolsk, on the  
River Irtysh*

THE deposed Czar Nicholas and his wife have recently been relegated to the city of Tobolsk, in western Siberia; but when the despatches went on to state that the journey was made by special train from Russia, the correspondents referred to but a part of the distance, as Tobolsk can only be reached by river.

It is at least a five-days' trip from Moscow, even in time of peace. You go southward to Tula, then eastward across the vast Russian plains to Samara and over the Ural Mountains to Tcheliabynsk, more than thirteen hundred miles from Moscow. At Tcheliabynsk the Trans-Siberian Railway begins its six-thousand-mile stretch across northern Asia. It carries the traveler five hundred miles, to Omsk, on the river Irtysh. There he must leave the train and go by boat for about two hundred and fifty miles down the northward-flowing Irtysh to Tobolsk.

The town is the oldest Russian settlement east of the Urals, having been founded in 1587. It was long the capital of Siberia, but its importance has declined since the railway passed it by so far to the south. Its population by the latest census was a little more than twenty-one thousand.

As you come down the river, the citadel, a cluster of whitewashed buildings, stands out on the bluff of a limestone cliff, access to which is had by a winding carriage road. And it is here that Russia's former autocrat will be detained; for around it cluster the government buildings and the cathedral with its golden dome. There is also a tower built by Swedish prisoners of war after Peter the Great's victory over Charles XII of Sweden at Poltava, in 1709. For the rest, the houses are mostly constructed of wood in various stages of decay. The streets, too, are paved with rough, wooden planks, and the clatter of traffic resembles a constant roll of drums, or far-off thunder.

The traveler finds two objects to interest him—the obelisk of Yermak and the bell of Ouglitch. Tobolsk is proud of its bell, and the shops are piled with souvenirs fashioned in the shape of the historic relic banished here in 1591 because it tolled the signal for an insurrection. They tell you that in those days exiles to Siberia had their nostrils burned away with red-hot pincers. It being impossible to carry out such a sentence in the case of the offending bell, its hanger was publicly removed in the presence of the Czar, in which state it remains to this day.

As you stroll through the weedy paths of the one public garden of Tobolsk, with its stunted birches and cedars, you come across the stone obelisk with its inscription to Yermak, the warrior who, with a handful

of Cossacks, captured western Siberia three centuries ago from the Tatar hordes.

Looking down from his prison in the citadel toward the plain, the unhappy Nicholas will see the lower city wrapped as in a blanket of fever-laden mist from the surrounding swamps. If he remains at Tobolsk, he will pass his summers in a land of dull skies, incessant rain, and swarms of mosquitoes, and his winters where intense cold is continuous, with an atmosphere that is damp, drab, and desolate. The mental stagnation that he will have to endure will probably be harder to bear than physical torture.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Henry Franklin  
Bouillon,  
Journalist and  
Statesman**

*A Man Whom the  
War Has Brought  
to the Front in  
French Politics*

**T**HERE is many a man—or woman—whose potential worth history overlooks unless some great event calls to it and makes it flower before the world. And here we shall owe much to the world war, in spite of its wanton destructiveness, its sacrifice of countless thousands of precious lives; for it has been a great crucible for the testing of national and individual character, a revealer of the strong and able men whom democracy needs in her service.

Henry Franklin Bouillon is one of those men who needed the storm of war to be carried, as it were, from the wings onto the stage, and down to the very footlights. Always a brilliant man, full of energy, charm, knowledge, and sympathy, a clever journalist, a belligerent orator, and a valuable friend, it was not until this year of 1917 that the bushel was lifted from over his light so that it might shine before all. Those who know him best say that if we watch that light, we shall see it growing day by day in candle-power.

"There is a great statesman in Bouillon," they say, and the easy French pun about a statesman *dans le bouillon*, meaning "done for," never occurs to them.

The thing that first tilted the obscuring bushel was Bouillon's appointment by the Ribot government as special commissioner to the United States. His eminent success here gave it a second tilt, and it was entirely removed when he became a member of the Painlevé cabinet.

The early part of the war M. Bouillon spent at the front as a simple lieutenant, serving as an interpreter between the armies of Joffre and French, taking part in the tragedy of Mons, the dreary yet hopeful retreat from the Marne, and the victory that was more than compensation for all hardships endured. But though he is still in his prime, he is no longer a youth of twenty, and after several months in hospital he was told to stay away from the front. So he went back to his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, which he won in 1910 and retained in 1914 after a hard fight, for the Caillaux affair had dealt a heavy blow to his party, the Radicals. Caillaux, the reader will remember, was president of the Radical party when his wife shot and killed Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, and the trial revealed most obnoxious details about the former premier's public career.

Bouillon's mother was an English girl, a native of the island of Jersey, where his republican father found refuge, in company with Victor Hugo and other good Frenchmen, when the second Napoleonic empire made them exiles. America's philosopher of democracy, Benjamin Franklin, was the spiritual godfather of the French boy, who spoke only English as a child, who received his education at English public schools, graduated from Cambridge University, and only after a residence of some years at Manchester and Bath, went to France to continue his higher studies at the Paris University. Meanwhile he had been teaching English and French literature, and had had the famous dramatist, Henri Bernstein, among his pupils.

During the war of 1897 between Greece and Turkey, Bouillon served as correspondent for the *Journal* in brilliant fashion, and gained the friend-

ship of Venizelos, the present Greek premier. In the following year he traveled to Africa, became an intimate friend of the Sultan of Darfur, and was the first to cable home the safe arrival of the Marchand expedition at Fashoda.

After being the editor of the *Volonté*, of Paris, for a year, and then devoting several years to personal business, he took over the editorship of the *Radical*, the foremost organ of his party, and one of the most influential political papers in France. He held this post until he began his political career by his election as a deputy from the department of Seine-et-Oise. Only seven years have passed since then, but they have been years that established, in politics, the law of the survival of the ablest and most sincere—the law that discounts money and influence, and rewards the qualities of the mind and heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Frank Vanderlip,**  
Adviser to the  
United States  
Treasury

*His Official  
Salary Is One  
Dollar a Year*

ONE dollar a year is the salary the United States is now paying to the Secretary of the Treasury's right-hand man, Frank Arthur Vanderlip. His is a form of unselfish service to country that stands out conspicuously even in these days of patriotic awakening. It should help to make every American willing to do his share in the struggle to make the world safe for democracy.

Mr. Vanderlip is a man still at the height of his manhood, distinguished in bearing, and with a face that bespeaks intellect and strength. President of the National City Bank of New York for the past eight years, he is one of the powers in the world of American finance. Unlike most of the men who stand as high in financial authority, he rose to his present position "by the force of his wrists," as the French say, and without any family inheritance or influence.

It is no ordinary young stenographer who can become a bank president, and that within such a short span of time. Nevertheless, like George B. Cortelyou, it was as a simple stenographer, and then as a newspaper reporter, that Mr. Vanderlip started his career. On the staff of the *Chicago Tribune* he familiarized himself with financial affairs, and when he was sent to interview Lyman J. Gage, then Secretary of the Treasury, his intelligent questions and observations so impressed the man in power that, almost overnight, Mr. Vanderlip found himself private secretary to Mr. Gage, and then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. At this time he was thirty-two years old.

Next James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, discovered Vanderlip and determined to get him away from the Treasury Department. Mr. Stillman is a man who seldom fails to do what he sets out to accomplish, and he did not fail in this instance. Vanderlip left the government service for that of the great New York bank, and was sent abroad to familiarize himself with international finance. Then there was a desk waiting for him at home, and Mr. Stillman told him to "be vice-president for a while." Eight years of this, and then, upon his patron's retirement, he succeeded to the presidency.

Wall Street is mourning his temporary absence in Washington, for down there he is loved as the ambitious young man's guide, philosopher, and friend. Some one once said:

"You could scarcely throw a stone in the street without striking a man for whom Vanderlip has stood sponsor, or got a job, or whom he has fathered financially."

Could there be a better recommendation, in a personal way, for a Wall Street magnate?

In Washington, Mr. Vanderlip's official duties are chiefly concerned with the vast loan operations of the government. Unofficially, one may suppose, he has become Secretary McAdoo's confidential adviser in all things concerning the Treasury.

# The World of Books

**T**HE literature of the war is developing a bulk that is threatening to overwhelm even the most hardened librarians. In Washington a monster list is being compiled of all war publications throughout the world—a list that grows as fast as the busy compilers can work. On the section devoted to woman's part in the great conflict there are already more than a hundred titles.

London is attempting to collect all the literature of the war, with the idea of founding a great library in connection with the proposed national war museum. Professor Oman, of Oxford, is chairman of the committee that has undertaken this task, toward the completion of which more than forty thousand volumes have already been gathered and listed. Such a library will be a vast mine of raw material—very raw, most of it, of course—for the future historian of the war.

## Germany in the Pacific

ONE result of the war will be the beginning of a new era in the Pacific. C. B. Fletcher, who is a leading Sydney journalist, tells us in his "The New Pacific," with a preface by the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, premier of Australia, that Australians and New Zealanders will never tolerate that the islands once owned by Germany should again be used as a lever against other nations.

The question of the German colonies is likely to be one of the most thorny matters to be settled when the peace conference assembles. If the Australians and New Zealanders and South Africans say—and Mr. Fletcher, backed by his prime minister, maintains they must say—that they will never again live in close proximity to Germans, it is going to be exceedingly difficult for statesmen in London to say otherwise. To do so would be the quickest way to break up the British Empire. The Australians and New Zealanders hold that they have the right to decide their own future, and in their own eyes their safety requires that Germany should pay the penalty of forfeiture. On this point opinion at the antipodes is strong and positive.

Representatives of Australia are at present administering the German portion of New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago, New Zealanders are in control of German Samoa, and the Japanese of the German islands in the

North Pacific. It was back in 1884 that Germany annexed part of New Guinea, with New Britain and other islands, after giving assurances that she contemplated nothing of the kind. She changed the name of New Britain to Neu Pommern and that of New Ireland to Neu Mecklenburg, perpetuating on Mount Varzin the name of Bismarck's home in Pomerania.

The history of the islands in the Pacific is a story of mistrust and quarrels between traders and missionaries, with occasional interventions of home governments. Mr. Fletcher arrives at the conclusion that the future demands the cooperation of a trustworthy power, and hails the Americans, with their important interests in the Pacific, as a people racially and temperamentally allied to the Australians.

## Ambassador Gerard's Book

It is almost always dangerous to use superlatives, but even a cautious critic is tempted to say that the most interesting of all the myriad war books—at any rate, the most interesting to the average American reader—is Mr. Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany." It is not a history, but it is a book that the historian will need. It contains several things of historical importance—notably, its disclosure of the Kaiser's personal telegram to President Wilson of August 10, 1914, which so signally negatives the German pretense that the violation of Belgium was justified by any unneutral conduct on the victim's part.

The book was written, as the author says in his foreword, to make the American people realize the existing situation as they have hitherto failed to do—to make them visualize the tremendous power of the German war machine and understand the hideous spirit of ambition and hatred by which that machine is driven. Every reader—and every one should read it—will feel that it fulfils its purpose; and therein lies its great value.

"We stand in great peril," Mr. Gerard warns us. If we have no quarrel with the German people, as we have been told so often and so unctuously, it is quite certain that they have a bitter quarrel with us. To imagine otherwise is a dangerous delusion. "I believe," says Mr. Gerard, "that to-day all the bitterness of the hate formerly concentrated on England has been concentrated on the

United States"; and where could we find more authoritative testimony than his?

Before he became an ambassador Mr. Gerard was a New York lawyer of respectable success in his profession, popular in what are known as the best social circles, and married to the heiress of a large fortune from the West. He had figured in public life as chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee in New York, and as an associate justice of the State Supreme Court. Modest and genial in personality, the part he has played during the past four years has proved him to be a man of high ability, great force of character, and stalwart Americanism. "My Four Years in Germany" further demonstrates that he can write well, in a style which is all the more attractive because of its unaffected simplicity.

Besides his encounters with emperors and chancellors, Mr. Gerard had many lesser trials at the embassy in Berlin. Here, for instance, is an amusing incident which shows the spirit he displayed whenever the occasion demanded it:

Maurice Somborn, a German-American who represented in Germany an American business house, made it a practise to go about in Berlin and other cities and stand up in cafés and beer-halls in order to make addresses attacking the President of the United States. So bold did he become that he even, in the presence of a number of people in my room, one day said that he would like to hang Secretary Bryan as high as Haman and President Wilson one foot higher. The American newspapers stated that I called a servant and had him thrown out of the embassy. This statement is not entirely true; I selfishly kept that pleasure for myself.

A very peculiar statement appears on page 132 of Mr. Gerard's book—that on July 30, 1914, the day before Germany declared war, he "met Sir Edward Grey upon the street" in Berlin. It would indeed be a revelation if it were true that the British foreign minister had been in the Kaiser's capital that day; but "Sir Edward Grey" is no doubt a misprint for "Sir Edward Goschen," the British ambassador to Germany.

### War-Time Cook-Books

As one of its by-products, the war has given us a new school of culinary literature. As an honorable patriot, setting forth the practise of food conservation, the humble manual of cookery is now cordially and even respectfully treated by publisher and bookseller alike. Democracy in the book world can go no farther.

Cook-books come and go with the generations. The oilcloth-bound volume of our mothers, filled with rules for delectable local delights contributed by the "ladies of the church," and sold for the benefit of the new church carpet, is no longer considered worthy of a place in the kitchen. The domestic science graduate who invaded the land a few years ago saw to that. It was she who put modern theories of dietetics into the American cook-book. The fine flower of this period, and still the best-seller of its kind, was the late Fannie Merritt Farmer's masterpiece, the "Boston Cooking-School Cook-Book."

From this point there slowly developed two schools of kitchen literature—the cook-book of the teacher, and the cook-book of the cook; the one setting forth rules for making the things you ought to eat, and the other setting forth rules for making what you liked to eat. For years controversy waged between them. Not even the encroachments of their common enemy, the high cost of living, could bring about a settlement of their differences.

Then the war came along, and after that nobody cared. Cooking ceased to be a matter of butter and eggs, and became a question of corn-meal and calories. We now have with us a whole new school of cook-book writers, who sing the virtues of all those cheap and humble things to which our palates have long been happy strangers. Pound-cake and mince-meat are banished into the outer darkness. Eggs no longer appear in groups, but singly and at rare intervals; while butter is represented by a pallid substitute.

The epicure with a desire to know the horrors of war need only go to the kitchen. There let him sit down and peruse the last batch of war cook-books.

### The Perils of Realism

If any section of a country or any class of society has ever felt itself fairly dealt with by the more or less realistic novelist, let it come forward now and claim its unique crown of glory.

Dickens wrote about a Yorkshire school, and forthwith a storm broke about his head, and suits for libel were brought thick and fast.

Kipling wrote a tale of Gloucester, and at once all the deep-sea fishers and the cod-packers and their kinsfolk to the third and fourth remove rose up and called him a miserable prevaricator. It was amazing, they said, that a man who could write so discerningly of Bombay and Simla should write so blindly of Gloucester! Meanwhile, probably, Bombay

and Simla rather admired the fidelity and insight of "Captains Courageous," and lamented that the same truthful spirit had not pervaded "Plain Tales from the Hills."

Now, Mrs. Wharton is tasting the same sort of renown. The Berkshires—not the fashionable Berkshires of country houses and weekend parties, but the native, all-the-year-round Berkshires—dislike her grim piece of artistry, "Summer," and to mark their displeasure have excluded the book from the libraries of Pittsfield and Lenox. Scholars may—and have—written learned tomes upon the degeneracy of the New England hill towns, but let the novelist beware of hinting at such a condition!

It is, of course, a tribute to the realistic power of any work of fiction to find the communities it portrays greatly excited over its "libelous" character. Pittsfield and Lenox—Mrs. Wharton, before she went to France to aid in the war work, was a trustee of the library of the latter place—have done much to advertise "Summer" as more than commonly true.

#### Fountains of Conversation

"LADIES MUST LIVE" is the name of Alice Duer Miller's new novel. As a catchword it may prove almost as taking as her "Come Out of the Kitchen." But it is none the less a misnomer. "Ladies Must Talk," "Ladies Must Scintillate, Coruscate, Glitter"—these would more realistically suggest the contents of the new volume than the title chosen. Nowhere within recent recollection, outside the pages of the late John Oliver Hobbes, do ladies—and gentlemen—speak so continuously and with such conscious brilliance. One suspects that *Nancy Almer* and *Christine Fenimer*, the lovely competitors for the fortune of *Max Riatt*, would as willingly be caught in society without their quota of garments as without their quivers full of epigrams, ready to let fly at the least provocation.

To compare Mrs. Miller, as she presents herself in this amusing, artificial, frothy bit of comedy, with the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is to do an injustice to the memory of the older woman's gifts. Though Mrs. Craigie also dealt with the actions and emotions of a complex and highly-conscious social group, nevertheless she dealt with real character. Mrs. Miller, in "Ladies Must Live," does not even pretend to do this, any more than she pretended to do it in her former bit of successful fluff, "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Recalling the fine satirical quality of much of her fugitive verse and the artistic reality and integrity of "The Blue Bowl," which seemed to place her in the foremost rank of serious young American novelists, her admirers cannot but wish that she would put her indubitable gifts to more worthy use.

#### Boys Will Be—More or Less—Boys

BOYHOOD and early youth in these United States of ours are still rather cheerful, rather less of pathological conditions, and more in the normal nature of things than they are in England, if one may judge from the testimony of the novelists.

In England, within the past few years, Beresford, Walpole, Joyce, Gilbert Cannan, and a whole group of the younger writers of promise have given the world such a set of pictures of the psychological experiences of masculine youth as might well deter any but the most self-confident adult from ever acting as parent, guardian, or teacher to the young male of the species. Over here we still see hobbledehoy youth humorously, even though sympathetically.

The humor may sometimes seem a bit slapstick, and even a trifle shop-worn, as it appeared to some in Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" and "Seventeen." The sympathy may not be quite so surgically searching as that of the English writers. But one somehow feels that a considerably truer picture of the normal, the average boy, as well as a much happier one, is presented by Samuel Merwin in "Temperamental Henry," by Judge Henry A. Shute in his "Plupy" stories, by Tarkington's later "Boy Friends," and by Howard Brubaker in "Ranny," than is given us by the more deeply-delving British authors.

The psychology of the youth portrayed by our writers is that of the ordinary, typical boy; the English writers prefer to study and depict the exceptions, the more or less abnormal specimens. Yet some of the American boys in this group are by no means mere commonplace types, nor are they devoid of temperament.

It is interesting to compare any of these youths of the English-speaking countries with the boy revealed in Sir Rabindranath Tagore's recently published "Recollections." The vivid descriptions of a Bengali home supply the notes of difference; and the musings of the young Tagore were those of a boy destined to become the apostle of a philosophy of vague mysticism and spineless beauty. Nevertheless, likenesses are not lacking.

"Looking back on childhood's days," he says, "the thing that recurs to me most often is the mystery which used to fill both life and the world. Something undreamed of was lurking everywhere, and the uppermost question of every day was when, oh, when would we come across it?"

After all, in the poetic young Hindu we find the same spirit of expectation and experimentation that inspired *Penrod* and *Henry* and *Plupy* and all the rest of our own boys.

### Art or Violence?

THOMAS HARDY, a man of peaceful and civilized habits, is quoted as saying that he has found in "Helen of Four Gates" greater promise than in any English novel published in years. H. G. Wells, also presumably—in the main—a man of courteous custom, has "nowhere seen anything like adequate praise for the romantic force and beauty" of "Limehouse Nights." Mr. Clement Shorter, whose tame calling is that of a literary critic, joins in proclaiming the latter, without reservations, as "a work of genius."

Such laudation is likely to arouse in the mind of the reader speculation rather upon the authors of the unstinted praise than upon the authors of the fiction they commend. Is war, is the daily perusal of accounts of slaughter, accustoming these distinguished critics to horror until, like the tiger once acquainted with the taste of human blood, they must have it? Or is there some wondrous sign of promise which the experienced eye of the dean of English novelists discerns in the work modestly put before the public as that of an "ex-mill girl"?

The suspicion crosses one's mind that Mr. Hardy may possibly have been moved, as old gentlemen sometimes are, by flattery. "Helen of Four Gates" is full of the sincerest tribute to his own work—that of imitation. The tale is set, not among factory smoke-stacks, as the title might have led one to fear, but on the very wealds and downs with which Mr. Hardy's own books have made us familiar. There are Druid remains to accentuate the resemblance. Love, fierce and demanding, and even raw; madness and simulated madness; tramps, with their hang-outs and feuds and revenges; abortion, murder, drunkenness—pretty nearly all the hideous pursuits of which our fallen race is capable, it would seem, are woven into a sanguinary whole. But the Greek inevitability with which the action of Hardy's tragedies moves to its destined end is entirely lacking in "Helen of Four Gates."

The whole fabric of horror is erected upon the foundation of a trick; and at the author's convenience the foundation causelessly collapses, with no more plausibility than marked its laying.

The "Limehouse Nights" of Thomas Burke, rousing the other English critics to such rapture of praise, is also a collection of horrors, still greater because of their air of greater realism. They are laid in London's Chinatown, and the region is invested with some of the foreign charm with which Conrad paints the waterways of the Far East. In that atmosphere are staged the violent dramas of a submerged, lawless, unmoral class. The stories are written with art and with the effect of deep understanding.

But a nice question for literary disputation is whether it is the art or the violence of these tales that has made the scholarly gentlemen quoted so strenuous in admiration. Is it the art or the sledging at a prize-fight which the more refined spectators admire?

### James Whitcomb Riley, Sign-Painter

A FRIEND of Tennyson's has recorded that the poet's "voice was silver when he asked for salt." We have been told how Stedman was dropped from his class at Yale by an *alma mater* afterward glad to welcome him back to the fold with special honors, and how Lowell fell into academic disfavor because he cut chapel. To the anecdotes of poets Clara Laughlin contributes a story of James Whitcomb Riley pursued by reminders of the time when, fleeing from the dry study of the law, he made some sort of a living by painting signs for Hoosier shopkeepers.

Miss Laughlin once went with the poet into a "gents'-furnishing store" in a little Indiana town. The proprietor, recognizing his distinguished customer, was delighted.

"The las' time I see Mr. Riley," he told the lady, "was when he was a right young feller. He painted me a sign. I got it yet—wouldn't take any money for it. Want to see it?"

Of course; and she did. So far as we can make out from her report of the incident, the sign was no great shakes as a work of art; but the "gents'-furnisher" was very proud of his possession.

"Mr. Riley," he said in peroration of his vocal raptures, "wore kid gloves while he was paintin' it!"

Miss Laughlin continues her narrative thus:

At this point Mr. Riley vanished. When I re-

joined him, half a block away, he was fuming and fulminating in his own peculiar, picturesque style.

"The large, gentlemanly, pearl-gray ass!" he cried. "He dreamed that fantasy on some dark, moonless night, and he has told it so many times that he has made himself believe it. Why, a man couldn't paint with kid gloves on!"

I remember asking for illumination about the pearl-gray variety of ass.

"Don't know much about asses, do you?" he replied.

I admitted that I didn't.

"Well," he said, "a pearl-gray ass is one that has been an ass a long, long time."

Mr. Riley had a large fund of such expressions. He spoke of a certain man as having "hard-boiled eyes," and of a certain woman's mouth as being like "a stab in the dark."

It is not always on the literary side that poets are most interesting.

### A Prize-Winning Parody

THE other day the winner of a prize in a poetry competition was congratulated by a friend.

"That was the most remarkable literary adventure that ever befell me," said the poet. "Let me tell you about it."

"When the competition was announced, I resolved to enter it. I spent all my spare time on a poem, which I polished to perfection, copied out carefully on the typewriter, and submitted to the judges. It was a good piece of work, and I was proud of it. Weeks later, on my return from the office one evening, my wife met me at the door with a face wreathed in smiles.

"'Good boy!' she said. 'Now we can buy new shoes all round.' She waved an evening paper, exclaiming: 'The list of poetry prize-winners is here—and you're in it!'

"Well, that made me feel pretty good; but when I looked at the list of prize-winners and the extracts from the successful compositions, I was shocked. After my name came a few raw lines of free verse—not at all like the beautiful, chiseled stanzas over which I had worked so hard. What was wrong, I wondered—my name or the quotation? Then, suddenly, a phrase in the lines caught my eye. It seemed familiar. Gradually I recognized it as surely mine. And then I remembered. One afternoon, having an empty half-hour at the office, I had scribbled what was meant to be a parody of free verse, and, without even bothering to make a fair copy of it, mailed it to the judges of the competition. And here was my joke, coming home—almost literally—with the bacon!"

The poet's friend expressed his sympathetic wonder.

"What luck!" he said.

The poet looked thoughtful.

"But *was* it luck?" he asked. "I'm not so sure. The first poem was worked over, written and rewritten, till it probably showed signs of wear. I fear that it was more or less evidently artificial. The other was done in a flash. There must have been in it something of the rare quality of inspiration. I was not working when I wrote it; I was having fun. I was keen, alert, at high tension. Now I look at it again, the thing really has some striking turns of expression, and one or two lines that are nothing less than lovely. You know," he continued philosophically, "when you are trying to write a parody, your success depends largely on the quality of the thing you are imitating. If the model is good, you are pretty likely to improve on it, because you go straight to the essentials, and are utterly free of self-consciousness."

"That experience," he concluded, "has done more than anything else to show me the truth that is in the new idea in verse."

Perhaps there is useful material here for students of the art and science of poetry. Or perhaps it merely shows that a conscientious poet can always discover good qualities in his own work.

### A Monster Bible

WHOEVER likes his Bible best in large sizes would be gratified by an opportunity to visit London, where there has recently been put on exhibition a huge volume for the Bible Crusade of Horbury Hall, Notting Hill Gate. This crusade is, in American parlance, a "publicity drive" undertaken to draw public attention to the vitality of the teaching of the Bible, and to stimulate its circulation by every known means.

The purpose of the monster Bible appears to be something like that of the old minister, who, when accused of an occasional exaggeration, said:

"If I didn't make everything as big as a barn door, you would never see it at all!"

The Horbury Hall Bible is five feet two inches high and three feet six inches wide. When opened, it measures seven feet ten inches across the pages. It is bound in rich, red morocco leather of the best quality, decorated with the arms of the counties of England, Scotland, and Wales. Twelve large goatskins were used in the binding, and the work was done by the Oxford University Press.

# THE STAGE

HOW ACTRESSES GET NEW PARTS—WITH NOTES ON THE NEW BROADWAY PLAYS AND THOSE WHO APPEAR IN THEM

By Matthew White, Jr.

"YES, of course you must put on your best clothes; but if you are going after an ingénue rôle don't make the mistake of wearing a leading-lady gown!"

Thus an actress of my acquaintance who had just finished an all-year engagement with Belasco. I was asking her how a young woman went about acquiring a new part after she had got through with an old one.

"Well, there are the agencies, of course," she replied. "But sitting around in an agency is a bit too much like an intelligence-office. There are other possibilities, if one keeps one's eyes and ears open for opportunities as they flit by. For instance, I was playing in a piece that was put on for just one evening performance by some society. After it was over, the character woman boasted that a representative from Belasco's had been in front and had sent for her.

"Aha!" I reflected. 'If D. B.'s man saw her in the play he couldn't very well have avoided seeing me. I fancy it won't do any harm for me to meander over to Forty-Fourth Street myself.'

"I went there, and, although I didn't get an engagement that time, I inserted an opening wedge of acquaintanceship in that locality which stood me in good stead later on.

"Another good tip is to wait for about three or four days after a new play has gone into rehearsal. Some one in the cast is almost sure to have been found a misfit, and in that case a substitute will be wanted in a hurry. I have known dropping around at such a time to result in landing a very satisfactory engagement."

## Giving Opportunity a Prod

I ASKED the actress if she had not found that pure luck was often a leading factor in the game.

"Indeed I have," she replied. "For instance, only this afternoon, on the street, I happened to meet the man who staged the last piece I was in. I told him I was looking for something, and he mentioned three plays that were

just being cast. So I am going to see their managers, and I shall mention him as having suggested that I should call on them."

"You don't believe in waiting for opportunity to knock," I said. "You are quite willing to give the gentleman a quiet prod."

"Certainly," she confessed. "For instance, if I were riding in a trolley-car up Broadway, and should happen to see a manager or director I knew walking in the same direction along the sidewalk, I should consider it quite legitimate to get out at the next corner and stroll down so as to meet him."

You will understand, of course, that this actress is comparatively new at the business, and is not on the managers' lists as one to be sought after instead of seeking. But even the stars have gone through this same process of lynx-eyed watching for openings. George Arliss haunted the stage door of a certain London theater on the Surrey side of the Thames until the captain of supers got to know him and finally gave him a chance to carry a spear. Nine years ago, when he was playing "The Devil" at the Belasco, Mr. Arliss thus described his hard-won progress up the bottom rounds of the theatrical ladder:

"From playing policemen who do not speak, Indians who make noises and rush across the stage, countrymen who stand and listen to the young squire, and officers who sit on heroes at court martial, I was promoted to be a panting messenger, and eventually entrusted with old men who die soon."

## Presidents in Embryo

In his newest vehicle, "Hamilton," Mr. Arliss throws off several of the years he added to his own in "Paganini" and "Disraeli." He has at the same time scored a popular hit, which I think will run "Disraeli" a close race for first honors. The reason is not far to seek. When their country is engaged in a great war, Americans are likely to respond to a play that presents so impressively some of the vital figures and stirring episodes of their national history. And in "Hamilton," aside

from the famous Alexander himself, they get Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe—both afterward to be Presidents of the United States—and John Jay, the first chief justice of the Supreme Court. Other historical characters are Hamilton's bitter enemy, Congressman William Giles, of Virginia, and the Frenchman, Talleyrand.

Mr. Arliss himself collaborated on the drama with Mary Hamlin. The joint authors have given the theme a twist which recalls "Disraeli," for in both plays the hero's love for his wife is deftly interwoven with the thread of historical events. In a talk which I had with Arliss in 1912, during the run of the Parker piece, he named that fact as the one that had saved "Disraeli" from the disaster that usually overtakes a play based on political history. To achieve their purpose in "Hamilton," the collaborators have resuscitated an old scandal connected with the personal life of the first Secretary of the Treasury.

As a work of dramatic construction, the play is far from wonderful; even as a means of showing Arliss at his best it falls short. The curtains are distinctly poor, and the big scene at the end of the third act not at all satisfying. And yet, in spite of all, the story itself is continuously engrossing. Except for Mrs. Arliss—Mrs. Hamilton in the play—and Jeanne Eagels, who serves as the catspaw of the conspirators, the support is negligible as to known names, but serves its purpose nicely.

Miss Eagels's story is rather an unusual one. Born in Kansas City, she started in with cheap repertory companies touring the Middle West. Equipped with this experience, she came to New York and was assigned to Elsie Ferguson's part in a road company of "Outcast." So well did she acquit herself that her fame reached Manhattan before there was any occasion for the publicity men to spread it there. When she finally arrived on the Great White Way, in March, 1916, it was as *Kate Merryweather* in the "extraordinary star combination" playing a revival of Haddon Chambers's "The Idler," which opened under the new name of "The Great Pursuit" and closed in three weeks.

### The Scandinavian Bugbear

SPEAKING of short runs, I verily believe that "The Deluge" would have lasted longer than the fortnight it managed to eke out at the Hudson had the fact that it was written by a man named Henning Berger been suppressed. To the mind of the general theater-going public, anything labeled "Scandinavian"

suggests highbrow tedium, whereas, when actually seen, "The Deluge" proved not at all slow. The scene was a barroom in a city on the Mississippi, and, as adapted for the American stage by Frank Allen and produced by Arthur Hopkins, dialogue and environment were wholly true to type.

The theme, faintly reminiscent of Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," showed the result of a sudden return to primitive conditions. The bursting of a levee threatens destruction to all who happen to be in the basement saloon, including the proprietor, his assistant, two or three customers, and *Sadie*, from the streets, the only woman in the play. This lack of feminine element on the stage was a strong factor, I believe, in militating against the box-office success of the season's first offering that could claim any real artistic value.

### A Fine Cast for "The Riviera Girl"

IMMEDIATELY in front of me at the New Amsterdam on the second night of "The Riviera Girl" sat Henry W. Savage. It was with an air of pride that he said, as we walked up the aisle together after the final curtain:

"I gave that little girl her first part."

The "little girl" was Wilda Bennett. She had just scored big in the title rôle of the new musical play, which may prove to outdistance "Miss Springtime" in popular appeal.

In the MUNSEY for June, 1915, when Miss Bennett was charming every one by her work as the composer in Victor Herbert's "The Only Girl," I recorded the fact that she is a native of Asbury Park. Now that she is the main thing on the stage of the big New Amsterdam, where "The Merry Widow" had its brilliant Broadway career, it must be interesting for her to run back in memory to the day when Mr. Savage tendered her the part of *Sonia* in that famous opera. She was not quite eighteen at the time, and the company was a road troupe to tour Canada. She says herself that she must have been screamingly funny at rehearsals. In any case, she never became *Sonia*, but after flirting with offers from the Shuberts, she made her first appearance under Mr. Savage, after all, by becoming *Conscience* in "Everywoman." She went to London with the show, and on her return created the *Fairy Queen* at the Belasco in "The Good Little Devil."

In "The Riviera Girl" she is a singer in light opera at Monte Carlo. Of the Julia Sanderson type, she has a better voice than Miss Sanderson, and an equally fascinating personality. With all the men in the piece at

her feet, she thinks she loves the pinhead son of a baron, but eventually discovers that she really cares for the husband whom she has married merely for a title, in order to divorce him and thus gain the baron's consent to a match with his son.

The plot sounds complicated in the telling, but works out well enough, though somewhat bunglingly told by that usually clever pair, Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse. But what does that matter, with Emmerich Kalman's insidiously fascinating tunes to listen to, to say nothing of such ingenious lyrics as "Let's Build a Little Bungalow in Quogue"? This is given to just the right pair to sing it in Sam Hardy and Juliette Day.

Miss Day you may recall as the "baby vampire" last season in "Up-Stairs and Down." She was once in "Everywoman," as *Modesty*. Mr. Hardy was *Bob Darrow* in "Princess Pat" two years ago. One of the best songs passed out to a comedian in many a moon is his "Why Don't They Hand It to Me?" The subject of it is the beauty of an easy job. I suggest for an additional encore verse a stanza about the job that Hardy himself now holds down.

There is yet another recruit from the Savage forces in "The Riviera Girl." This is the manly barytone, Carl Gantvoort, who sang in "The Girl of the Golden West" and also in "Mme. Butterfly." More recently he played opposite Mitzi Hajos as the chief of the detectives in "Pom-Pom." A native of Holland, he has no trace of accent, and I know of few who could fill so acceptably the by no means easy part opposite Miss Bennett.

Not the least of the attractions in "The Riviera Girl" is the Urban scenery, in color schemes and in the suggestion of vast spaces the most effective I have yet beheld, even from its clever designer.

### A Farce That's Really Funny

MARRYING in order to get a divorce figures in another K. & E. production brought to town next night after their "Riviera Girl" made good. "Here Comes the Bride" is a piece of quite different description—a farce, ingeniously contrived for laughter and capital-ly acted. Roy Atwell doubtless supplied the groundwork idea, while Max Marcin, he of "House of Glass" and "Cheating Cheaters" fame, whipped it into shape. The play was billed to reopen the Cohan early in August, but failed to do so. The other evening Mr. Marcin told me why. It appears that they could not get a satisfactory cast.

"The piece needed a lot of working over, too," he added. "I am still not satisfied with the last act."

That, you know, is usually the sticker. Too often the makers of plays bend all their energies to achieving a dramatic climax for their next-to-last curtain, and seem to have no punch left for the finish. But I know Mr. Marcin will not mind my disagreeing with him in regard to "Here Comes the Bride," whose slowest pace is at the point where all plays can best stand it—at the beginning.

Fresh from "Captain Kidd, Jr.," Otto Kruger skips over into farce with commendable agility, and has the personable appearance that lends force to Maude Eburne's desire to hold him as her husband. Miss Eburne comes from England, and you may remember that she specializes on repulsiveness. In "A Pair of Sixes" she was *Coddles*, the servant who wildly wooed the butler. Now, as the veiled bride, she has a character quite as full of opportunities as was *Coddles*, with the advantage of being in a better play.

Francine Larrimore, who jumped so successfully into Madge Kennedy's place in "Twin Beds" during the New York run, handles the long-suffering sweetheart of the hero with the proper admixture of laughter and tears.

### Allen Doone's Mistake

ON my way to "Eyes of Youth" I noticed in front of the still dark Thirty-Ninth Street Theater a bill-board proclaiming in huge letters that Allen Doone would shortly reopen the house with "Lucky O'Shea."

"Who is Allen Doone?" I wanted to know, but nobody could tell me.

As there was no line setting forth the name of the producer, I concluded that here was another case of fat pocketbook united with swelled head renting a New York theater outright, in order that conceit might have its little fling upon the boards.

The opening was set for Labor Day, with three important *premieres* against it, so you may imagine that poor *Lucky O'Shea* was far from living up to the adjective in his name in the showing he got in next day's papers. I passed over my seats to an editorial associate and went to "The Masquerader."

"Well, what did you think of 'Lucky O'Shea'?" I asked him the next morning.

"Very good, and that man Doone has a magnetism that leaps right over the footlights at you."

One or two stray comments from reviewers who managed to find time to cover the thing

later on caught my attention, and I made up my mind that I was going to see "Lucky O'Shea" for myself, in spite of a theatrical weekly's report that it had made the season's low-water record in box-office receipts. Mr. Doone had been required to take the theater for four weeks on a guarantee, or not at all, so two nights before the close I went.

Nor was I disappointed. The play was by Theodore Burt Sayre, author of several others, and at one time play-reader for the late Charles Frohman. With its settings of the Napoleonic period, and with enough Hibernian color to atone for the slightness of its plot, it was a pleasant change from most of the current entertainments. But that young man Doone! The pity of it that such almost criminal mismanagement allowed him to come into Manhattan self-doomed, as it were! Suppose he had waited for a week, or had chosen a night not packed with rival attractions, and had kept his name out of the electric. With nothing else to occupy them, the reviewers would have gone to the show, and very possibly they might have approved the modesty of so clever a player electing to arrive "on rubbers," as the saying runs, and might have proclaimed him as a discovery.

Mr. Doone hails from out of the West, where he has had a wide experience in all sorts of parts, and has encountered a varied assortment of luck—including a failure to find the gold he went to Alaska to seek. He then betook himself to Australia, and did so well on the stage there that when he left last spring, after seven years in the Antipodes, his farewell was an ovation. What he will do now, after falling down so hard in New York, I do not know. I hope he has money enough left to get back to Australia.

### Shaw Now Among the Sell-Outs

WHEN Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married" was first brought out at the Haymarket Theater, London, in 1908, Shaw announced it as his revenge on the critics for scarifying his "The Dream of Don Juan in Hell," which they had condemned as being nothing but talk. In his new offering he loudly proclaimed there would be much more talk, one hundred and fifty minutes of it—"an indescribable eternity of brain-racking dullness."

"Have you then deliberately written a bad play?" he was asked.

"Indeed, no," was the truly Shavian reply. "There is nothing the critics would like better. I have deliberately written a good play. That is the way to make the critics suffer!"

That it was an enjoyable play, nevertheless, the big vogue "Getting Married" had in America last season amply attested. Now William Faversham, who sponsored it, gives us "Misalliance," which Shaw wrote in 1910. It deals with the relations between parents and children, and its talkiness cannot be denied. One of the characters brings down the final curtain with the remark, made in reply to her father's assertion that there is no use talking any longer:

"Thank Heaven for that!"

And yet I foresee every bit as cordial a reception for "Misalliance" as waited on its predecessor. Shaw's dialogue has a piquancy that causes shivers of delighted expectancy to run through the audience. He makes his characters say the very things which we all think, but don't dare utter.

As in most of his later plays, the action in "Misalliance" is consecutive, two intervals being provided merely to rest the actors. I suppose this is the way Shaw would rather have it put, for he is notoriously indifferent whether his audiences grow weary or not. And yet there is action, too, and the curtain falls each time on an effective climax. An aeroplane drops through a greenhouse. A young man throws himself on his face, kicks the floor, and wails because, born when his father was forty-eight, he has more brain than body, and this is the only way he can get back at those who pester him. Likewise, the girl he is engaged to actively and actually chases another man who takes her fancy.

### No Miscasting in "Misalliance"

FAVERSHAM gives himself no part in "Misalliance," and the most important rôle falls to Maclyn Arbuckle, as *John Tarleton*, of Tarleton's underwear "that won't scratch the skin." He's all to the good in this, his first shot at Shaw.

A native of Texas, Arbuckle received part of his education in Glasgow, Scotland, and in 1887 followed in the footsteps of so many others in giving up the law for the stage. In fact, I can't think of any other one calling which has lost so many members to the sock and buskin as has that of the gown.

Arbuckle's versatility is marked. Something less than twenty years ago he jumped from *Mark Antony*, with Louis James, to "The Man from Mexico" in a Frohman company. Subsequent high spots in his career were "Why Smith Left Home," which he also did in London; the *Earl of Rockingham*,

with Blanche Bates, in "Under Two Flags"; and *Antonio* in "The Merchant of Venice." From 1903 to 1907 he was *Jim Hackler* in "The County Chairman," following which two seasons claimed him as *Slim Hoover* in "The Round-Up." Vaudeville earned him forty thousand dollars in Robert H. Davis's play, "The Welcher," since which nothing notable has happened to him until Shaw threw him the underwear job as a life-saver.

Frederick Lloyd has leave from the British army to do *Johnny Tarleton*, the son. Elisabeth Risdon, the daughter *Hypatia*, is also English, and has played Shaw in London. She was picked by Shaw to do *Fanny* in the New York production of "Fanny's First Play." *Lina*, the acrobat, who asks for six oranges and a Bible in order that she may keep in practise, falls to Katharine Kaelred, who first swam into the ken of Manhattan playgoers in 1909, when she practically overshadowed the star, Robert Hilliard, as the *Vampire* in "A Fool There Was."

At that time Miss Kaelred was compared with Réjane, Nazimova, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and even Sarah Bernhardt, and from lip to lip went the query, "Whence is she?" She laughed to herself, and later, in an interview, reminded the critics that they had quite overlooked her when she played a principal part in the Savage production of "The Devil" at the Garden Theater a few years before. In the spring of 1916 she was with Arnold Daly as *Mrs. St. Aubyn* in his revival of "Beau Brummell." The picture folk have not neglected her, one of her screen impersonations being the heroine in Locke's "Idols."

### Without Apologies to Sardou

SPEAKING of Hilliard, once again he has been overshadowed by a minor character. This time it is a man, Edward Ellis, in "The Scrap of Paper"—not the old Sardou play of almost the same name, but a dramatization of a story by Arthur Somers Roche, turned out by Mr. Roche himself and Owen Davis. A. H. Woods presents it under the frank label "melodrama," and thus are Mr. Davis and Mr. Woods once more associated under their old banner, although this time it flaunted on Broadway instead of Third Avenue. By the same token, if "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" were as thrillingly absorbing as "The Scrap of Paper," I wish I might have seen it.

It is all fantastically improbable, to be sure, but is it more so than other melodramas? And aren't people continually telling us that truth is stranger than fiction? Indeed, I know

for a fact that magazine editors often refuse to buy stories that are founded on real incidents, because the public will not believe that such things ever could happen. Motion-picture audiences will love the piece when it reaches them—which may be soon, as its career at the Criterion was not a very long one.

Of course, if you are a regular theatergoer, you don't have to be reminded that Edward Ellis was the slick *Blackie Daw* in "Wallingford." He remains unreformed in "The Scrap of Paper," possibly owing to his interim experience in the thrillers that for a while dominated the Princess's tiny stage.

As Mr. Hilliard, a born New Yorker, is no longer playing lovers, I suppose he will not mind my stating that he is just sixty years old. It is fair to add that he doesn't look it. In 1887 he acted with Mrs. Langtry on her first visit here, in "As in a Looking-Glass." A year and a half ago he tried to convince Manhattan playgoers that they ought to be interested in seeing him as the father of a black baby in "The Pride of Race," but they did not agree with him.

Melodrama is no new environment for Hilliard. Upper Broadway learned first to know him well by making special journeys down to the old Fourteenth Street Theater to see him, fettered by the villain, drawn slowly toward the saw in the mill scene of "Blue Jeans."

Margalo Gillmore, daughter of Frank Gillmore, and graduated last March from the Sargent School of Acting, appears as Hilliard's daughter. She is very sweet and winsome in the earlier scenes, but it isn't her fault that she fails to be altogether convincing in the half-dead episode which brings the piece to a lame climax. I say "half-dead," for she collapses at finding what a rascally scoundrel her magnate father really is; whereupon he repents and is rewarded by having his child come to life again.

### Three Strong-Willed Heroines

To my mind "The Land of the Free" is the kind of play in which the actors have a better time than the audience. Almost everybody in the piece has a character part in which he or she can set his or her teeth hard. That, of course, is the easiest kind of acting. The most difficult rôles in the twenty-six are those of the haughty mother and daughter who object to the son's marriage to the Russian immigrant girl. The latter falls to Florence Nash, who fairly revels in swift passages back and forth from laughter to tears.

Hitherto Miss Nash has gone mostly the way of laughter, as with her *Aggie Lynch*, of "Within the Law," and her *Polly* in "Sinners." She is by way of being a little ter-magant in her present rôle.

"The Land of the Free" was written by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford, and its theme deals with contract labor. For two acts it is not bad, but the last one flounders pitifully in a morass of sentimentality. On the other hand, the final episode of the first act, when Miss Nash dictates to her erring sister a letter that will not distress their mother, her own heart breaking the while, is great. Realistic to a positively painful degree is the work of Vera Gordon as the mother aforesaid in the parting scene with *Sonya*, who is about to leave Russia for the United States.

The notices of the play were varied. Mr. Brady seems inclined to push the piece, but I doubt that it is strong enough to stand it.

The next night after "The Land of the Free" opened at the Forty-Eighth Street, another play in which the heroine takes possession of a husband almost willy-nilly landed at the Lyceum, replacing "The Lasso." Tagged as a melodrama of the Northwest, "Tiger Rose" was written by Willard Mack, author of "Kick In," and produced by Belasco. Mack being a writer of vaudeville skits, and Belasco being keen on elaborating one-act pieces into three, I think it extremely likely that "Tiger Rose" went through just this process.

In any case, it is worth no more than one act, to my notion. Overaccentuation is the order of the night throughout. What the thing would be without the Belasco atmosphere and a Belasco cast, in which Mack himself plays the leading part, only the vanished drama of the old Bowery could have told us. No other manager would dare put it anywhere except on the screen.

It shows us the man charged with murder; the girl who loves him and hides him from the "mounted"; even the thunder-and-rain machine is dragged in, and the ticking of a clock is stopped long enough to allow Calvin Thomas to conceal himself in the works. Think of finding men like William Courtleigh, Fuller Mellish, and Pedro de Cordoba in this sort of thing! The whole was designed to make an Indian half-breed holiday for Lenore Ulric.

The third heroine within ten days to take the capture of a mate into her own hands was Billie Burke. But whereas Miss Nash and Miss Ulric were content with one man apiece,

Miss Burke proposes to two, the second only a few hours after her marriage to the first. Out of the ordinary the play is, you may well guess, and sufficiently like Clare Kummer's two previous hits, "Good Gracious Annabelle" and "A Successful Calamity," to carry it through the evening on gales of laughter.

"Fancy talking business on a night like this!" says *Angela's* mother.

"But you can't always wait till it rains," retorts *Angela*.

And when she has wedded the man of millions to save her father, and found out that he has a temper, she complains:

"I might have gone for a walk or something instead of getting married!"

### When Billie Burke Was Ethel

MISS BURKE could not have found a more captivating character for her return to the speaking stage. The central idea of the plot is as old as "The Ironmaster"—marrying for money and then finding love. But Clare Kummer is a past mistress at capping themes of the gaslight period with humor that is brilliantly electric; and in Miss Burke she has found an enchanting interpreter. As for the adorable Billie, no longer is she required to be merely nimble of limb, skipping in and out of bed or behind screens. Nimbleness of wit is now the order of the evening.

Miss Burke was born in Washington, at 1012 Twelfth Street, N. W., and christened Ethel. Her father, Billie Burke, was a clown with the Adam Forepaugh circus, and made good money in the old one-ring times; but as repartee and jokes were his long suit, with the advent of the three-ring arena his best days were over. So he thought out an act with a trained donkey and a trick cab, which he took to London, where it went big.

Ethel grew up in England, and when her father passed away she went on the stage, taking his name. She soon scored her first hit by singing "My Little Canoe" in Charles Frohman's production of "The Schoolgirl." A little later Frohman brought her to New York as leading woman with John Drew in "My Wife," and her path to stardom was forthwith paved.

Arthur Hopkins and Miss Burke's husband, F. Ziegfeld, Jr., have given her a capital supporting company in "The Guardian Angel," with Frederick Perry, of "On Trial" memory, for the man to whom *Angela* finally decides to stick, and Roland Young, last season in "A Successful Calamity," as the young fellow whom she temporarily prefers.

# Light Verse

## ME AN' JIM

WE'D always been together, me an' Jim,  
From kids at school to buddies in the mine;  
So when the war breaks out I says to him:  
"We got to dump that Kaiser in the Rhine!"

"I'm with you, Bill," he says, an' drops his pick,  
An' grabs his pail an' coat, an' takes a chew.  
"Let's beat it to the 'cruitin'-office quick;  
Your Uncle Sam needs men like me an' you."

An' so we signals up an' gets our time,  
While all the fellers cheers us as we go;  
We didn't stop to lather off the grime  
Or shake the dust, or even count our dough.

The sergeant takes a slant an', breaks a grin.  
"A bath for you!" he says. "In there's the shower!"

An' when the doctor guy comes bustlin' in,  
Out we both steps as pink as any flower.

He tries our eyes an' whispers in our ears,  
He listens at our chests while we expands;  
He tests our hearts an' all our innard gears.  
"So far, all right," he says. "Hold out your hands!"

"What's this—two fingers gone? You'll never do;  
You couldn't pull the trigger worth a damn!"  
"Tough luck, old top!" says Jim. "I'll fight for two,  
An' hand that Kaiser stiff an extra slam."

So Jim has gone, good scout, an' left the hole;  
Them fingers—well, it kind o' makes me blue;  
But shells, they say, depends on lots of coal,  
An' while Jim fight for both, I'll dig for two!  
*Horace W. O'Connor*

## I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH MARY PICKFORD

OH, harken to the tale I tell—  
I went to school with Mary Pickford;  
And so, of course, I know her well—  
I went to school with Mary Pickford.  
E'en then so pretty was her face,  
So wonderful her charm and grace,  
The boys around her used to chase—  
I went to school with Mary Pickford!

She used to wear her hair in curls—  
I went to school with Mary Pickford;  
She set the style for other girls—  
I went to school with Mary Pickford.  
At study she was always smart  
And knew her lessons off by heart,  
A genius from the very start—  
I went to school with Mary Pickford!

Although the years have slipped away,  
I went to school with Mary Pickford;  
Indeed, it seems but yesterday  
I went to school with Mary Pickford.  
Of one thing more I'd like to speak,  
Though no publicity I seek—  
One day I kissed her on the cheek!  
I went to school with Mary Pickford!

*Harold Melbourne*

## THE MIRACLE

HE was a butter-fingered fool  
Who could not hold his own  
Except with those whose blood was ink,  
Whom wind and sun made shrink and blink,  
For whom a weekly wage and rule  
Of thumb were flesh and bone.

Now he is quick with gun and spade,  
Tough, with a coat of tan,  
And stands his watch through rain and snow,  
Keen-eyed, alert to show the foe  
That he's alive; for war has made  
This manikin a man!

*Richard Butler Glaenser*

## HELLO!

A SHORT and simple word goes round;  
It has a hale and hearty sound,  
And sails on all the winds that blow  
As Joe to May sings out: "Hello!"

In every town, in every zone,  
Where Yankees use the telephone  
To call a friend or snare a foe,  
They use the social word—"Hello!"

Of all the speech that leaves the tongue  
Of rich or poor, of old or young,  
The voice that brings the hearty flow  
Of broad good-will is just—"Hello!"

And so at last we need not fear,  
If at the gate we can but hear  
St. Peter's tone in welcome glow  
Smile out the chummy word—"Hello!"

So now, dear friend, hello to you!  
Hello for cheer when sad and blue,  
Hello for friendship pure as gold,  
Hello for love and joy untold!

*M. C. Ladd*

# WHEN SLEIGH-BELLS CHIMED

**J**UST you and I sleigh-riding—the snow  
A curtain around us flung;  
How your curls across my face would blow  
When down the curves we swung;

And you were so near, so brightly aglow!  
How lips met, and soft arms clung—  
Just you and I sleigh-riding—the snow  
A curtain around us flung!

Ah me, once more the joy to know  
Which of old through my pulses sung!  
You are grandma now; but let us go  
And play at being young,  
Just you and I sleigh-riding—the snow  
A curtain around us flung!

*Stokely S. Fisher*

# WORKED IN WOOL

**B**ETTINA all the livelong day  
Is much engrossed with knitting,  
O'er scarf and sweater, cap and sock,  
Her taper fingers flitting.  
I sit beside her on the porch  
And hold her Persian kitten,  
And see with apprehensive eyes  
Her needles shape a mitten.

There's Captain Clancy, trim and tall,  
In sword and khaki showy,  
Adored by all the pretty girls—  
He got the sweater snowy.  
But I, the humble private, with  
Her charms more deeply smitten,  
Am by the work of fate, I fear,  
Destined to get the mitten!

*Minna Irving*

# "LICK 'EM, LICK 'EM GOOD!"

**"W**ELL, son o' mine, the time is drawin'  
nigh  
When you and I must shake and say good-by.  
I hate to see you go so far away,  
But, Lord, I'd hate it worse to see you stay  
And make excuses why you didn't go!  
That wouldn't do—I told your mother so  
And she agreed, just like I thought she would;  
So go ahead and lick 'em—lick 'em good!

"I recollect' right well your ma and I,  
How back in sixty-one we said good-by.  
I didn't hanker much to go to war;  
But ma insisted—said 'twas better far  
To go and fight than later to explain  
Just why I let my country call in vain.  
She said: 'Why, John, I don't see how you  
could;  
So go ahead and lick 'em—lick 'em good!'"

The soldier son entrained at break of day;  
The old man watched the long train steam away,  
Then home again, and in the darkened hall  
He paused beneath a picture on the wall.  
"My President," he said, "I've heard your plea;  
Just say the word if you have need of me.  
I gave the boy—I've done the best I could;  
Now lick 'em, sir, and, darn 'em, lick 'em good!"

*Will Ferrell*

# THE HELPFUL PHYSICIAN

**H**OW doth the doctor help us to get rid  
Of all our aches and pains—you said it, kid!  
We worry o'er our misery, wondering what's  
The matter with us: pleurisy or bots.  
At length, to free us from the great suspense,  
We slam our hat on and go hiking hence  
To state our symptoms to the sawbones wise,  
Who looks us o'er with diagnostic eyes.  
Then we're relieved and say, with accents grim:  
"This isn't my pain now—it's up to him!"

*Strickland Gillilan*

# IF—WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING

**I**F you can keep your Ford when those about  
you are selling theirs and buying Cadillacs; if  
you can just be tickled all to pieces when notified  
to pay your license-tax; if you can feel a quiet  
sense of pleasure when driving on a rough and  
hilly road, and never move a muscle of your  
visage when underneath you hear a tire explode;  
if you can plan a pleasant week-end journey and  
tinker at your car a day or so, then thrill with joy  
on that eventful morning to find no skill of  
yours can make it go; if you can gather up your  
wife and children, put on your glad rags, and  
start off for church, then have to wade around in  
greasy gearings and spoil the best of all your  
stock of shirts, yet through it all maintain that  
sweet composure, that gentle calm befitting such  
events; if you can sound a bugle-note of triumph  
when steering straight against a picket-fence; if  
you can keep your temper, tongue, and balance  
when on your back beneath your car you pose,  
and, struggling there to fix a balky cog-wheel,  
you drop a monkey-wrench across your nose; if  
you can smile as gasoline goes higher, and sing a  
song because your motor faints—your place is not  
with common erring mortals; your home is over  
there among the saints!

*J. Edward Tuft*

# In Pale-Pink Pajamas

AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT "LADY AND BURGLAR" STORY

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Adventures of a Suburbanite," etc.

**H**ER first thought, when the burglar's iron-sinewed fingers closed on her throat, was that fact was far different from fiction.

Myrtle May, propped up on her pillow in her lacy, pink-and-white bed, with a lacy-shaded table-electric at her elbow, had been reading a story in a magazine of popular fiction. The story was thrilling and interesting—thrilling because of the adventure, and interesting because of the bright and clever conversation of the characters. It was satisfactory, too, because of the happy ending, for the burglar married the heiress in the last paragraph.

The illustrations, by an illustrious illustrator, supplied anything the text lacked. There were four of them. One showed the heiress heroine in her bed, her beautiful face framed in a charming sleeping-cap, the lace of her night-dress outlining her not-too-fleshly beauty, and a smile on her lips. She was easily seen, because the circular glow from the burglar's electric torch fell full upon her.

The burglar himself was in the shadow, but the artist had not left him entirely to the imagination. His strong chin could be seen below his black mask, and his eyes seemed to glitter menacingly through the mask's eye-holes.

That was the first picture. The second showed the heroine, with a dainty dressing-sack over her shoulders, leaning back in a luxurious chair, while the burglar ate and drank at a table.

"Take it from me, lady," he was saying, "a burglar's life ain't all roses an' champagne," and he was emphasizing this with an uplifted fork.

The third illustration pictured the heroine and the burglar, without his mask, meeting at a stile by a brook. In this picture one saw how handsome and manly the burglar really was, and how much true manhood glowed beneath his humble vest, so it was no wonder that the fourth illustration delineated the burglar with his arm around the heiress, while her father smiled a magnate's blessing on the happy couple.

For a minute or more Myrtle May lay back against her upended pillow, thinking over the story with a pretty smile on her lips. Then she yawned, laid the magazine on the night-table beside the bed, and put her hand on the little key that controlled the electric. Before she extinguished the light, however, she cast one approving glance around her, taking in the simple elegance of the room.

In every way the room was equal to that in the magazine illustration, and in the mirror in the door of the mahogany clothes-press—a genuine antique—she saw, in her reflection, ample evidence that she was as charming as the heroine of the story. There were, it is true, no soft laces covering a half-revealed bosom, and she wore no dainty sleeping-cap, but she was satisfied with the picture she saw.

Her abundant hair was coiled about her head, and her pink pajama coat, of softest silk, made a neat line at her throat. There was even a dainty bit of white where her lacy handkerchief showed above the little breast pocket of the coat. Myrtle May snapped out the light with a feeling that she would not be ashamed to meet any burglar, no matter how refined and conversational he might be.

She settled herself on her pillow and drew the light silken coverlet over her shoulders, prepared to sleep dreamlessly, for she had resolved to forget her troubles for two happy weeks. She did not, however, fall asleep immediately. The burglar story ran through her mind. It seemed to Myrtle May to be one of the best tales she had ever read, and it doubtless was, for she did not read much; she had, as a rule, little time to give to reading. So, lying on her pillow, she let her mind wander through the story again, enjoying once more the clever repartee of the burglar and the heiress.

Then, suddenly, she sat up and switched on the electric. She had happened to think that she might not have left her garments so arranged as to give no possible offense to a gentlemanly and, of course, modest-minded burglar. She slid out of bed and walked across to the chair on which she had thrown them.

Any one seeing her walk across the room in her pale-pink pajamas would have said at once that Myrtle May was an athletic young woman. Her firm, sure stride, the well-filled sleeves of her pajama coat, and her full, columnar neck all indicated strength and health. She might have been the model that had posed for the "Liberty" head on our silver dollar, so noble was she in face and form.

She carefully rearranged her garments on the chair, hiding those more intimate under those less so, and went back to bed, snapping out the light again. In a moment she was asleep.

## II

THE scene of this pretty little feminine comedy was the bedroom of Alice Deare, in the house known as Willow-Wisp, at Willowhurst, which is a suburb of West-cote, which is itself a suburb of New York. It is enough to say that Willowhurst is a most fashionable theatrical suburb, and that Alice Deare, as you have guessed, is the same Alice Deare whose face you see so often and like so well on the motion-picture screen. It is said that she earns one hundred thousand dollars a year. Between you and me and the income-tax collector

let it be a secret that she earns a good deal more than that. Five hundred thousand would be nearer the figure.

The Unsurpassable Film Company having arranged to film a great novel, in seven reels, among the bayous of Louisiana, Alice Deare had been forced to vacate her house temporarily, leaving it quite empty, except for four maids and two men—the butler and the under man—and as her dear friend Myrtle May was "resting"—the pretty theatrical term for being without a job—and had been resting for months, and seemed likely to be resting for months more, Alice had invited Myrtle May to come out to Willow-Wisp and be the lady of the mansion for two long, pleasant summer weeks.

So there she was! There she was, in Alice Deare's swell house and in Alice Deare's swell bed, sleeping as soundly and dreamlessly as woman could sleep. And as happily!

As happily, because Alice Deare had said, as she stepped into her car after kissing Myrtle May good-by:

"Now don't you fret, honey. Just you enjoy yourself, and don't you worry about the cash. When I come back I'll say a word to Lohman, and he'll put you to work in the films. By-by, deary!"

So Myrtle May slept soundly.

And now comes what you have been expecting. She was awakened out of her sound sleep by a noise in the room. She sat up straight in the bed, quivering with fright, her eyes staring at a small, round spot of light that rested on the front of the top drawer of Alice Deare's dresser.

In this small, round glare of light was a hand. It was a greasy, dirty hand with stubby fingers, rough with scratches, and with a scar across three fingers. It clasped an iron instrument, the tip of which was wedged between the top of the drawer and the dresser frame. As Myrtle May watched, the hand forced the jimmy slowly upward, and the lock of the drawer groaned, snapped, and gave.

Of the burglar Myrtle May could see nothing but this one ugly hand. She noticed now that the forefinger ended at the second joint, and that the little finger was

bent where it had no doubt been broken—a horrid hand!

Myrtle May moistened her lips.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but may I ask what you are doing there?"

This burglar, however, did not jerk off his cap and say, "Excuse me, lady, I didn't mean to bother you." He did not begin one of those delightful midnight burglar conversations, sparkling with wit and philosophy, such as Myrtle May had just been reading.

The disk of light left the dresser drawer, fell full into Myrtle May's eyes, and blinded her. The electric torch was no plaything; it was as glaringly strong as the headlight of an interurban trolley-car. Not only could Myrtle May not see the burglar, she could not see anything. The pupils of her eyes closed to pinholes in the fierce glare.

She put up one hand to ward off the light, and the next moment the burglar's rough hands grasped her throat, his thumbs pressing her windpipe. The electric torch fell on the bed and smothered its glare in a fold of the coverlet, and the burglar tightened his throttling grip.

This was no fiction burglar, it was a real burglar. This burglar had not come to hold a pretty conversation with a pretty lady. He had not come to take a midnight lunch with a romantic heroine, to tell the story of his unfortunate past, or to remark that he preferred two lumps of sugar in his tea. He had come for the "stuff," and he had been interrupted. He was, therefore proceeding, in plain, matter-of-fact burglar style, to choke Myrtle May to death.

The pain, where his fingers pressed her windpipe, was intolerable. Myrtle May felt as if the cartilage was being crushed. She had no time to think that this was dirty work; that it was as low an act as man could do, this choking a defenseless woman in her bed. She thought only of the pain, with a panic fear of death.

Under the light silken coverlet her two knees drew up, as criminals' knees draw up when they are hanged by the neck and their necks have not been broken at the first drop of the trap. Her arms drew up, too,

convulsively. The burglar threw more weight upon his hands and pressed harder with his thumbs. Then something unexpected happened.

With a sudden jerk Myrtle May drew her knees a bit higher, placed her two feet against the burglar's chest, and straightened out her legs quickly, while she battered her two fists against his face. As if shot out of a catapult, the burglar's hands flew up, and he was shot backward.

Across the foot of the bed was a mahogany bar. The sudden thrust threw him over this backward, and he stopped there, his knees caught over the bar, his head going to the floor with a thump, like that of a lead ball falling.

Myrtle May, one hand grasping her aching throat, reached over and switched on the electric. She leaned forward and stared at the man. All she could see were two rubber-soled and rubber-heeled shoes, the lower part of two trouser-legs, and a glimpse of one black sock. The trouser-legs were greasy and stained. The sock was the coarsest variety, cheap and poor.

The man did not move. The blow on the back of his head, when he hit the floor, had stunned him.

Myrtle May, in her pale-pink pajamas, got out of her bed and walked to its foot, picking up a chair as she went. It was a small mahogany chair with a solid mahogany seat, and tolerably heavy, but she carried it in one hand as if it was a match or a toothpick. With the chair in her hand and the burglar hung up over the foot of the bed, she felt quite safe. If he moved, she could brain him in an instant.

When she came to the foot of the bed, and saw the burglar, she laughed a sort of giggling laugh, for he was funny as he hung there by the knees. Then she pulled down the coat of her pajamas with one hand and buttoned one button that had slipped from its hole in the rather strenuous struggle. She giggled again.

### III

THE burglar, as he hung there, struck Myrtle May as looking extremely ridiculous. His hair was closely cropped, so that his scalp glittered through it. His brow

was low, and gave down into a long, crooked nose. Below the nose was a fishlike mouth, and from this his chin retreated sharply. Here and there on his face were smudges of black grease.

"Lord, what a make-up!" exclaimed Myrtle May, and giggled again. "Say, it would make a horse laugh!"

From time to time she felt her throat. It hurt her to swallow.

"I ought to hit him over the head for what he did to my poor throat," she said. "Choking me like that, the beast!"

It was a great temptation, but she disliked braining a man in Alice Deare's bedroom. She touched the fellow with her foot; he was quite harmless for the moment. She giggled again, rather hysterically.

She went to the dresser, holding the chair ready for instant use. From the drawer below the one that the burglar had jimmied she took out two union suits, thin, strong garments of knitted pink silk. When stretched, they were like silken ropes.

Still giggling, she tied the knees of the burglar to the cross-bar over which they were caught. She double-knotted her improvised ropes and drew them tight with all her strength. Then she giggled again, less hysterically.

As the burglar hung, his shoulders were on the floor. With his knees tied to the bar and the heavy little mahogany chair ready for use to quell any revolt that he might attempt, Myrtle May knew she had nothing to fear from the burglar. Now that her throat was easing, she was enjoying the affair. Being more or less of an actress, she felt the full dramatic quality of the episode, with its near tragedy and its real comedy.

From the mirror-doored mahogany clothes-press she took a filmy, lacy wrapper and infolded herself in it. She put on her pink silk mules. She drew one of Alice Deare's comfortable chairs near enough to the burglar to enable her to whack him over the head with the heavy little mahogany chair if she chose. Then she settled herself comfortably and looked at him.

Every time she looked at that greas-smearsed, impossibly grotesque countenance

she giggled. He would be such a surprised burglar when he opened his eyes!

Myrtle May, studying him, smiled, and then glanced down at her own gracefully decorative self. The pink mules, the pink of her ankles, the pink and white of the filmy wrapper, which flowed gracefully open to show just the lower portion of one of the legs of her pink pajamas, made a striking contrast to the dirty, brutal burglar. She knew it, and enjoyed the dramatic quality of it.

There was one touch needed. She was acting, and she knew that she was acting, and her audience was hanging by his knees in an unconscious condition; but he would awaken soon. She meant to give him the one real shock of his life when the curtain—or the twin curtains, his eyelids—went up.

She looked to make sure that he was showing no signs of consciousness, and then rose and placed a small work-table close beside her chair. She brought her box of cigarettes and her box of little wax tapers. She got the magazine she had been reading just before she fell asleep.

Once more Myrtle May settled herself gracefully in the chair. She lighted a cigarette and opened the magazine. The truth must be told—she made a charming picture of easy negligence, and one that would surprise any burglar hanging by his knees when he awakened.

Myrtle May, amusing herself with this little game, was not quite the fool she seemed. She had been resting too long. Her money was practically gone, and she needed a vehicle for her talent—a "sketch," she would have called it. She was a vaudeville "feature," and she had been allowed to rest because every sketch she had been able to rent or buy in the last year and a half had been a flivver.

Myrtle May was just a little slow-minded, but she had sufficient dramatic sense to see that there ought to be an "act" in this burglar affair if she could "shape it up." She meant to try out the thing right there, as far as she could, hoping that the burglar or she herself might say something which would suggest a good, snappy one-act comedy—something that would "pull strong" on the "big time."

Myrtle May opened the magazine. The first thing the lady heiress in the story had said was: "I beg your pardon, but may I ask what you are doing there?" To this the burglar had replied, doffing his cap: "I'm workin' at my trade, miss." The heiress had then asked: "Do you think it is a worthy trade, frightening lone women and stealing their jewels?" The man, abashed and ashamed, had muttered: "A man has got to live. Maybe God made these here laws of right and wrong, but a man grows his own stomach, and I've got to eat!" The girl, suddenly compassionate, had cried: "Poor fellow! Are you hungry?" "Gosh! but ain't I?" he had replied; so she took him down to the dining-room and fed him.

This was all good stuff, but Myrtle May had tried the first question already—"I beg your pardon, but may I ask what you are doing there?"—and he had not taken his cue properly; he had choked her. Now, in a playlet such as she had in mind—

#### IV

THE burglar opened his eyes. He was, of course, still dazed, and he did not see Myrtle May at all. He did a most peculiar thing. He clasped the bar of the bed more closely with his knees, gave his body a violent and convulsive jerk, threw his arms above his head with his hands outstretched, and cried:

"Hy-yap!"

The backs of his hands struck the bare floor, and this seemed to awaken him. The gleam of intelligence returned to his eyes. He turned his head and looked at Myrtle May; then he looked at his knees. The words he used were words never seen in stories of gentlemanly burglars. He ended with:

"Say! What's the idea?"

"I beg your pardon," said Myrtle May, repeating from the magazine story, "but may I ask what you are doing there?"

He did not return, "I'm workin' at my trade, miss." He answered:

"Aw, quit kiddin'! I'm hangin' by my knees, like a ring-tailed monkey, ain't I? Who are you, anyhow? What you goin' to do with me?"

The question was a most natural one. A man, captured by a woman, quite naturally wishes to know what she is going to do with him—a burglar, especially.

"I'm not sure," said Myrtle May, following the fiction heroine's method, but not her exact words. "Do you think this is a worthy trade, frightening lone women and stealing their jewels?"

"Aw, cheese!" said the burglar with disgust. "What you goin' to do with me? Cut out that loose talk and tell me what you goin' to do!"

He gave a throw of his body, and, almost quicker than the eye could see, his left hand held a revolver pointed straight at Myrtle May. Almost quicker than an ordinary eye could see, that is—not quicker than Myrtle May's well-trained eye. It might be said that she saw the revolver before it was in sight, and the heavy little mahogany chair swung against the burglar's wrist, sending the revolver whirling across the room.

"You pig!" she exclaimed, using the first word that came to her tongue. "That's a nice way to treat a lady, ain't it? When I might have brained you while you were dead to the world! I thought maybe I'd let you go, if you acted white, but it's you for the jug now!"

The negligent, grand-lady manner was gone. She was angry. She crossed the room to the telephone that stood on the night-table, and put the receiver to her ear. Then she noticed that the wires of the instrument were cut.

"Say!" said the burglar.

Myrtle May was partially concealed by the bed, and the burglar wanted to talk to her face to face. With no apparent effort he swung upward, as an athlete swings by the knees on the parallel bars, until his head was above his knees. He caught his toes under the foot of the mattress and sat on nothing. He folded his arms and looked at Myrtle May.

"Say, miss," he said, "I could untie these tights you got me tied with in less time than you could sneeze, but I got a sort of respect for you."

He meant, no doubt, that she still had the mahogany chair in her hand.

"You'd better have!" she said warningly. "I don't know why I don't brain you now, you low brute, coming in here and choking me like that! You go to the pen, you understand? I expect you'll get twenty years!"

"Say, listen, miss!" he begged.

"The pen for you!" she insisted. "I guess you thought you were up against one of these soft suburban ladies, didn't you? Well, you can guess again. I've got the best of you, going and coming. If you'd got away with those phony pearls of mine, I'd have had five lines in the *Morning Telegraph*—'Myrtle May robbed,' and some funny stuff about it being the fifty-seventh jewel-robbery of the season; but now I've got some of the best press-agent stuff that was ever pulled. 'Myrtle May captures burglar, and gets the idea for her new big-time sketch, "The Lady and the Burglar."' Say, I wouldn't let you get away for a thousand dollars!"

## V

MYRTLE MAY moved backward to where the burglar's revolver lay, stooped, and picked it up. She glanced at it to see that it was loaded.

"I'm going to yell for the help," she said, backing to the door. "If you move, you're dead. You're worth just as much space to me dead as alive, and maybe more. You keep your hands where they are!"

"I thought I knowed you," said the burglar.

Myrtle May put her left hand on the door-knob.

"How do you mean, knew me?" she asked, turning the knob.

"When I turned the light on you," said the burglar, "I thought you looked like somebody I'd seen. There ain't no doubt, after that bent-knee throw you gave me. You're Myrtle May all right!"

"How do you mean that?" she asked.

"Why, I seen you at Louisville, and again at Cincinnati, and here in New York a couple of times," said the burglar. "I thought you was good, but your act wasn't much. You was what kept it in big time. That guy you used to kick up in the air was no good."

"Marty Bench?"

"Yes, him," said the burglar. "We used to have a clown with Ringling that was worth twenty of him in an act like yours."

"Slim Simmons," said Myrtle May, but she kept the revolver pointed toward the burglar. "Listen, you ain't Mug Mertz, are you?"

"Sure! I'm Mug. How did you guess it?" he grinned.

"Well, I ought to have known, the way you caught yourself with that knee-grip when I gave you the bent-knee push. I've heard often enough you were the homeliest man in the business. Say, that would be a great stunt, if the bed-bar was up three feet higher, and when you were choking me I gave you the bent-knee and slung you up there! Then you would do a double turn or two on the bar and come back at me, and the next time I gave you the knee you'd light on the bar on your feet, and then we'd—"

"Me in just about this make-up—huh?" said Mug eagerly. "We'd have the stage all set with gold furniture and fluffy stuff like this, and you togged out in them fancy things—"

"No, me in plain, pale-pink pajamas," said Myrtle May. "Say—start in with the stage dark—no, I'd be reading in bed—no, I'd be getting into bed, and then I'd try to read, and yawn, and put out the light. Dim light on the window while you break in. Dim light on the room while you come to the dresser, with your torch like it was to-night. Then I sit up in bed and scream. You put the light on me and show I'm in terror. You jump on me and choke me, like you did to-night—"

"Only not gouging your pipe like I did," said the burglar politely.

"But going through the motions, until the dames in the audience feel their blood curdle," said Myrtle May eagerly. "Real tragedy stuff—that's the idea. Then—plenty of light—I give you the bent-knee and send you to the bar, and you catch by the knees and do the whirl and come back at me, and—"

"We can have two bars at the foot of the bed," said the burglar excitedly. "I

can do this kind of fall I did to-night on the lower one. That will get a laugh, sure. And say, how about having the lower end of the bed a spring-board, under the covers, so I can light on it and start bouncing and not be able to stop? That's good laugh stuff."

"And a fake revolver," suggested Myrtle May. "You plug at me and it won't go off. Or—"

"How about a sand-bag I draw to brain you with, and it's a rubber balloon, and when I let go of it it floats out of sight up into the flies?"

"That's the idea!" said Myrtle May. "Laugh stuff all the way through after the tragedy stuff. The comeback after their horror will throw the front into screaming hysterics. And we'll keep it all quick action, rapid-fire! With that face of yours we'll be good for big time for a couple of thousand years!"

"Just what I been wanting for three years!" said the burglar with a happy sigh. "Plain acrobatic stuff don't go any more." He laughed. "I wouldn't be cracking bureaus if it did. And say, we'll end just like this. We'll have this bar just a little higher, so I can do a rapid knee-whirl on it, and you tie me up with pink tights like these, and—"

"Those are union suits," said Myrtle May.

"All right, I end with a fall that knocks my head against the foot-board of the bed and knocks me out. You get the pink things and tie me up this way with them—it will be a scream! Then you go front to bow the curtain down, and I come to and whirl around and around on this bar like a pin-wheel. I bet we get ten curtain-calls every night!"

"Ten?" said Myrtle May scoffingly, "I bet we get twenty!"

#### ARGONAUTS OF THE AIR

Oh, Argonauts of this our day,  
Brave, radiant young adventurers,  
How beats the heart, how fancy stirs  
As you embark upon the air!  
Oh, Argonauts of this our day,  
How beats the heart at all you dare!

Your bark shoots up toward heaven's high dome,  
About your prow the white clouds foam,  
And Death rides with you, still and gray,  
So sure of you that he, the grim,  
Gives back the smile you turn on him,  
Oh, Argonauts of this our day!

Our hearts beat high as you release  
To bring for us the golden fleece—  
The golden fleece of liberty,  
Nailed high upon the field of Mars,  
As that old fleece was said to be.

As then, a dragon bars the way,  
But you shall bring your gift, we know,  
Oh, Argonauts of this our day!  
What though your way the dragon bars?

How beats the heart to see you go!  
All time shall be in debt to you,  
Oh, Argonauts of upper blue!

*Anne Virginia Culbertson*

# The Queen of Psalissa\*

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

Author of "Spanish Gold," "General John Regan," etc.

KONRAD KARL, titular ruler of the little kingdom of Megalia, spends most of his time in Paris and London—preferably the former—with Mme. Corinne Ypsilante as the companion of his exile. Being sorely in need of money, they consult Michael Gorman, an Irish member of Parliament, who dabbles profitably in journalism and finance.

Gorman bethinks himself of an American millionaire named Donovan, a retired capitalist from the West, who is staying in London. Donovan's own tastes are very quiet, but he has lofty ambitions for his daughter; and after some rather delicate negotiations it is arranged that Konrad Karl shall, for a handsome cash consideration, transfer to Miss Daisy Donovan the sovereignty of the tiny island of Psalissa, off the Megalian coast. This extraordinary transaction is kept as secret as possible because the king fears the disapproval of his powerful uncle, the emperor, of whom he is much in awe.

Donovan charts a steamer, the *Ida*, from Steinwitz, of the Syrenian Sea Steam Navigation Company, and sails, with his daughter and a retinue of servants, to take possession of Queen Daisy's island. The skipper of the *Ida* is Captain Wilson, a taciturn Scot; Maurice Phillips, a fair-haired young Englishman, is her first officer.

When the steamer reaches Psalissa, the entire population of the island, forty or fifty in number, come out in boats to greet their new mistress. Respectful homage is offered by Stephanos, the patriarch of the little community, and his granddaughter, Kalliope, is appointed maid of honor to Queen Daisy. The queen is delighted with the beauty of the island, and with the picturesque palace built there by King Otto, Konrad Karl's predecessor; nor is her ardor for her strange adventure quenched by the fact that the servants refuse to leave the ship and insist on returning to England. In the emergency, a handy man named Smith, a steward on the *Ida*, volunteers to wait on Queen Daisy and her father.

While the *Ida* is unloading furniture and supplies for the palace, the queen explores her tiny realm. Kalliope rows her about the harbor and into a sea cave, in which she finds a curious row of large iron tanks, the purpose of which she cannot guess. To this mystery another is added, for in the palace, which is supposed to have been closed for several years since the murder of King Otto, Phillips finds a torn envelope bearing a London postmark dated the previous October. The queen and the young officer, who have become quite friendly, vainly endeavor to find an explanation of these puzzling discoveries.

Meanwhile, in London, Konrad Karl again sends for Gorman and tells his Irish friend that he is in a dilemma. It seems that his uncle, the emperor, has heard of the sale of Psalissa, and has ordered the king either to cancel the transaction and return the purchase price, or to recover the sovereignty of the island by marrying the American queen. Konrad Karl shrinks from either alternative. He has already spent a great part of Donovan's money for a costly pearl necklace, which Mme. Ypsilante refuses to surrender. He begs Gorman to go to Psalissa and see what arrangement can be made with the Donovans.

## XIII

IN the end Gorman made up his mind to go to Psalissa. I do not suppose that the king's gift of the order of the Royal Pink Vulture had much to do with his decision. Nor do I think that he went out of pure kindness of heart, in order to give Konrad Karl and Mme. Ypsilante eight weeks of unalloyed delight in Paris. I know that he never had the slightest intention of trying to persuade Donovan to part with

the island, and—Gorman has not much conscience, but he has some—nothing would have induced him to suggest a marriage between Miss Daisy and the disreputable king. I believe he went to Psalissa because that island seemed in a fair way to become a very interesting place.

On the very evening of Gorman's dinner with the king I happened to meet Sir Bartholomew Bland-Potterton at another, a much duller dinner-party. Sir Bartholomew was not yet secretary of state for

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Balkan problems, but he was well known as an authority on the Near East, and was in constant, unofficial touch with the Foreign Office. He is a big man in his way, and I was rather surprised when he buttonholed me after the ladies had left the room. I am not a big man in any way.

"Do you happen to know a man called Gorman?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "Michael Gorman. I've met him; in fact, I know him pretty well."

"Nationalist M. P.?"

"Sits for Upper Offaly," I said. "Can't blame him for that. Four hundred a year is something these times."

"Bit of a blackguard, I suppose? All those fellows are."

Now any Irishman can call another Irishman a blackguard without offense. We know each other intimately and are fond of strong language, but we do not like being called blackguards by Englishmen. They do not understand us and never will. Sir Bartholomew's description of Gorman was in bad taste, and I resented it. However, there was no use trying to explain our point of view. You cannot explain anything to that kind of Englishmen.

"He's a member of Parliament," I said—"of your own English Parliament. I believe that all members are honorable gentlemen."

Sir Bartholomew took that remark of mine as a testimonial to Gorman's character. The thing is almost incredible, but he evidently felt that the word "honorable," as officially used, had a meaning something like that of "trustworthy."

"I wonder," said Sir Bartholomew, "if he's a man to whom one could talk safely on a rather confidential subject?"

"There's always supposed to be a kind of honor among thieves," I said.

I was still rather nettled by the contemptuous assumption that Gorman must be a blackguard simply because he is an Irish Nationalist. After all, Sir Bartholomew's own profession is not a very respectable one. He is a diplomatist, and diplomacy is simply the name we have agreed to give to lying about international affairs. I cannot see that he has any right to take up a high moral tone when speaking of Gorman

or any other member of Parliament, Irish or English.

"I'll look up the man to-morrow," said Sir Bartholomew. "I dare say I shall find him in the House of Commons during the afternoon."

Sir Bartholomew gave me no hint about the nature of his confidential business. I suppose he did not feel I could be trusted. However, Gorman told me all about it next day.

Sir Bartholomew came on Gorman in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. He was wearing, so Gorman assures me, the very best kind of official manner, that interesting mixture of suavity and pomposity with which our mandarins approach the public. They hope, in this way, to induce us to believe that they have benevolent dispositions and immense ability.

I do not know whether any one is ever deceived by this manner, or thinks of a mandarin otherwise than as a fortunate person who earns a large salary by being stupid. Certainly Gorman was not in the least impressed. Being an Irishman, Gorman knows the official class thoroughly. Ireland is a kind of laboratory for the culture of the mandarin bacillus.

"May I," said Sir Bartholomew, "intrude on your time, and ask you one or two questions on a matter of some little importance?"

Gorman had no objection to being asked questions. Whether he would answer them or not was another matter.

"I think," said Sir Bartholomew, "that you know King Konrad Karl of Megalia."

That was not a question, so Gorman gave no answer. He merely puffed at his pipe, which was not drawing well, and looked at Sir Bartholomew's round, plump face.

"A rather wild young man," said Sir Bartholomew. "'Dissipated' would perhaps be too strong a word. What do you think?"

"It is a strongish word," said Gorman.

Sir Bartholomew tried another cast.

"Mr. Donovan is a friend of yours, I think," he said, "and his daughter?"

"I've met them," said Gorman.

Sir Bartholomew realized that he was not

getting on very fast with Gorman. He relapsed a little from his high official manner and adopted a confidential tone.

"There has been a certain amount of talk in diplomatic circles—or shall we say semidiplomatic circles?—about King Konrad Karl. Mere gossip, of course, but—"

"I never listen to gossip," said Gorman.

This was untrue. As a matter of fact, Gorman listens to all the gossip he can, and enjoys it thoroughly.

Sir Bartholomew found it necessary to unbend a little more. He unbuttoned, so to speak, the two bottom buttons of the waistcoat of pomposity which he wore.

"I was told a story the other day," he said. "Perhaps I'd better not mention the name of my informant; but there can be no harm in saying that he is one of the attachés of the embassy of a great power, a friendly power."

I expect Sir Bartholomew thought this way of talking would impress Gorman. It impresses most people. Your story has a much better chance of being believed and repeated if you tell it on the authority of some one unnamed and vaguely described than it has if you merely say:

"Young Smith, the cashier in my bank, told me to-day that—"

"I am alluding," said Sir Bartholomew, "to a report that has reached us of an escapade of Miss Donovan's. That young lady—very charming, I'm sure, and her father's immensely rich, but—well, you know what young girls are."

"Got engaged to a royal duke?" said Gorman. "Or ran away with a good-looking chauffeur?"

"Oh, no, nothing of that sort. Not at all! The statement with which I'm concerned is that her father has bought an island and some kind of title for her from that unfortunate young King of Megalia."

"So long as he paid for it," said Gorman, "I don't see that it's anybody else's business."

"You don't understand," said Sir Bartholomew. "I haven't made myself quite clear. The fact is"—he sank his voice to an awed whisper—"the young lady is understood to claim sovereign rights over the island of Psalissa. She calls herself—it's

almost incredible, but she calls herself a queen."

"Well," said Gorman, "why shouldn't she?"

"But, my dear sir! To set up a new independent kingdom! In the existing state of Balkan affairs, when the great powers—but, of course, it can be nothing but a girlish joke, a piece of light-hearted playfulness. She can't mean—"

"Then, why worry?" said Gorman. "Why should you and that attaché of the embassy of a friendly power, the fellow you've been talking about—why should you and he start fussing?"

"My dear sir! My dear sir! Nothing, I assure you, is farther from our wishes than fuss of any kind. But unfortunately, the emperor—the emperor—I respect and admire him, of course. We all do. But if the emperor has a fault, it is that he's slightly deficient in humor. He does not easily see a joke. He's a little—well—"

"Elephantine?" said Gorman.

Sir Bartholomew looked round hurriedly. The division bell had just rung. The smoking-room was almost empty. This was fortunate. It would have been very awkward for a man in Sir Bartholomew's position to be caught in the act of hearing an emperor called elephantine.

"The emperor," said Sir Bartholomew, "has approached the American ambassador on the subject—indirectly, I need scarcely say. He requests—indeed, insists—that Psalissa shall at once be restored to the crown of Megalia. Now our idea is—and I think I know the views of the Foreign Office on the subject—our idea is that this little matter ought to be settled unofficially. A word to Mr. Donovan from a friend—a hint about the present critical condition of European politics—he might—"

"I don't suppose," said Gorman, "that Donovan cares a damn about European politics."

Sir Bartholomew's eyebrows went up in shocked surprise.

"It is of the first importance," he said, "of absolutely vital importance, that at the present moment, standing as we do, as all Europe stands to-day, on the verge of the smoldering crater of a volcano—"

"This is the House of Commons, of course," interrupted Gorman, "so I suppose you can talk that kind of language if you like; but we don't usually do it in the smoking-room."

Sir Bartholomew had not attained to the eminent position he occupied without learning a few lessons in tact. He changed his tone at once.

"The fact is," he said, "that just at present we all want to avoid friction with the emperor."

"No doubt," said Gorman. "And your idea is—"

"Mr. Donovan must be persuaded to give up that island. Pressure could be put on him, of course, by his own government and by ours. His position is preposterous. He can't set his daughter up as a European sovereign simply by writing a check. But we don't want—nobody wants—any publicity or scandal. If Mr. Donovan would agree, privately, to resign all claim on Psalissa—"

"Why not ask him?"

Sir Bartholomew's manner became most ingratiating.

"We feel that the good offices of a mutual friend, some one who occupies no official position, some one unconnected with the Foreign Office—in short Mr. Gorman, would you undertake this rather delicate mission?"

"Why the devil do you hit on me for the job?"

"Ah!" said Sir Bartholomew, smiling. "You see we all know something about you, Mr. Gorman. Your business ability, your unflinching tact, your—"

"Taken as read," said Gorman.

Sir Bartholomew cannot possibly have liked Gorman's manner. No public men discuss serious and confidential matters with this kind of flippancy. But he had been obliged to meet even more disconcerting people in the Balkans. He prided himself on being able to negotiate with men of any manners or none.

"Knowing the work you have done for your party in America," he went on; "knowing your friendship with the Donovans and your acquaintance with the King of Megalia, it seemed to us—not to me,

you know, for I don't really matter—it seemed to us that you were the best possible person."

"I see! Well, supposing I undertake the job, what am I to say to Donovan? He paid a big price for that island. Is he to get his money back?"

"Of course, of course! No one expects Mr. Donovan to make any financial sacrifice."

"Who's going to pay?"

"The king—King Konrad Karl."

"The king," said Gorman, "isn't very good at paying."

"In this case he will have no choice. The emperor will insist on his paying."

"The emperor is a powerful man," said Gorman; "but even he would hardly be able to make King Konrad Karl fork out what he hasn't got. You may safely bet your last shilling that most of what Donovan paid for that island is spent, chucked away, gone scat."

"The emperor," said Sir Bartholomew, "will be responsible for the return in full of the purchase price."

"Very well!" said Gorman. "And now suppose Donovan won't sell? Suppose he simply says no?"

"There is an alternative policy," said Sir Bartholomew. "It has occurred to some of us who are interested in the matter—I am not now speaking with the authority of any ambassador, certainly not with the formal approval of our Foreign Office. It has occurred to me—I will put it that way—it has occurred to me that the matter might be settled quite satisfactorily to all parties, to the emperor, certainly, if—the King of Megalia is, I think, unmarried."

"There's Mme. Ypsilante," said Gorman, "a lady—"

"A lady! Pooh! In these cases there is always a lady. But the king is unmarried. Miss Donovan, so we understand, wishes to be a queen. You catch my meaning?"

"Perfectly. You want me to arrange a marriage between—"

"My dear Mr. Gorman! I want nothing of the sort. I do not ask you to arrange anything. I merely say that if such a marriage were to take place, the emperor

would probably be satisfied. I am aware that the personal character of King Konrad Karl is not such—but he is a young man. There are possibilities of improvement.”

“There’s certainly room for it.”

“Exactly. And the influence of a good woman is just what is needed. A young, sweet, innocent girl has a marvelous influence. She appeals to that best which is present even in the worst of us.” Sir Bartholomew liked this phrase. He repeated it. “That best, that astonishing best, which is always present even in the worst of us. She might call it out. She might make a new man of King Konrad Karl.”

Gorman looked at Sir Bartholomew with an expression of interested inquiry.

“You think that if Miss Donovan married the king she would save him from the clutches of Mme. Ypsilante?”

“Not a doubt of it. And what a splendid thing that would be! It’s just the sort of an idea which would make a strong appeal to a girl. Women like the idea of reforming their husbands. Besides, the prospect for her is in other respects most brilliant. She would be recognized by the emperor. She would be received in the most exclusive courts of Europe. But I need not expatiate. You understand the position.”

“I don’t remember any case of an American heiress marrying a king,” said Gorman.

“Just so. This would be unique, splendid. And I need not say, Mr. Gorman, that if you see your way to oblige us in this matter, your services will not go unrecognized. If there is any particular way in which you would like us to show our appreciation, you have only to mention it. The next honors list—”

“All right,” said Gorman, “I’ll go. Where is Psalissa?”

“In the Syrenian Sea. It’s an island. Quite charming, I believe. I am sure you will enjoy the trip. Your best plan will be to see Steinwitz about the matter. Steinwitz is managing director—”

“Quite so. I know him—Syrenian Sea Steam Navigation Company.”

“His ships go there,” said Sir Bartholomew. “I have no doubt that he will ar-

range for you to make the voyage comfortably. I may mention, between ourselves, that Steinwitz is interested in the success of the negotiations.”

“Acting for the emperor?”

“Well, yes, unofficially. He is in a certain sense the agent of the emperor.”

“All right,” said Gorman. “I’ll see him. If I pull the thing off, I may count on getting—”

“You may ask for what you like,” said Sir Bartholomew. “You’ve only got to drop me a hint. Anything in reason. A knighthood? Or a baronetcy? I think we could manage a baronetcy. A post in the government? A Civil List pension? Your services to literature fully entitle you—”

“On the whole,” said Gorman, “I think I’ll ask for Home Rule for Ireland.”

“Ah!” said Sir Bartholomew. “You Irish! Always witty! Always sparkling, paradoxical, brilliant! I shall tell the prime minister what you say. He’ll enjoy it. What should we do without you Irish? Life would be dull indeed. What is it the poet says?—Wordsworth, I think—‘Turning to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can.’ You are all boys. That is why we love you—your freshness, your delightful capacity for the absurd. I feel that in choosing you for this delicate mission we have chosen the right man. Only an Irishman could hope to succeed in an affair of this kind. Good-by, Mr. Gorman, and be sure to let me know in good time what we are to do for you. I’ll charge myself with seeing that your claim is not overlooked!”

#### XIV

“I’m going, of course,” said Gorman. “The whole thing is interesting, quite exciting.”

He had just given me a detailed account of his interview with Sir Bartholomew Bland-Potterton, and a rather picturesque version of the way King Konrad Karl presented his case.

“Do you expect,” I said, “to be able to persuade Donovan to sell?”

“Of course not,” said Gorman. “I don’t even mean to try.”

“Gorman,” I said, “I’m accustomed more or less to political morality—I mean

the morality of politicians. I recognize—everybody must recognize—that you can't be expected to tie yourself down to the ordinary standards; but—"

"What *are* you talking about?"

"Oh, nothing much. Only you've accepted a Pink Vulture from Megalia and perhaps a baronetcy from England as a reward for services you don't mean to render. Now is that quite—quite—"

Gorman looked at me for a minute without speaking. There was a peculiar twinkle in his eyes.

"If I were you," he said at last, "I'd go back to Ireland for a while. Try Dublin. You have been too long over here. You wouldn't say things like that if you weren't becoming English."

I accepted the rebuke. Gorman was perfectly right. In English public life it is necessary to profess a respect for decency, to make aprons of fig-leaves. In Ireland we do without these coverings.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Gorman, "if I got some sort of decoration out of the emperor, too, before I'm through with this business. Once these ribbons and stars begin to drop on a man, they come thick and fast—kind of attract each other, I suppose. I wonder," he added with sudden irrelevancy, "what the emperor's game is! That's what I've been trying to make out all along. Why is he in it?"

"He wants the island of Psalissa restored to the crown of Megalia," I said. "You've been told that often enough."

"Yes, but why? Why? The island isn't worth having. As well as I can make out, it's simply a rock with a little clay sprinkled on top of it. What can it matter to the emperor who owns the place? It isn't as if it were his originally, or as if it would become his. It belongs to Megalia. With all the fuss that's being made, you'd think there was a gold-mine there."

The puzzle became more complicated, and Gorman's curiosity was further whetted, before he started for Psalissa. After leaving my rooms he went to Cockspur Street and called at the office of the Syrenian Sea Steam Navigation Company. Steinwitz was expecting him, and received him in the most friendly manner.

"Sir Bartholomew Bland-Potterton," said Steinwitz, "rang me up this morning and told me that you had undertaken our little negotiation. I need scarcely say that we're quite satisfied. We feel—"

"By 'we,'" said Gorman, "you mean yourself and the emperor, I suppose. Now what I want to know is this—why is the emperor so keen on—"

Steinwitz waved that question away with a motion of his hand.

"I do not discuss the policy of the emperor," he said.

"You must be the only man in Europe who doesn't," returned Gorman. "However, I don't mind. I suppose the emperor must have some pretty strong reason for wanting to get Donovan out of Psalissa, or he wouldn't offer to pay a fancy price—it was a fancy price, you know."

"King Konrad Karl will pay," said Steinwitz.

"No, he won't. He can't. He hasn't got it. There's a cool ten thousand gone on a pearl necklace as well as—"

"Goldstürmer is prepared to buy back the necklace," said Steinwitz. "I have arranged that."

"Well," said Gorman, "it's your affair, of course; but I wouldn't be too sure. I don't think Mme. Ypsilante will sell at any price."

"Mme. Ypsilante will do what she must," said Steinwitz. "The emperor—"

"I don't envy the emperor the job of tackling her," said Gorman. "He won't find it a bit pleasant. I dare say he doesn't know Mme. Ypsilante. He wouldn't be so cock-sure of himself if he did. She's the kind of woman who throws things about if she's irritated. If the emperor suggests her selling those pearls, there'll be a riot. But it's no business of mine. If that emperor of yours really enjoys a rag with a woman like Mme. Ypsilante—I should have thought a man in his position wouldn't care to be mixed up in the sort of scene there will certainly be."

Steinwitz stiffened visibly. His hair always stands upright on his head. It actually bristled while Gorman was speaking.

"I do not," he said, "discuss the emperor in that way. It is enough for you to

know this—Mme. Ypsilante will sell; Goldsturner will buy. I myself will settle these matters."

Gorman was enjoying himself greatly. Nothing in the world gives him more pleasure than intercourse with a man who takes himself seriously. Steinwitz was a real delight. He was solemnly and ponderously serious about himself. He was pontifical about the emperor.

"Goldsturner," said Gorman, "is a Jew, and the Jews are a cautious race. However, if you go to him and say: 'The emperor' in an open-sesame tone of voice, he'll no doubt give in at once."

"Exactly!" said Steinwitz gravely.

Gorman collapsed then. Steinwitz's portentous solemnity was too much for him. Sticking pins into a man or an ape is a pleasant sport. They have skins of reasonable density. It is dull work pricking a rhinoceros, even with a rapier.

"About going to Psalissa," he said meekly. "Can you manage to send me there?"

"Certainly," said Steinwitz. "How soon can you start?"

"At once," replied Gorman. "I'll buy a tooth-brush on my way to the steamer. I realize that I must waste no time when conducting business for the emperor."

"That is so," said Steinwitz; "but you cannot start before to-morrow. To-morrow at 9 A.M. the *Ida* leaves Tilbury. She is the steamer which Mr. Donovan chartered from us. She returns to the island according to his orders. If you sail on her—"

Steinwitz took up the receiver of the telephone which stood on his desk.

"Is Captain Wilson in the office?" he called. "Captain Wilson, of the *Ida*. Oh, he's not, but Mr. Phillips is. Very well! Ask Mr. Phillips to come up and speak to me here. Mr. Phillips," he explained to Gorman, "is first officer on the *Ida*. I shall give him orders to be ready for you to-morrow."

There was a brisk tap at the door. Phillips walked in.

"Mr. Phillips," said Steinwitz, "Mr. Gorman will sail with you to-morrow on the *Ida*. You will see that a cabin is prepared for him, and tell Captain Wilson, with my compliments, that Mr. Gorman is

to be made as comfortable as possible. If there are any particular directions you'd like to give, Mr. Gorman—"

"I prefer Irish to Scotch," said Gorman, "but I don't insist on it."

"Irish? Scotch?" queried Steinwitz. "Ah, yes, whisky, of course! Make a note of that, if you please, Mr. Phillips."

"And I detest tinned salmon," said Gorman.

"You need not be uneasy," said Steinwitz. "On our ships no passenger is ever asked to eat tinned salmon. As the guest of the company—"

"Of the emperor," suggested Gorman.

He deliberately winked at Phillips when he mentioned the emperor. Phillips has a nice, round, sunburnt face, clear eyes, and curly hair. Gorman felt that it would be easy to make friends with him.

Phillips laughed, and then checked himself abruptly. He saw no joke in a reference to the emperor, but Gorman's wink appealed to him strongly. Steinwitz frowned.

"That will do, Mr. Phillips," he said. He turned to Gorman when the young man left the room. "You will let me hear from you," he went on. "I shall expect a letter. The *Ida* will no doubt return after she is unloaded. You can give your letters to Captain Wilson."

"I suppose there's no other way of sending letters?"

"A coasting-steamer, perhaps," said Steinwitz; "or a fishing-boat might put in at the island; but the *Ida* will be your best means of communicating with me."

"All right," said Gorman. "I'll let you know how things go on. But don't be too sanguine. Donovan may refuse to sell."

He rose to go as he spoke. Steinwitz made one more remark before the interview closed.

"One way or other," he said, "I hear very often from the island."

The words were spoken in a colorless tone, but Gorman felt vaguely that they were a kind of threat. Evidently Steinwitz had a correspondent at Psalissa, some one who made use of the *Ida*, of any coasting-steamer which turned up, of the fishing-boats which put in. Steinwitz would not be

entirely dependent on Gorman's account of his mission. He would hear about it from some one else, would know whether the sale had been pressed on Donovan.

Gorman left the office a little puzzled. The threat suggested by Steinwitz's last words was veiled, but hardly to be mistaken. Gorman felt that he was to be watched by some one on the island, his life spied on, his actions reported to this perfectly absurd German ship-owner; by him, no doubt, again reported to the emperor.

The thing seemed almost too good to be true. Gorman, himself a clever man, found it difficult to believe that another clever man—Steinwitz certainly had brains of a sort—could possibly be such an idiot as to practise melodrama, spies, secret reports, and all the rest of it, quite seriously.

Gorman found himself wondering what on earth Steinwitz expected to learn from his correspondent at Psalissa, and what use the information would be to him when he got it. Would Donovan be threatened with the implacable wrath of the emperor? Would he himself, Michael Gorman, M. P. for Upper Offaly, incur some awful penalty if he did not persuade Donovan to sell, if he did his best—he certainly meant to do his best—to prevent a marriage between Miss Donovan and King Konrad Karl? He chuckled with delight at the prospect, and was more than ever glad that he had promised to go to Psalissa.

The voyage turned out to be a very agreeable one. Captain Wilson was not, indeed, a cheerful companion. He maintained the attitude of stiff disapproval with which he had all along regarded Psalissa and everything connected with that island. He gave Gorman to understand that he meant to do his duty to his employers, to obey orders faithfully, to carry ridiculous things and foolish people to and fro between Psalissa and England; but that he in no way approved of the waste of a good ship, quantities of coal, and the energies of officers like himself, over the silly fad of a rich American girl.

Phillips, on the other hand, was friendly from the start. He and Gorman spent many hours together on the bridge or in the cabin.

The weather was fine and warm. The *Ida* slipped quietly across the bay, found calm days and velvety nights off the coast of Portugal, carried her good luck with her through the Straits of Gibraltar.

A much duller man than Gorman would not have failed to discover that Phillips was deeply in love with the young Queen of Psalissa. All talk worked back to her sooner or later; and Phillips became eloquent about her. With naive enthusiasm he praised her beauty. He raved about the sweetness of her disposition. He struggled hard for words which would describe her incomparable charm.

Gorman says he liked listening to the boy. He himself has never married; so far as I know, he has never been in love. I suppose there was a certain freshness about Phillips's raptures. He must have been an attentive listener, and he must have shown some sort of sympathy, for in the end Phillips became very confidential.

I dare say, too, that Gorman found the whole thing highly amusing when he recollected the emperor's plan of marrying Miss Donovan to King Konrad Karl. Phillips was just the sort of obstacle to wreck the plan; but the emperor would never condescend to consider that a subordinate officer in the British merchant service could be of any importance. There was a flavor about the situation which delighted Gorman.

"When do you mean to marry her?" he asked one evening.

"Marry her!" said Phillips. "I never thought—I mean I never dared to hope—it would be such beastly cheek, wouldn't it, to expect—"

He looked at Gorman, pathetically anxious for some crumb of encouragement.

"She's a queen, you know," added Phillips, "and an heiress, and all that. I'm only—I haven't a penny in the world except what I earn."

The boy sighed.

"I don't see why that should stop you," said Gorman.

"Do you really think—I mean wouldn't it be frightful cheek? It's not only her being a queen and all that, but other things. She's far too good for me in every way.

I'm not clever or anything of that kind. And then there's her father."

"I shouldn't worry about him, if I were you," said Gorman. "What you've got to consider is not the father, but the girl. If she's as much in love with you as you are with her—"

"She couldn't possibly be," said Phillips.

"I don't suppose she could," said Gorman. "Let's say half. If she's half as much in love as you are, she'll manage the old man."

"I think," said Phillips, "I really think she does like me a little!"

Then he told Gorman something, not very much, about the scene in the cave. He spoke in broken sentences. He never quite completed any confidence, but Gorman got at something like the facts.

"If you've gone as far as that," he said—"if, as I understand, you've kissed her, then—I don't profess to give an expert opinion in matters of this kind, but I think you ought to ask her to marry you. In fact, it will be rather insulting if you don't."

"And you really think I have a chance? But you don't know. She might marry any one in the world. She's the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Her eyes—"

Gorman knew that Miss Daisy Donovan was a nice, fresh-looking girl with no particular claim to be called beautiful. He stopped listening. His mind had suddenly fixed on a curious point in Phillips's story of the scene in the cave. He waited until the boy, like *Rosalind's* "very good lover," was "graveled for lack of matter." Then he said:

"Where did you say that you were when that happened—the kissing, I mean?"

"In a cave," replied Phillips. "In a huge cave. I had helped her to climb up on the cisterns, and—"

"Cisterns!" said Gorman. "What the devil did you put cisterns into a cave for?"

"We didn't put them in—they were there. Galvanized-iron cisterns—huge things. Oh, I promised I wouldn't tell any one about those cisterns! They're part of the secret of the island. The queen made me promise. I wish I hadn't told you!"

"You've broken your promise now," said Gorman. "You may just as well go on."

It took some time to persuade Phillips to go on; and all Gorman's sophistries would not induce the boy to say another word about the cisterns in the cave. They were the queen's part of the mystery of the island, and he would not speak of them; but he did at last confide in Gorman to some extent.

"I think," he said, "I may tell you about this. I found this out myself."

He took a letter-case from his pocket and produced from it a corner torn off an envelope.

"Look at that," he said. "Look at it carefully."

Gorman stared at the scrap of paper.

"Bit of an envelope," he said. "Penny stamp, London postmark."

"Now look at this," Phillips went on.

He handed Gorman part of another envelope, torn in exactly the same way. Gorman looked at it.

"Same sort of envelope," he said. "Same postmark, different date."

"That last one," Phillips told him, "is a corner of an envelope which I received through the post ten days ago. It came from the office in Cockspur Street—Mr. Steinwitz's office. The first one I found in the hall of the queen's palace the day we landed on Psalissa."

"Well," said Gorman, "that's not much to go on. Lots of firms use envelopes like that, and I suppose there are thousands of letters every day with that postmark. Still, it's possible that Steinwitz wrote a letter to some one who was on the island last October. Were there any other bits of paper on that floor?"

"There were," said Phillips, "but I didn't pick them up. I intended to next day, but they were gone. The floor had been swept."

"Oh! Who swept the floor?"

"Smith. I saw him doing it."

"Now who," inquired Gorman, "is Smith?"

"He was steward on the *Ida*. Mr. Steinwitz sent him on board just before we sailed. He stayed on the island as servant to the Donovans. Oh, by the way, talking of Smith, perhaps I ought to tell you—"

He told Gorman the story of Smith's

early morning visit to the cave in company with Stephanos, the elder.

"Does Smith ever write letters?" asked Gorman.

"I don't know. Oh, yes—I remember. The day we docked at Tilbury, after our return voyage, Captain Wilson sent me up to the office with some letters of Mr. Donovan's. Just as I was starting, he called me back and said I might as well take Smith's letters, too. There were three of them, all addressed to Mr. Steinwitz."

"I think," said Gorman, "that when I get to the island I'll have a look at those cisterns of yours."

"I'll ask the queen if I may take you," said Phillips.

"You and the queen," observed Gorman, "seem to have formed yourselves into a kind of detective brotherhood for the discovery of the mystery of the island."

"We thought it would be rather fun."

"You don't appear to have found out very much. Suppose you take me into partnership? We could all three work together, except when it is necessary to climb cisterns. Then I'd stay round the nearest corner. What do you think?"

"I'd like to, but I must ask the queen first."

"I might be some help!"

"You would," said Phillips. "I'm not clever, you know. I wish I was! And of course the queen is very young."

"I'm quite old," said Gorman, "and amazingly clever."

"I can see that. I saw it directly I met you."

"Then you'd better let me help. We'll see if we can't catch our friend Smith at some little game!"

## XV

THERE is no doubt that the Donovans owed their comfort on Psalissa very largely to Smith, the ship's steward, who had entered their service at the last moment, and, as it seemed, accidentally.

Donovan would never have achieved the rest and quiet he desired without Smith. Advocates of the simple life may say what they like; but a man like Donovan would have lived in a condition of perpetual worry

and annoyance if he had been obliged to go foraging for such things as milk and eggs, or if it had been his business to chop up wood and light the kitchen fire.

He would not have liked cleaning his own boots or sweeping up the cigar-ends and tobacco-ash with which he strewed the floors of the palace. He would not have slept well at night in a bed that he made himself. He would have gone without shaving most days—thereby becoming uncomfortable and most unsightly—if he had been dependent on his own exertions for a supply of hot water and a properly stropped razor.

His daughter would have made a poor queen if it had fallen to her lot to cook meals for herself and her father, if she had spent one morning every week at a wash-tub and another morning with an iron in her hand. There were no labor-saving devices in the palace. King Otto had a remarkable taste for fantastic architecture; but it had not occurred to him to run hot and cold water through his house, or to have a lift between the kitchen and the upper stories. There was not even a single sink in which a plate could conveniently be washed.

It is impossible to be a queen in any real and proper sense if you have to spend hours every day doing the work of a kitchen-maid. Queens, and indeed all members of aristocracies, ought to be occupied with thoughts of great and splendid things, wide schemes of philanthropy, sage counsels for the elevating of the masses. But the human mind will not work at social and political philosophy if it is continually worried with problems of scouring pans and emptying slops. That is why there must be a class of menials, perhaps slaves, in society, if any advance is to be made toward the finer civilization.

It was Smith who saved the queen from becoming a drudge and Donovan from unfamiliar kinds of toil which would probably have still further injured his heart, and would certainly have broken his temper.

Psalissa was not by any means a desert island. It was inhabited by intelligent kindly people, who kept milk-giving cows and egg-laying hens. It was well cultivated.

Grapes and wheat grew there. There were fish in the surrounding sea, and the islanders possessed boats and nets.

Nor were the Donovans castaways of the ordinary kind. They had a large house, luxuriously furnished. They had ample stores of every kind. Nevertheless, they could scarcely have lived on Psalissa—they certainly would not have tried to live there long—if they had not had the invaluable services of Smith.

Picnicking is delightful for a short time. A picnic unduly prolonged degenerates rapidly through all the stages of discomfort, and ends in actual hardship.

Smith organized the life of the palace. Every morning an island boat crossed the harbor, bringing eggs, milk, and fish. Every evening, just at sunset, it came again with more milk and, if necessary, more eggs. Four island girls were brought from the village by Stephanos and—this was the impression left on the queen's mind—solemnly dedicated to domestic service. Smith taught them the elements of housework. Two boys were taken from the fields and handed over to Smith. He taught them to polish boots, clean knives, and make all kinds of metal—silver, brass, and copper—shine splendidly.

Smith's work was made easier for him by Stephanos, the elder. That old man spent two hours every day in the palace. He did not bring osier rods with him, but the girls knew, and the boys knew still better, that his arm was strong and that pliant rods hurt horribly. There were no corners left unswept in the rooms of the palace, no plates unwashed, no failure in the supply of cans of hot water for Donovan's bedroom or the queen's.

At first Smith did all the cooking himself. Later, when one of the girls showed some intelligence, he attended only to the more difficult and complex dishes. He never allowed any one else to wait on Donovan.

The organization was not accomplished at once. For a few days life in the palace was exciting, full of surprises and occasions for laughter. For a few days more it was a very well arranged picnic, rather less exciting than it had been, with meals which

could be confidently reckoned on, and many minor comforts. At the end of a fortnight it had settled down into something like the smooth routine of a well-managed English country house.

But the queen, even when things in the palace were well ordered, did not find the island dull. She explored it all. With Kalliope as guide she climbed rocks, descended into lonely coves, walked through fields and vineyards, wandered over the pasture-land of the upper plateau. She rowed, taking turns at the oars with Kalliope, into many caves, and found fascinating landing-places among the rocks. One fine day she sailed all round her kingdom in the largest of the island boats, manned and steered by Kalliope's lover.

She did not forget that she was a queen. She learned the names of all her subjects. She made plans for many improvements. Roads should be built, houses rebuilt, water should run about in pipes, and women should turn taps instead of carrying great pitchers on their heads. Motor-tractors, instead of small bullocks, should drag the island plows. Motor-engines should drive the fishing-boats. Every evening, Kalliope sitting by her, the queen drew maps, designed cottages, and made long lists of things which the Ida should in due time fetch from England.

She started a school in the great hall of the palace. Smith explained to Stephanos what was wanted, and the elder undertook the duties of attendance-officer. The queen's idea was to encourage the children with gifts of chocolates. Stephanos, who must have had the mind of a Progressive, established a system of compulsory education.

The queen spoke very few words of the children's language, and Kalliope, who acted as assistant mistress, did not know much English. But the laws of arithmetic, so the queen felt, must be of universal application, two and two making four by whatever names you called them. And the alphabet must be a useful thing to learn, whatever words you spell with it afterward. So the queen drew Arabic numerals on large sheets of paper, and tried to impress on a giggling group of children that the

figures corresponded in some way to little piles of pebbles which she arranged on the floor.

She succeeded in teaching them that "K," written very large, and held up for inspection, was in some way connected with Kalliope. She failed to persuade them that "S" could have anything to do with Stephanos, the elder. "S," perhaps because it is so curly, always made the children laugh uproariously. The mention of the name of Stephanos made them suddenly grave again. He was no subject for merriment, and it seemed impossible that a sign so plainly comic as "S" could possibly be associated with him.

The mystery of the island was the queen's only disappointment. It remained obstinately undeveloped. No more suspicious scraps of paper were to be found anywhere. Smith hardly ever stirred outside the palace. The cisterns were, indeed, still in the cavern, but no change took place in them. They stood there, great, foolish, empty tanks of galvanized iron, entirely meaningless things.

The queen came to regard them without wonder. They were just there—that was all. Little by little the mystery ceased to interest her, ceased even to be a disappointment. Then, one day, just as she was beginning to forget it, it suddenly became exciting again.

It was still Kalliope's habit to sleep, wrapped in a rug, on the floor at the foot of the queen's bed. Smith commanded and the queen entreated, but the girl refused to occupy a room of her own or to sleep on a bed. Every morning, about seven, she awoke, unrolled herself from her rug, tiptoed across the room, and pulled back the curtains. The flood of sunlight wakened the queen, and the two girls went together to bathe from the steps below the queen's balcony.

One morning Kalliope gave a sudden shout of excitement when she pulled back the curtains.

"Mucky ship!" she cried.

She ran from the window. The queen, blinking and no more than half awake, was seized by the arms and pulled out of bed. Kalliope was the least conventional of

ladies'-maids. She loved—even worshiped and adored—her mistress, but she had no idea whatever of propriety of behavior.

Bedclothes were scattered on the floor. The queen, staggering to her feet, was dragged across the room to the window. Kalliope pointed to the harbor with a finger which trembled with excitement.

"Mucky ship!" she repeated.

Kalliope's English was improving in quality. The queen had forbidden her to say "damn," or "bloody," but about "mucky" the girl had as yet received no instructions. It still seemed to her a proper epithet for any ship.

In this case it was unsuitable. The ship, a small steamer, which lay at anchor in the harbor, looked more like a yacht than a cargo boat. Her paint was fresh. Her hull had fine lines. Her two masts and high, yellow funnel raked sharply aft. The brass-work on her bridge glittered in the sunlight. The whole vessel was spick and span; but Kalliope stuck to her epithet.

"Mucky ship!" she said. "Once more!"

"Once more" was a recent addition to her English. She had picked the phrase up in the queen's school, where indeed it was in constant use. She knew what it meant; but it was not clear why she used it in connection with the steamer.

The queen was excited—almost as much excited as Kalliope. Even to dwellers in seaport towns there must, I think, always come a certain thrill when a ship arrives from the sea. In Psalissa, where ships rarely came, where no steamer had been seen since the *Ida* sailed, the sudden coming of a strange craft was a moving event.

And the manner of her coming stirred the imagination. A ship which sails in by day is sighted far off. Her shape is seen, her flag is read, perhaps, long before she reaches the harbor. Half the interest of her coming disappears as she slips slowly in, gazed at by all eyes, speculated on, discussed by every tongue.

But a ship which arrives by night is full of wonder. At sunset she is not there. In the darkness she steals in. No one sees her approach. She is there, rich in possibilities of romance, to greet eyes opening on a new day.

The queen and Kalliope had no morning swim that day. They were eager to dress, to go out, to row across to the strange ship. They had no time to waste in bathing.

As they dressed, they ran to and fro about the room, never willing to take their eyes off the steamer for very long. It was interesting to watch her. Men were busy about her decks, and a tall officer could be seen on her bridge. A boat was swung out and lowered from the davits, manned by four rowers. The anchor cable of the steamer was hove short. A warp was passed down to the boat and made fast to her stern. Then the anchor was weighed, and hung dripping just clear of the water.

The rowers pulled at their oars. The boat shot ahead of the steamer. The warp was paid out for a while and then made fast on board the steamer. The work of towing began. The boat, moving slowly in short jerks, headed for the shore. The officer on the steamer's bridge directed the rowers, shouting. They made for the entrance of the great cave.

Close under the cliffs the steamer's anchor was dropped again. Another anchor was run out by the attendant boat, then another, and a fourth. At last the steamer lay, moored bow and stern, broadside on to the cliff, a few yards from the mouth of the cave.

The queen, fully dressed at last, ran to her father's room. Kalliope was at her heels. Donovan was in bed and still asleep. At that hour Smith had not even brought him his cup of coffee or his shaving-water.

The queen was less ruthless than Kalliope had been. She did not pull her father out of bed; but she wakened him without pity.

"Father," she said, "a steamer has arrived. She came during the night. She looks like a yacht. Do you think she can be a yacht? I wonder who's on board of her!"

Donovan sat up and yawned.

"Is she going off again right now?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the queen. "She has gone in quite close to the shore. She has put out four anchors. She looks as if she meant to stay for weeks."

"Then there's no hurry," said Donovan, "and no need for me to strain my heart by getting out of bed at this hour. Just you run away, Daisy, and take that girl of yours with you."

"But, father, don't you want to see the yacht? Don't you want to know who's in her?"

"We'll send Smith after breakfast," said Donovan, "and ask the proprietor to dine."

Mr. Donovan lay down again and put his head on the pillow.

"But I can't possibly wait till dinner-time," said the queen.

"Well, luncheon," said Donovan.

His voice was a little muffled. After lying down he had taken a pull at the bed-clothes and had arranged the corner of the sheet over his mouth and ear. The queen gave him up; but she was not willing to wait even till luncheon-time or to trust Smith to deliver the invitation. Kalliope shared her impatience.

"Go row!" she said. "Quick—quick—slick!"

"Slick" was a word which she had recently learned from Smith. He often used it in urging on his staff of housemaids. He was forced to use an English word now and then, when he could not express his meaning in the Megalian language. There is no equivalent to "slick" in Megalian.

What the queen wanted most at the moment was to be quick and slick in getting off. She and Kalliope ran down to the steps where their boat lay moored. Smith was there, looking at the strange steamer.

"Oh, Smith," said the queen, "is it a yacht?"

"Don't know, your majesty," said Smith. "Never saw her before. She looks to me like a foreigner, your majesty; not an English boat."

"Well, I'll soon find out," said the queen. "We're going off to her."

Kalliope had already cast off the boat's mooring-rope and sat ready at the oars.

"Beg pardon, your majesty," suggested Smith, "but it might be as well for me to go off first. Foreign sailors are not always as polite as they might be. Not knowing that your majesty is queen of the island, they might say something disrespectful."

The queen would not listen to this suggestion.

"Come along with us, if you like," she said; "but I'm not going to wait till you come back."

Smith stepped into the boat and took his seat in the bow. Kalliope had the oars. The queen sat in the stern.

The men on the deck of the steamer were very busy. They were overhauling and coiling down what looked like a long rubber hose. An officer—a young man in a smart uniform—was directing the work.

When the queen's boat was near the steamer, the officer hailed sharply and asked in German what craft it was. Kalliope was rowing vigorously. Before any answer could be made to the hail the boat ran alongside the steamer.

The queen had learned German at school, carefully and laboriously, paying much attention to the vagaries of irregular verbs. She began to think out a sentence in which to describe her boat, herself, and her servants; but Smith took it for granted that she knew no German. Before her sentence had taken shape he answered the officer. The young man leaned over the bulwark of the steamer and stared at the queen while Smith spoke. Then he went away.

Smith explained to the queen what had happened.

"I asked him to call the captain, your majesty. I told him that you are the queen of the island. I was speaking to him in German, your majesty."

The queen knew that. She might be slow in framing a German sentence when an unexpected demand for such a thing was made on her, but, thanks to the patience and diligence of a certain fat German governess, she could understand the language fairly well. She had understood what Smith said. He had not told the young officer that she was queen of the island. He had described her as the daughter of the rich American who had bought Psalissa from King Konrad Karl.

She made no attempt at the moment to understand why Smith said one thing in German and offered her something slightly different as a translation; and she did not question him on the point. She was con-

tent to leave him to suppose that she knew no German at all.

The boat, which had run quickly alongside of the steamer near her bow, now lay beside the accommodation-ladder which hung amidships. A tall officer stood on the platform outside the bulwarks and looked down at the queen. He was a heavily built, blond man, with neatly trimmed beard and mustache. He wore a naval uniform and stood stiffly erect, his heels together, while he raised his hand in a formal salute.

The queen spoke to Smith.

"Ask him," she said, "if he will come ashore and breakfast with us."

Before Smith could translate, the officer replied to her.

"I speak English," he said. "It is not necessary that he translate. I have the honor to present myself—Captain von Moll."

"Very pleased to meet you, Captain von Moll. Won't you come ashore and breakfast with us?"

"I regret that is impossible," said the captain. "I am much occupied."

He spoke slowly, pronouncing each word carefully. He looked steadily at the queen, not taking his eyes from her face for a moment. His words were civil. His attitude was strictly correct. But there was something in his stare which the queen did not like—a suggestion of insolence. She felt that this man regarded her as an inferior, a member of an inferior sex, perhaps, or one of an inferior race.

American women, especially American girls, are not accustomed to think of themselves as men's inferiors. American citizens find it impossible to believe that any one in the world can look down on them. The queen was not annoyed. She was piqued and interested.

"Perhaps," she said, "you will come for luncheon or dinner? We dine at half past seven."

Von Moll saluted again with formal politeness.

"I will dine with you this evening," he said, "at half past seven o'clock. Meanwhile, I am sorry that I cannot ask you to come on board and see my ship. My men are much occupied."

The queen signed to Kalliope, and the boat left the steamer's side.

## XVI

DONOVAN was no more than moderately interested in what his daughter told him about the strange steamer. She mentioned the fact that the captain spoke English with precise correctness.

"They're an educated people, the Germans," said Donovan. "I reckon there's ten of them know English for one American knows German. Couldn't do business with us, if they didn't learn to talk so we can understand them. That's the reason. It isn't fancy trimmings they're out for, but business; and they're getting it. I wouldn't call them a smart people. They haven't got the punch of our business men; but they're darned persevering."

"It can't be business that brings him here," said the queen.

"No," said Donovan. "Psalissa is not a business center. It's my opinion that steamer is having trouble with her engines, and has come in here to tinker a bit; or maybe he's short of water; or the captain's taken a notion that he'd like some fresh fish and a few dozen eggs. It doesn't seem to me that we need fret any about what brings him here."

The queen was not satisfied. She sat for some time on her balcony looking at the steamer. With the help of a pair of glasses she could watch what was going on. The long hose which she had seen in the morning was got on deck and coiled in three great heaps. Then the men knocked off work for breakfast.

After that they became active again. One end of the hose was lowered into a boat. It seemed to the queen to be a rubber hose like those used by firemen. The boat rowed toward the cave. Another boat, which lay close to the steamer's bow, received a loop of the hose, taking some of the strain and drag off the first boat. She, too, rowed toward the cave. A third boat followed in the same way.

The queen saw that the hose was being carried into the depths of the cave, drooping into the water between the boats, but sufficiently supported to be dragged on.

The work was very slow, but it was carried on steadily, methodically.

The queen was much interested in what she saw. After a while she became very curious. The proceedings of the men on the steamer were difficult to understand. There seemed no reason why they should tug a large quantity of rubber hose into the cave. It was a senseless thing to do.

Then it occurred to her that the cave was hers; part of an island of which she was queen, which her father had bought for her from its legal sovereign. Any householder would feel himself entitled to investigate the doings of a party of strangers who appeared suddenly and pushed a rubber hose through his drawing-room window. They might be the servants of the gas company, or officials sent by the water board, or sanitary inspectors, but the owner of the house would want to satisfy himself about them. The queen felt that she had every right to find out what Captain von Moll's men were doing.

She called Kalliope, and they went off together in their boat, rowing across the bay toward the steamer.

Kalliope was excited. She talked rapidly in her own language, turning round now and then and pointing toward the steamer. It was plain that she had something which she very much wanted to say; something about the strange steamer.

The queen's curiosity increased. She thought for a moment of turning back to the palace. There she would find Smith, and he would interpret for her. Then she remembered Smith's odd mistake in translating his own German in the morning. She determined not to ask his help.

Kalliope, hopeless of explaining herself in Megalian, fell back on her small store of English words. She kept on saying "Mucky ship," which conveyed nothing at all to the queen, except the obvious fact that the steamer was there. She also repeated the words "Once more."

At last, when the boat was getting near the steamer, Kalliope made a great effort. "It—is—once more!" she said.

The queen jumped to a possible explanation. The steamer, that steamer, had been in the harbor of Psalissa before; had, per-

haps, been there on some business similar to that which occupied her now.

Kalliope, her eyes on the queen's face, saw that she was making herself understood. She nodded delightedly, turned round on her seat, and pointed to the steamer.

"It—is—once more!"

Then she began to sing, softly at first, louder as she became sure of herself, until her voice rang clear across the water. Her song had no words, but the tune was that which she had sung to the queen in the cave on the day when she first saw the cisterns. It was the tune of the hymn, "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken."

Three or four men were leaning over the ship's bulwarks, looking at the queen's boat. They heard Kalliope's voice, and they joined in the hymn. A boat lay in the mouth of the cave, supporting part of the long hose. There were four men in her. They also joined in the hymn. They sang words, German words. The queen listened intently, trying to hear what the words were.

Captain von Moll, standing on the bridge of the steamer, shouted a peremptory order. The men in the boat stopped singing abruptly. Kalliope finished the tune by herself, and then laughed.

"It—is—once more!" she said.

The queen understood. The ship had been in the harbor before. The crew had gone about some work like that which she saw them doing. While they worked they had sung that hymn-tune.

The queen frowned with perplexity. Then suddenly she recollected. She had been in the choir at school. She had sung hymns every morning at prayers. The fat German governess, an exile from the Fatherland, and deeply sentimental, used to play the piano and teach the choir. There were always tears in her eyes when she played that particular tune. The girls understood that in some way it meant a great deal to her—that it was perhaps the tune of some national song, captured by an English musician and set to the words of a popular hymn.

The queen had never thought much about the matter. Now it occurred to her that

the sailors were singing the song which the German governess had in mind—a song so popular that they often sang it at their work. Kalliope had learned it from them when they first visited the island. They recognized it, and joined in it when they heard her sing it.

Kalliope rowed slowly round the steamer. An engine on deck began to work. The queen could hear it snorting and clanking. The boat crossed the ship's bows, passing under the hose, which dropped in a long curve into the water.

Suddenly the hose swelled, writhed, twisted. It seemed to be alive. It looked like some huge snake, wriggling from the ship into the sea, swimming toward the gloomy mouth of the cave. Kalliope stopped rowing and stared, open-mouthed. The queen realized almost at once what was happening. The engine on the steamer's deck was pumping some liquid through the hose.

Kalliope held her dripping oars above the water and stared at the writhing hose. The boat lay still. The queen remembered what her father had said at breakfast. The steamer might have come to the island for water. It was possible that the engine was sucking water through the hose, not driving some other liquid out through it; but the queen could not remember any spring or well of fresh water in the cave.

She signed to Kalliope. The girl dipped her oars again, and the boat moved toward the entrance of the cave.

One of the ship's boats, with four men in her, lay right under the high archway of the entrance. A man stood up and signed to the queen, shaking his head.

"*Es ist verboten*," he said. Then, with gestures which could not be mistaken, he repeated gruffly: "*Verboten!*"

To the queen it seemed absurd that a strange sailor should try to prevent her from rowing into a cave in her own island whenever she chose. She took no notice of the warning. Kalliope rowed on. A man in the ship's boat leaned over the side and caught one of Kalliope's oars.

Kalliope was a young woman of imperturbably good temper. She smiled amiably at the man, and then turned to the queen.

"Blighters!" she said. "Blighters! Bloody blighters!"

She was also a young woman of spirit and ready presence of mind. With a swift jerk she dragged the slippery blade from the man's hands, and pulled it toward her beyond the man's reach. Then, with a sudden vigorous thrust, she drove the blade into the face of the nearest sailor.

It took him full in the mouth, and knocked him backward. He picked himself up and spat out the broken fragments of some teeth. Kalliope laughed joyously.

"Bloody blighters!" she said, and for once the epithet was appropriate enough.

The queen felt that the situation was neither agreeable nor dignified. It is very well, no doubt, for wild, half-barbarous girls like Kalliope to engage in fights with German sailors; but for a civilized American lady, a graduate of a university, such things are impossible. And for a queen! Can a queen brawl without hopeless loss of dignity?

Her immediate impulse was to appeal to the captain of the steamer, to assert her right to enter the cave, to demand the immediate punishment of the men who had stopped her. She looked round. The captain was not on the bridge. He had been there a few moments before. He had been there when the engine began to work. He had disappeared.

The queen rowed back to the steamer. She asked for the captain. The young officer whom she had seen in the morning came to the side of the ship and told her that no one was allowed to enter the cave. She asked to see the captain, refusing to argue about her rights with a subordinate officer. She was told that the captain was very much occupied and could not be disturbed. The queen, puzzled and angry, rowed back to the palace.

It was nearly luncheon-time when she landed. Smith met her with the news that Mr. Donovan had been suffering severely with his heart all the morning; that he would not join the queen at luncheon; that, further, he felt the need of absolute quiet and rest during the afternoon, but hoped to be able to meet the German captain at dinner.

Donovan's balcony commanded a full view of the harbor. He had seen Kalliope's struggle with the German sailor. He felt sure that his daughter would tell him the whole story, and he feared that she would want him to take some vigorous action.

Donovan made a point of encouraging his heart in disordered action whenever demands of that kind were likely to be made upon him. He argued that the trouble of the morning would in all probability have died away before dinner. If it showed signs of reviving or increasing in intensity, he intended to dine in his room and go to bed early.

The queen felt it her duty to lecture Kalliope severely. No well-conducted lady's-maid ought to attack strange sailors with oars and knock out their front teeth. Kalliope must be made to understand that such conduct was not only undesirable in a maid, but actually unwomanly.

The lecture was, necessarily, delivered for the most part in pantomime, by means of frowns, nods, and shakings of the head. Up to a certain point the queen succeeded very well. Kalliope easily understood that her assault on the sailor was the subject of discussion. After that the queen's sign-language began to fail her. Kalliope continued to be greatly pleased with herself and proud of her performance. After a long struggle, however, the queen made her understand that she had behaved not well, but very badly.

Kalliope groveled in abject apology. The impression finally left on her mind was that she was to blame for anticipating her mistress's action. The queen, so she thought, would have liked to fell the German sailor herself; would, indeed, have brained the man instead of merely breaking his front teeth.

The queen, aware that her lecture was not a success, gave the business up and sent Kalliope away to make tea. It was easy enough to communicate with Kalliope about tea, clothes, and such ordinary subjects. The girl had picked up the English name for most things which her mistress commonly used.

The queen took advantage of this. After tea she made an inspection of her evening

frocks. She wished to appear to the very best advantage before Captain von Moll when he came to dinner. The man had stared insolently at her in the morning; but then she had been wearing a simple cotton frock and a boating-hat crammed hastily on the back of her head. In the evening she meant to be splendid, regal. Captain von Moll should look at her with respect.

She determined that her manner should correspond with her attire. She would be gracious, indeed, as a good hostess should be; but very dignified, a little remote, with more than a hint of condescending patronage in her tone when she spoke.

Kalliope, greatly delighted, brought out frock after frock. She spread the garments on the backs of sofas and chairs, handling delicate lace and fine fabrics with tender affection. Sometimes, at the bidding of the queen, she put on one of the frocks and paraded up and down the room in it, her brown face and strong, sunburnt arms making an odd contrast with pale-blue silk and fluffy chiffon.

The occupation was fascinating. There were some frocks which the queen had scarcely seen. She had, she supposed, chosen the material and the shape, and probably had tried them on during the hurried days before sailing for Psalissa; but she had forgotten what they were like; forgotten that she possessed them. It was a joy to see them spread out before her eyes, or actually draped on Kalliope's slender figure.

Neither girl noticed that shortly after six o'clock the *Ida* slipped round the corner of the reef and dropped anchor in the harbor.

Phillips, standing with Captain Wilson and Gorman on the bridge, scanned the palace steps, the balconies, the windows, and then, with eager eyes, the shores of the bay, for a sight of the queen. Captain Wilson and Gorman stared with surprise and curiosity at the German steamer. Gorman had no special knowledge of ships, but he recognized that the vessel before his eyes was not an ordinary tramp. He was startled and interested to see any such ship in the harbor of Psalissa. Captain Wilson, a puzzled frown on his face, wondered at the odd way the steamer was moored and her nearness to the cliffs.

Phillips, who had no eyes at all for the strange steamer, seized the line attached to the *Ida's* whistle, and blew three long blasts. He hoped to announce his arrival to the queen, wherever she might be.

Captain Wilson, perplexed by the look and position of the German steamer, was irritable. He ordered Phillips off the bridge; but the whistle had done its work. The queen and Kalliope ran to the balcony. They waved joyful greetings to the *Ida*, Kalliope an odd figure in a pale-gray evening dress.

Phillips, standing on the deck below the bridge, waved back. It was a joyful moment; but a few minutes later his joy was turned to sorrow of an almost unbearable kind. Captain Wilson forbade him to go ashore.

A boat was lowered, and Gorman was rowed off to the palace—to the gates of paradise. Phillips bitterly regretted that he had blown his blasts of greeting on the siren; but, in fact, it was not for that he was punished. Captain Wilson was simply in a very bad temper. The sight of *Psalissa* always annoyed him. The position of the German steamer irritated him vehemently. She lay dangerously near the cliffs, in a position in which no seaman would willingly put his ship. She was absurdly moored with four anchors. She was occupied in an unusual and incomprehensible manner.

No man likes to be puzzled by things which it is his business to understand. Doctors have been known to deny the existence of symptoms which do not accord with those proper to the patient's state. Politicians are baffled and infuriated by men who, indifferent to the sacred etiquette of the profession, speak the truth in public. Engineers are angry when water persists in oozing out of the top of a hill—as it sometimes does to the confusion of all known laws—instead of trickling into the drains dug for it in the valley underneath.

So Captain Wilson's temper gave way because the German steamer lay as no steamer in the charge of sane men ought to lie; and Phillips was punished. Kings fly into a rage, said an ancient poet, and the common people suffer for it.

Perhaps Phillips would have been consoled—he would certainly have been less sulky during the evening—if he had seen what happened in the palace. The queen stood on the balcony, all eagerness, her lips parted, her eyes sparkling, a flush coming and going on her cheeks. She watched the boat lowered, saw the men take their places, saw Gorman climb cautiously down and seat himself in the stern.

She waited. Phillips was on deck. She could see him.

The boat pushed off. Phillips was not in her. He still stood on the steamer's lower deck, leaning over the bulwarks. The queen turned and went into her room. She flung herself down on a chair. She had much ado to hold back most unqueenly tears of disappointment.

Kalliope slipped off the gray-and-silver dress she wore. Very silently she folded and put away the clothes which lay scattered about the room. Then she sat down at the queen's feet and cried softly. She had a sympathetic soul. She understood the queen's feelings.

Gorman was received by the ubiquitous Smith. After a few minutes he was led up to the balcony, where Donovan lay comfortably stretched on a deck-chair with a box of cigars at his elbow.

"I am very, very much pleased to see you, Gorman," he said.

"I'm afraid," said Gorman, "that I've come to bother you. There's been a lot of fuss in London about your purchase of this island. The emperor—"

Donovan waved his hand feebly and lay back in his chair with every appearance of extreme exhaustion.

"Ill?" said Gorman.

"Two years ago," said Donovan, "after I had realized my little pile, before I came over to Europe, I sent for a doctor—leading man in his own line in America—heart specialist. 'Doc,' I said to him, 'here's two hundred dollars. You take a good look at my heart.' Well, he tapped me some, and fooled around in the usual way. 'Sir,' he said, 'your heart is as sound as a bell.' 'Doc,' I said, 'you're mistaken, and the fee I offered was unworthy of your acceptance. I'll write out a check for five hundred dol-

lars, and you take another look at my heart. I've a feeling,' I said, 'that what I want is rest and quiet, now that my pile's made.' Well, he tapped me again, and kind of listened to the throbbing of the darned machine. 'Sir,' he said, 'you're suffering from disordered action of your heart, and I recommend rest and quiet—no excitement and no worry.' 'Doc,' I said, 'I'm a business man—or I was before you passed that sentence on me. I'd be obliged if you'd put that on paper, with your signature underneath.' Well, he did that, and I paid him another two hundred dollars. I reckon the money was well spent. That paper is a protection to me."

"I see!" said Gorman. "I'll let the emperor know—"

"The emperor be hanged!" said Donovan. "Say, Gorman, there's a kind of German naval officer wandering around this island. I gather that some trouble arose this morning between his men and my daughter's maid. Seems to me that there may be explanations, especially as that German captain is to dine here to-night. Now, my idea is to stay where I am—on account of the condition of my heart. Smith will bring me up a bit of chicken and a half-bottle of Heidsieck. That's all I feel inclined for. But I don't care to leave Daisy alone with that man. I'm not scared of anything happening to the girl. She's pretty well able to look after herself; but there might be more trouble for the officer."

"There will be," Gorman agreed, "if he's come here with any kind of message from the emperor."

"Daisy," said Donovan, "is liable to speak out at times. And that girl of hers is handy in the use of weapons. I don't want to have to officiate at the funeral of a German naval officer."

"It might very well come to that," said Gorman.

He was thinking at the moment of the emperor's suggestion that Miss Donovan should be married out of hand to King Konrad Karl. It seemed to him likely that there would be very serious trouble if the German officer made that proposal, especially if he made it with the manner of a man who is conferring a favor.

"You see," he went on, "that emperor—silly old fool he is!—has got it into his head—"

Donovan lay back and closed his eyes.

"My heart isn't up to the strain," he said. "I'd rather leave the affair in your hands."

"All right," said Gorman. "I'll see it through."

"Thank you. It's asking a good deal, I know."

"Not at all!" said Gorman cheerfully. "I shall probably enjoy it."

## XVII

CAPTAIN VON MOLL thought that a certain assertion of dignity was due to his position as a naval officer. He was to dine with two Americans, no doubt vulgar representatives of a nation which did not understand class distinctions and the value of a "*von*" before a surname. He had no idea of being friendly. The dinner was an official affair. He was for the moment the representative of the emperor.

He dressed himself with great care in a uniform resplendent with gold braid. He combed and brushed his beard into a state of glossiness. He twisted the ends of his mustache into fine points. He reflected that if the American girl were really enormously wealthy, and if, which he doubted, her manners were tolerable, it might be worth while to marry her. He would, no doubt, lose caste to some extent if he did so; but her money would be very useful to him, and it would be unnecessary afterward to see much of the girl herself.

He rubbed on his head a strongly scented preparation guaranteed to give a shine to the dullest hair. He went ashore in a boat rowed by six men. A flag dropped from the staff at the stern, just touching the water with its lowest corner.

Gorman received him in the large hall of the palace.

"Mr. Donovan, I presume," said Captain von Moll. "It gives me pleasure to meet you."

Gorman briefly explained who he was, and said that Donovan was unable to be present at dinner owing to the serious condition of his heart. The captain said that

he derived equal pleasure from meeting Mr. Gorman.

Then the queen swept into the hall, followed by Kalliope. She was dressed in a pale-blue gown which glittered with sequins. She wore a diamond star in her hair. She walked slowly, and held herself very erect. Kalliope, walking behind her, added to the dignity of her entrance.

Von Moll stepped forward, stood in the middle of the floor, clicked his heels together, and bowed low. The queen, seeming to ignore him for the moment, shook hands warmly with Gorman, and welcomed him to Psalissa.

Then she held out her hand to Captain von Moll. He bent over it and touched it with his lips.

"I have to tender an apology," he said. "This morning, much to my regret, some of my men stopped your boat. They have been placed under arrest."

Gorman is of opinion that Captain von Moll was genuinely anxious to make himself agreeable to the queen. He probably could not help looking her over from head to foot, as a man might look over a horse he thought of buying. That was simply his nature. He regarded women as useful and desirable cattle. It would not have occurred to him that any woman would think of herself as his equal.

The queen flushed a little under his gaze; but she accepted the apology at its face value.

"Oh, it's all right," she said. "But I hope you have not punished the men. I wouldn't like to think of their getting into trouble through me."

"You are kind," replied the captain, "but it is necessary to maintain discipline. The men exceeded their orders."

Then Smith announced that dinner was served, and the queen led the way into the dining-room. She took her place at the head of the table. Gorman and Captain von Moll sat on either side of her.

The German officer's eyes wandered over the appointments of the meal, the tall silver candlesticks, the exquisite linen, the fine glass. They rested with particular pleasure on the menu-card which stood in front of him. It promised a luxurious dinner. He

tucked his napkin under his chin with an air of satisfaction.

Kalliope stood behind the queen's chair and waited on her. Smith served the two men. At the vacant end of the table stood the three island girls whom Smith had in training. They were no particular use, but they were pretty girls, and they added something to the dignity of the scene. They were elaborately dressed in a glorified form of the bright costume of the island women. Gorman noticed that Captain von Moll eyed them with appreciation.

"I do wish you'd tell me," said the queen, "why you didn't want me to go to the cave this morning."

"My orders," said the captain, "were not meant to apply to you. I merely wished to prevent the islanders from interfering with my men at their work. That is all."

"It sounds very interesting," said Gorman; "but I don't know what happened. Do tell me."

"It was rather exciting," said the queen. "Two of Captain von Moll's men stopped our boat, and Kalliope hit one of them with an oar. Did he lose many teeth?"

The captain drew himself up stiffly. He would have been better pleased if the queen had tendered some apology to him and promised that the overbearing Kalliope should be punished. It is a serious thing to strike a seaman of the imperial navy, a man wearing the emperor's uniform. In Captain von Moll's opinion such conduct could not, without grave impropriety, be described as "rather exciting." He was not at all sure that the German navy would not suffer a loss of prestige among the islanders.

"The man," he said stiffly, "had three teeth broken."

"Oh," said the queen, "I'm so sorry! And I'm afraid there's no dentist on the island. Still, it was the man's own fault, wasn't it?"

"I am sure," said Captain von Moll, "that you will punish the girl suitably."

The queen looked at him with astonishment. She had not the slightest intention of punishing Kalliope. It seemed extraordinary to suggest such a thing. She was a little inclined to be angry.

Then she thought that Captain von Moll must be making a joke. He looked rather grim and solemn; but perhaps that was the way all Germans looked when they made jokes. She laughed in polite appreciation of his attempt at humor.

Gorman, watching with twinkling eyes, was greatly pleased. Captain von Moll was evidently another Steinwitz in seriousness and pompous dignity. It was a delightfully amusing trait in the German character.

"I'm still rather in the dark," he said. "Who's Kalliope?"

"My maid," said the queen. "There she is."

Gorman glanced at Kalliope, who was at the moment placing a plate before her mistress. The girl grinned at him in a friendly way. She was quite aware that she was the subject of conversation.

"It strikes me, Herr von Moll," said Gorman, "that your navy hasn't come very well out of its first regular sea battle!"

The captain's face hardened disagreeably. It was an outrageous thing that an Irishman—a mere civilian, who apparently had no right to wear a uniform of any kind—should poke fun at the imperial navy! He wished very much to make some reply which would crush Gorman and leave him writhing like a worm. Unfortunately it is very difficult to make that kind of reply to a man who insists on laughing when serious subjects are under discussion.

Gorman, still watching Captain von Moll closely, felt pleased.

"I hope the press won't get hold of the story," he said. "Just imagine the headlines—'Grave International Crisis.' 'Novel Encounter in the Syrenian Sea.' 'Imperial Gunboat'—they'd be sure to say gunboat, you know—'Attacked by a Girl.' If it had been a man! But a girl! However, I promise you I won't mention the matter. If you fix that fellow up with a set of false teeth, I dare say nobody will ever hear about the business."

Captain von Moll was angry; but he was no more ready than he had been at first with a suitable answer for Gorman. He was dimly aware that if he gave way to his feelings; if he even allowed his anger to appear, this gray-haired, bantering Irishman

would be gratified. He had just sense enough to realize that he must make some pretense at laughing. It was, of course, impossible for him to regard disrespectful remarks about the German navy as a joke; but he succeeded in giving a kind of hoarse cackle.

Smith was conscious of a want of harmony in the party. He became most vigilantly attentive to the two men on whom he waited. Captain von Moll drank sherry with his soup, and two glasses of hock while he ate his fish. Smith poured him a glass of champagne. For Gorman he opened a bottle of Irish whisky. Then he handed round an entrée, a fine example of his powers as a cook.

The queen, too, was aware that Captain von Moll's temper had been ruffled. She turned to him with a smile and made a banal but quite harmless remark.

"I think Psalissa is a perfectly sweet island," she said. "Don't you?"

The captain thought it an exceedingly dull hole, and wished to say so plainly. Perhaps it was the sight of the champagne foaming pleasantly in his glass which made him restrain himself.

"No doubt it is pleasant as a holiday resort," he said. "For a few weeks one might find life agreeable enough; but after that—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," said the queen, "I've been here for more than two months already, and I like it better every day!"

"Really. What a pity that you are leaving so soon."

"But I'm not leaving. What makes you think I am?"

"I understand," said Captain von Moll, "that Mr. Donovan has resold the island to King Konrad Karl."

"Whatever put that into your head?" said the queen.

"I am perhaps mistaken," said Captain von Moll, "in saying that the island has already been resold to the king; but very soon it will be."

"Oh, no, it won't!" returned the queen. "It's my island, you know; my very own; and I wouldn't part with it for anything you could offer me."

"I understand," said the captain, "that it is the emperor's wish that the island should revert to the crown of Megalia."

He spoke with a certain ponderous assurance. There was evidently no doubt whatever in his mind that the emperor's wish settled the matter. The queen's next remark must have startled him.

"What on earth has the emperor to do with it?" she inquired. "Who is the emperor, anyway?"

"Now that," said Gorman, "is what I'm always asking. Where does the emperor come in? I asked Steinwitz. I asked King Konrad Karl. I asked that footling ass Bland-Potterton. They don't any of them seem to be able to do more than just gasp and say 'The emperor!' over and over again."

"The emperor's wish—" said Captain von Moll.

"There you go," said Gorman. "That's exactly what I'm complaining about. I ask what the emperor has got to do with it, and all the answer I get is 'The emperor!'"

"Anyway," said the queen decisively, "the emperor has nothing to do with me, and I'm not going to sell Psalissa to him or any one else."

Captain von Moll was master of himself this time. No doubt it appeared to him that this defiance of the emperor's wish was childish, unworthy of the attention of a serious man. The silly girl who sat at the end of the table playing at being a queen would pack up her boxes and leave the island on the day fixed by the emperor. Meanwhile she looked quite pretty—prettier than he thought she could look, with her heightened color, sparkling eyes, and slightly parted lips. He began to think that it might be worth his while to marry her in spite of her *bourgeois* blood.

He looked at her with cool, appraising eyes. The slight smile on his lips was the only evidence of the contempt he felt for a girl who thought she could resist the emperor.

After that conversation at the dinner-table became rather difficult. Smith did the best he could with the champagne-bottle, but the wine seemed only to increase Captain von Moll's conviction of his own

superior wisdom. The queen drank nothing but water, so her temper preserved its raw edge.

It fell to Gorman to keep things going. He told a series of stories about Ireland, all of them good stories; some of them partly true. No one laughed except Kalliope, who did not understand the stories, but liked the twinkle in Gorman's eyes.

At the end of each story he asked Captain von Moll how he thought the emperor would deal with a country like Ireland. The captain twisted his mustache fiercely, and told Gorman that if Ireland had been a German dependency she would have ceased to trouble the world early in the eighteenth century. Gorman listened with every appearance of deference and docility, while Captain von Moll explained the Prussian way of dealing with people like the Irish.

The queen could not cut the dinner short. Smith had provided many courses, and it was impossible to skip any of them; but at the earliest possible moment she got up and left the room. Gorman closed the door behind her, and then drew his chair close to the one on which Captain von Moll was sitting.

Smith brought in coffee and liqueurs. Gorman took the brandy-bottle off the tray and set it on the table at Captain von Moll's elbow. Smith made an effort to recover the bottle and carry it away. He seemed to think that the captain had had enough to drink.

Gorman was of the same opinion, but he did not allow Smith to carry off the brandy-bottle. He thought that Captain von Moll might be very interesting if he took rather more than enough to drink.

When Smith, after hovering about for some time, left the room, Gorman refilled the captain's glass.

"Silly little thing, Miss Donovan," he said in a confidential tone.

"That is so," agreed Captain von Moll.

"In Germany," said Gorman, "you put that sort of young person into her place at once, I suppose."

"In Germany," replied Captain von Moll, "she would not exist."

He spoke with ponderous gravity. Gorman was pleased to see that he was becom-

ing more ponderous as he drank glass after glass of brandy.

"That cave incident, for instance," said Gorman. "I call it cheek her trying to get into the cave when you had sentries posted outside to stop her. By the way, what had you in the cave that you didn't want her to see—a girl?"

Captain von Moll leered in a most disgusting manner. Gorman poured him another glass of brandy.

"You naval men!" he said. "You're always the same. No girl can resist you. But, I say, you'd really better keep it dark about that man of yours getting his teeth knocked out. If there were any kind of inquiry, and it came out about your being in the cave with one of the island girls—"

"There was no girl in the cave," said Captain von Moll.

"Come now! I won't give you away. Between ourselves! We are both men of the world."

"I have said. There was no girl."

"Oh, well," said Gorman, "I suppose you were writing poetry and didn't want to be disturbed. What was it? An ode to the Fatherland—'Oh, Deutschland, Deutschland!'—that kind of thing?"

Captain von Moll strongly suspected that Gorman was laughing at him again. It seemed almost incredible that any one would dare to do such a thing, but Gorman was plainly an irresponsible person.

"I was carrying out the orders of the emperor," said the captain.

"The emperor again!" said Gorman.

"But this time it won't do—it really won't. You can't expect me to believe that the emperor sent you all the way to Psalissa to write poetry in a cave!"

"There was no poetry. The emperor's orders were not about poetry. They were about—"

At this point Captain von Moll stopped abruptly and winked at Gorman with drunken solemnity.

"I don't give your emperor credit for much intelligence," said Gorman; "but he must surely have more sense than to give orders of any kind about a cave in an out-of-the-way, potty little island like this. Why can't you tell the truth, captain?"

Captain von Moll straightened himself in his chair and glared at Gorman. His eyes were wide open—so wide that a rim of white showed all round the pupils. His forehead was deeply wrinkled. His nostrils were distended.

"*Gott in Himmel!*" he said. "You doubt my word?"

Gorman chuckled. Captain von Moll was decidedly amusing when partially drunk. His glare—he continued to glare in the most ferocious manner—was a most exciting thing to see.

"There is no use looking at me like that," said Gorman. "I sha'n't fight, you know. I never do. I'm not that kind of man at all. The fact is, I don't care for fighting."

"I believe it!" returned the captain.

He spoke with a sneer, a heavily accented sneer. It was more like the sneer of the villain of old-fashioned melodrama than anything Gorman had ever seen.

"If you want a scrap," said Gorman; "really want it, you know, you ought to call up Phillips on your way back to your boat. He's the first officer of the *Ida*. He'll take you on. He's six feet one, and weighs about fourteen stone. He'll simply wipe the floor with you; so unless you're really keen on fighting some one, you'd perhaps better leave him alone."

"I stay here no longer!" said Captain von Moll.

He rose and crossed the room quite steadily, but putting his feet down with extreme

care. He reached the door and bowed to Gorman.

Gorman leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. He had enjoyed the evening. He had also found out something that he wanted to know. The emperor really did intend to make use of the island of Psalissa in some way. He wondered whether the cave which the queen had been forbidden to enter was the same cave which contained the iron cisterns.

The queen, sitting at her window, heard Captain von Moll leave the house and go down the steps toward the landing-place. Smith was with him, seeing him safely to the boat which waited for him.

"So," said the captain. "I telegraph to Berlin and I forward your letters."

He spoke in German, but he spoke very deliberately, pronouncing each word carefully. The queen had no difficulty in understanding what he said.

Smith replied in a much lower tone. She could not hear him.

"*Ach!*" said Captain von Moll. "The old man is a fool—good! And the girl—do you know, Fritz, I think I shall marry the girl?"

The queen shut her window. She had no wish to hear more of Captain von Moll's plans. She was insulted and very angry.

It was not until she thought the matter over coolly next day that it occurred to her as strange that the captain should have addressed Smith as Fritz. The man's Christian name was Edward.

(To be continued in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

### SWEETHEARTS OF WAR

HEROES in battle? Yes, I whisper low  
That he, my dear boy lover, may not know  
The grief I hide so valiantly beneath  
His roses on my breast, that breathe of death!

Heroes in battle? Yes, and heroes here!  
Else did we cling and hamper with our fear  
That never dies but stabs and stabs anew  
Each time that love demands its ancient due!

Heroes in battle? Yes, and heroes now!  
Else how, pray, all you happy ones, ah, how  
Could we speak lightly, kiss and let them go  
And then turn back to bear our hidden wo?

Grace G. Bostwick

# The Owner of the Lazy D\*

BY WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE

Author of "The Brass Elephant," etc.

A DUSTY young fellow, riding a wiry-looking little dun pony, hears a bullet pass over his head, and finds himself under the fire of a party of men who seem to be in pursuit of a couple of "rustlers," or cattle-thieves. The lone rider intercepts one of these supposed thieves, and discovers, to his surprise, that she is a girl—a remarkably pretty girl with honey-colored hair. The result is that he helps her to escape, and she invites him to her father's ranch.

It appears that a cattle war has divided Glenn County into two hostile camps, the factions being led by the Hash Knife and V Up-and-Down outfits on one side, and by the Lazy D and Triangle O on the other. The girl with the honey-colored hair is Louise Stuart, daughter of old Alec Stuart, owner of the Hash Knife. She explains the situation to her new acquaintance and asks him for an account of himself. He gives his name as Dal Gilmore, and tells her that he is a deputy sheriff. At that she warns him to get out of the county before he meets the punishment that any of the feudists would be likely to mete out to a spy.

Riding on from the Hash Knife ranch, the deputy reaches Virgin City, where he witnesses a cowardly murder, Sam Kyle, of the Ace Saloon, being shot down from behind in the street. He captures the murderer, who proves to be Slim Dennison, foreman of the V Up-and-Down, and also arrests Tim Simms, the town marshal, who attempts to liberate the prisoner. Assisted by a half-breed, Smoky Nivette, who is a friend of law and order, Gilmore takes both men to Plain Edge, where Judge Trivvy reluctantly gives him a warrant for their arrest; but as he cannot secure a trial there, he goes on to Warrior's Mark, where the prisoners are deposited in the calaboose in charge of the local marshal, Doheny.

The next prisoner brought there is Tom Johnson, leader of the opposite faction in the feud. Gilmore entraps the manager of the Lazy D by applying for work on the ranch and boasting of his own prowess as a gunman, which elicits from the incautious Johnson an offer of a thousand dollars for the killing of Alec Stuart, of the Hash Knife, and Jack Shaw, of the V Up-and-Down. He also gets proof that Johnson has been selling stolen cattle to the Indian agency at Fort Henderson, the transaction being in the name of Dick Enright, deputy sheriff of Plain Edge, and the profits being divided between Johnson, Enright, and Oyle, the Indian agent. With this evidence, and with the assistance of one Jimmy, a friendly hand at the Lazy D, Gilmore arrests Johnson at the point of a gun and takes him to Doheny's lockup.

The deputy's next move is to visit Plain Edge. Arriving there after sunset, accompanied by Jimmy, Gilmore posts his ally in hiding among the cottonwoods on the river-bank. Then, borrowing Jimmy's horse, lest his enemies should recognize his own dun pony, he rides into the town and ties his mount in front of a saloon a few doors from Judge Trivvy's house.

## XXII

"TOWN'S mighty dead," thought Gilmore, glancing in at the open door of the saloon. "Nobody round but the bartender, an' he's asleep."

He looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight save a woman carrying home some groceries, and there were no ponies tied to any of the hitching-rails. Idly speculating, he walked down the street to the judge's house. Here was life, at least. Through the open windows he heard the clink of bottle nudging glass and the voices of men conferring together.

He walked boldly past the house, then

tiptoed back and dodged in between it and the house next door. Edging along the wall, he took off his hat, crouched, and peered in at the corner of a window.

With his back toward Gilmore, and almost within arm's length, Judge Trivvy sat at a table. The shadow of the broad, judicial body, luckily for the watcher outside, fell across the lower half of the window. At the judge's right hand was Dick Enright, his hat far back on his head, his left hand cupped round a whisky-glass. The third man, who sat facing the judge, was a stranger to Gilmore.

He was a heavy-shouldered, bullet-headed man, this stranger, with a hairless face,

\* This story began in the September number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

prominent jaws, thin lips, large cheek-bones and outstanding ears. Completing the picture, as it were, the black eyes flanking his hooked nose were glassily cold in their blank stare.

Had Gilmore been a student of Grohmann or Lombroso, he would probably have guessed at once how to catalogue this repellent-looking person; but he had never heard of the great German or the greater Italian. Hence, not being conversant with the facial characteristics of the habitual murderer, he merely concluded that the stranger would be a good man to watch.

"It's shore queer there ain't nobody rubbed him out yet," the bullet-headed man was saying, his black eyes fixed on Enright.

"It is an exceptional case," cut in the learned judge. "This man is unusual, very unusual!"

"He must be," was the stranger's dry comment, delivered with curling, thin lips.

"Yuh'd kind o' think he might be a crowd or somethin'."

"Yuh'll have yore hands full," growled Enright, carefully ignoring the other's palpable slur.

"Yes, I heard he carved his name on yore arm. Yuh can't move it right easy yet, can yuh?"

It suddenly broke upon Gilmore's consciousness that he himself was the subject of their conversation. With freshened interest he watched to see how Enright would take the stranger's last remark.

The Plain Edge deputy took it well enough. He did not seem to be in a mood to resent any insult, no matter how flagrant, that evening.

"It should be a comparatively simple matter," hurriedly piped up the judge, "for you to—er—put this man Gilmore out of action. Very simple indeed! I—"

"Ye-es, I reckon that's why yuh sent for me an' are payin' me six hundred for the job—'cause it's so simple!"

"We—I was taken at a disadvantage," protested Judge Trivvy, pouring himself a drink. "I was unable to reach my gun."

"Didn't Nivette tie yuh to a chair or somethin'?" the stranger asked curiously.

"He did, and Gilmore choked me. Could I have reached my gun—"

"Yuh'd have handed it over to him!" finished the stranger, and burst into a high-pitched cackle of laughter.

"Say, are yuh tryin' to make trouble?" demanded Enright, with a sudden show of spirit.

"Why, I ain't worryin'," was the placid reply. "I never try to make trouble."

Both men were included in the speaker's feline smile.

"Have another drink," invited Judge Trivvy, and pushed the bottle toward the truculent one.

The man poured out one narrow finger, sipped it delicately, and then leaned back in his chair and rolled a cigarette with an expertness that even Gilmore could not have surpassed.

"One little thing more," observed the stranger, breaking a silence which had endured till his cigarette was smoked out. "I want half in advance."

"Half in advance!" the judge cried in alarm. "Why, my dear sir, we gave you a quarter in advance—one hundred and fifty dollars—not twenty minutes ago."

"I ain't yore dear sir. I'm only workin' for you. I don't like yuh, an' yuh make me think of a fat frog, so snub up yore affection. I want one hundred an' fifty more, three hundred flat!"

"My friend—"

"I ain't yore friend, neither. Three hundred, I said. Keep me danglin', an' I'll make it four hundred. I reckon now I will make it four hundred. Four hundred wheels from yore pockets into mine, or the deal's off!"

"Aw, thunder, call it off!" exclaimed the exasperated Enright.

"Shore, call it off," agreed the stranger. "Couldn't suit me better, that couldn't. Don't have to do no work, an' I'm one hundred an' fifty to the good!"

"What? You mean you would keep our money?" The judge's voice was almost a shriek.

"Why not? I don't see nobody round here fit an' able to take it away from me."

The judge turned a doleful head toward Enright.

"What shall we do?" he queried helplessly.

"I s'pose you'll have to give it to him," Enright answered.

"We'll have to give it to him, you mean," corrected the judge.

"I don't mean *us* at all. I mean *you*—yes, *you*, yuh old sot. Fork over two hundred an' fifty an' give it to this graspin' gent!"

"I won't do it! I won't! It's robbery!"

"It's more than that," chimed in the stranger. "I'd do anything for money. Why, judge, if I was paid enough, I'd even cut yore throat!"

The judge was visibly agitated. He raised a glass to his lips, and one-third of the liquid slopped over and ran down his wrist.

"Why won't you chip in?" Judge Trivvy's tone was agonized.

"Because I ain't got it handy. Dig up the simoleons, y' old crab. Whatcha waitin' for?"

"What a pleasant little family y'all are!" observed the stranger. "So lovin' like—one might think yuh was related. I can't wait all night. Do I get my money, or don't I?"

"But how—how do I know you will keep your promise?" quavered the judge.

The stranger leaned across the table.

"How do yuh know?" he said in a cold voice. "Did I hear yuh say them words?"

"No—no, I didn't say that," the judge disclaimed. "I—I'll give you the money."

Enright laughed, but there was no answering smile on the stranger's face. Impassive, he watched the judge take a fat buckskin bag from his coat-pocket and count out on the table the necessary number of gold pieces. He pouched the money without a word of thanks, and remarked that he would start immediately.

"Yore not knowin' where this Gilmore is don't make it too easy," he added, rising. "I reckon I'll try Virgin City first."

"If he ain't there, go see Stuart o' the Hash Knife," suggested Enright. "He's a good friend o' mine, an' it's just a chance he'll maybe have heard somethin' about Gilmore. Jack Shaw o' the V Up-an'-Down is another one I know. He'll help yuh all he can. But yuh want to look out for the Triangle O an' the Lazy D. Keep away from 'em. If any o' them see yuh

ridin' the range, they're a heap likely to beef yuh first an' ask yuh about it after. Glenn County ain't no health-resort!"

"So I heard. Don't yuh fret none about me. I'll be back to claim the other two hundred before long."

Abruptly he quitted the room. Gilmore could hear him walking away along the street.

"That Crowner is shore a hellion," remarked Enright, holding the bottle against the lamplight. "Not a man's drink left. Where's another bottle, judge?"

"There are no other bottles—for you," was the pointed reply.

"Aw, don't be a crab, y' old miser! Anybody 'd think yuh really care somethin' about that two fifty. I'll pay yuh back. I'd pay yuh right now, only I ain't got it with me."

"Oh, go to the devil!"

"Shut up, or I'll find a short way to make yuh!"

"I've a good mind to cut loose from you entirely."

"Yuh can't afford to. S'pose Stuart an' Shaw ever found out you was in cahoots with Tom Johnson an' Oyle—what then, huh?"

"You're in this deeper than I am."

"I know I am, but whose idea was it in the first place? Yuh won't be the silent partner yuh make out to be, if yuh ever break with me. Break with me! That shore listens well!"

Enright threw his head back and burst into a jarring laugh. The judge jerked open the table-drawer. His fat fingers scrabbled within. Enright swung forward swiftly.

"None o' that, y' old fool!" he rapped out, gripping the other's wrist. "Let loose o' that gun, or I'll twist yore hand off! Oh, it hurts, huh? Then drop it. Here, I'll take it out o' yore reach. Don't move now while I feel yuh over for anythin' else."

"I sha'n't try to hurt you!" cried the judge. "I give you my word!"

"Yore word is worth about half as much as yore rotten self. I don't trust yuh for a minute. There now, I guess yuh ain't concealin' nothin' about yore person. Yuh can sit back if yuh like."

"I—I—I fear I nearly lost my temper," quavered the judge. "I apologize. This—this business of fleeing with the hare and running with the hounds is very trying to the nerves."

"It's a fact, yuh don't know when yore goin' to trip," Enright answered equably. "But keep yore heart up. A couple o' years more, what with both sides payin' for protection, an' them agency contracts, an' you an' I can retire."

"If young Drummond should come north, where will the contracts and half the protection be?"

"I'm bettin' he'll never come. The Double D is takin' all his time. Don't worry none—Tom Johnson 'll have a free hand for years yet."

"Yes, but this cattle war may bring him."

"No, 'twon't. Johnson's been sendin' him the best kind o' reports from the Lazy D. If he knewed the ranch was losin' cattle, it 'd be different; but he don't, an' he won't, not with Tom manager. Anyway, s'pose the Lazy D an' Triangle O have suffered a lot, still, takin' it all in all, it's the V Up-an'-Down an' the Hash Knife that have come out the little end so far. One more o' the Hash Knife boys was downed about a week ago. Oh, Tom's shore a whizzer. He's got 'em all beat nine ways from the jack!"

"Oyle's the one to profit the most," grumbled the judge.

"Shore, but we can't all be Injun agents. I'm satisfied to be just a deputy."

"Are yuh?" said Gilmore, his gun poked across the window-sill. "Too bad the rest of us ain't!"

The command of "Hands up!" was quite unnecessary. At the sound of his voice two pairs of arms clawed ceilingward. Gilmore flung a leg over the sill and eased his body into the room without losing for an instant the magic of the drop.

Enright's face was a Japanese mask of malevolent hatred and the passion to kill. His washed-out gray eyes were narrowed like a cat's.

The judge quivered as a well-made jelly quivers. His two chins visibly wobbled with apprehension.

Gilmore walked to the table and removed the lamp to the mantelpiece.

"So's yuh won't be tempted to knock it over," he explained, and stepped behind Enright. "Yuh'll excuse me for takin' yore gun an' the judge's," he continued, with elaborate politeness, removing the weapons. "Yo're so venturesome, you two, yo're liable to do 'most anythin'. There, I guess we can all be happy now; but keep yore hands up. The exercise 'll be good for yuh."

He sidled across the room and seated himself in Judge Trivvy's most comfortable chair.

"How long yuh been here?" inquired Enright harshly.

"Me? Oh, I just come. Why?"

"Nothin'. I was just wonderin'."

"That's not a criminal offense, but shiftin' round in yore chair thataway is. Keep still, Enright! Yuh don't suppose there'd be many questions asked if I should drill yuh, do yuh? Judge, make out a warrant for Thomas Johnson. He's charged with rustling cattle and inciting to murder."

Enright gaped. His complete change of expression was almost ludicrous.

"Tom Johnson!" he gasped. "Honest, yuh got him?"

"Shore!"

"Where is he?"

"It's none of yore business, o' course; but seein' it's you, I'll tell yuh he's safe in the calaboose at the Mark."

"At the Mark?"

"Shore! Why the happy laughter?"

For Enright was laughing heartily; but in another instant he ceased laughing as suddenly as he had begun, and began to curse loudly. To Gilmore's mind, there was a flavor of pretense about those curses. He sensed that the Plain Edge deputy was using them to mask something quite different from the matter in hand, but what that something might be was more than he could fathom. Later he discovered to his intense disgust the cause of Enright's mirth. It also explained the tiny quirk at the corner of the judge's mouth as he wrote out the warrant, and the malice in his eyes as he pushed the warrant across the table.

"I guess the warrant's all right," remarked Gilmore, leisurely folding the document and thrusting it into an inner pocket. "If it ain't, I'll be back, don't worry any about that! It's always a pleasure to call on folks like you two. But I'm afraid next time I drop in one of yuh'll be missing. Not you, yore honor. We can't spare yuh yet a while, but we can manage without Deputy Enright an' not miss a single drink. Enright, yuh hear me talkin' now! Tonight, before twelve o'clock, yuh pull yore freight out o' Glenn County, an' nothin' 'll happen to yuh so far 's I'm concerned. Stay here, an' the next time I see yuh, yuh better come a shootin', 'cause I will!"

"Yuh can't drive me out," Enright snarled.

"I can bury yuh," was the imperturbable reply.

"Talk's cheap!"

"So's lead."

"Say—"

"Shut up! Listenin' to you is shore the hardest thing I ever did, an' I don't aim to do it no more. Judge Trivvy, my advice to you is, go slow. Yo're an old feller, an' yuh'd ought to have sense enough to see that drinkin' yoreself to death is a heap easier 'n goin' to jail. Good night, gents, kindly keep those hands up till I'm out o' the doorway. I wouldn't try to give the alarm too soon, either. There's no tellin' how long I may be watchin' yuh from the window."

Backing to the door, Gilmore reached behind him with his free hand and pulled the latch. He slipped silently through the doorway, shut the door, and raced toward his horse. His movements were so swift that a gentleman crouching at the corner of the house had not even time to rise when Gilmore's knee lit him violently in the face and knocked him cold as a wedge.

Gilmore, of course, fell all asprawl, but he was an agile individual, and was on his feet and in full motion in a breath.

The collision with the crouching gentleman necessarily entailed some commotion. Hardly was Gilmore on his feet when there were muffled exclamations from the sides and rear of the judge's house. Followed then the thump of running feet other

than Gilmore's. That young man tore loose his reins, made a flying leap into the saddle, and was off toward the river.

### XXIII

JIMMY, hot and anxious, met Gilmore in the spray of his crossing. Together they raced westward in the direction of Beardance, swung round the Little Kettle Mountain, and struck out eastward. Half an hour later they dismounted to listen and change horses.

"I can't hear nothin'," announced Jimmy.

"Me either. Guess we must 'a' razzle-dazzled 'em. Stand still, you Frosty fellah! Yuh ain't got a kid straddlin' yuh now. It's me, yuh lump o' sin!"

"I wouldn't want to ride such a sawbuck," asserted Jimmy. "Why don't yuh feed him somethin' once in a while? Maybe the shock 'd kill him, but yuh might try."

"Don't you fret any 'bout this lil fellah," remarked Gilmore. "He's a reg'lar hoss, he is, all wool an' two yards wide. Naturally, since yuh've been ridin' that wind-busted accordeen of yores yuh can't appreciate a reg'lar hoss. Yuh will when yo're older!"

Three miles from Warrior's Mark they passed a dead horse. The animal had been shot through the back of the head, and a ragged furrow scarred his hide from hip to shoulder.

"Plugged while he was goin' away," observed Jimmy.

"Dead more'n a day, too. Look at the way his legs stick up. I'd shore admire to know how his rider found time to take the saddle off."

"Here's another—no saddle, either."

"Drilled through the chest, this fellah was. Maybe the sport ridin' the other one 'd know somethin' about it. An' there's a grave. Ain't been filled up long, either."

"Guess we'll find out all about it at the—say, ain't that a gent a hangin' on that cottonwood?"

When they had come close to the cottonwood they saw that the swinging bundle was indeed a man. Rope knotted under the ear, the body swung slowly round and

round in the puffs of the fitful breeze; and the features were those of Thomas Johnson, late manager of the Lazy D ranch.

"Thunder!" drawled Gilmore. "I had somethin' I wanted to tell him before that happened. I wonder what was the matter with Doheny!"

On reaching Warrior's Mark they rode at once to the jail—or, rather, what was left of the jail, for the building had been reduced to a few piles of drifted ashes. Two houses on one side and a store on the other had been partially burned. Doheny stepped out of a saloon and strolled toward them. He wore a bandage round his head.

"What's happened?" queried Gilmore.

"A gang o' hold-ups jumped this town early yest'day mornin'," explained Doheny wrathfully. "They busted in the door o' the calaboose with a log. Then they cavorted off with the prisoners an' set fire to the calaboose. The town came near burnin' up."

"I notice they stopped to lynch Johnson outside o' town a ways."

"That's where we run up on 'em. We got two gents an' a hoss. They played mighty near even by downin' one of our boys, creasin' another, an' layin' out a hoss."

"Couldn't yuh tell who they were?"

"Every last one of 'em wore a hank'-chief over his face."

"I'm bettin' they came from Plain Edge—an' Virgin City, too, likely. Have yuh buried the two boys yuh downed?"

"We buried one where he dropped alongside the trail, but the other didn't die right away, so we packed him back to town. He's here in Soley's store. Want to see him?"

"Shore! I might know him."

The dead man, the upper part of his body swathed in bandages, lay on a table in the back room of the store. The storekeeper was busily sewing flour-sacks into a shroud.

"O' course," said the storekeeper shamefacedly, "it ain't really necessary, but I wouldn't want to have nothin' at all between me an' the dirt."

One glance at the silent dead was sufficient for Gilmore. He remembered well

the red hair, the red mustache, the red goatee.

"Now I know why Plain Edge was so quiet the other night, an' why Enright laughed so hearty," said Gilmore. "This fellah belongs to that outfit. His name's Red Hall. I wonder how many from Virgin City an' the V Up-an'-Down was here with 'em!"

Doheny nodded comprehendingly.

"My idea exactly, when I saw how they'd stretched Tom Johnson. You just come from Plain Edge?"

"Yep."

"Funny yuh didn't meet 'em on the trail!"

"I guess they didn't ride the trail. They must 'a' taken the short cut over Pack-saddle Mountain. Marshal, can yuh tell us where we can get two hosses? Ours are played out."

"Yuh can have two o' mine. Where yuh goin'—the hotel? No, y' ain't, neither of ye. Yo're a comin' over to my house. My wife 'll be glad to have yuh. It's just about supper-time, too."

When they had eaten, slept the clock around, and eaten again, they said good-bye to the hospitable Dohenys, mounted the borrowed horses, and rode off into the northwest. Their destination was the flag-station of Sandy River on the B. and R. railroad, two hundred miles away.

Jimmy asked no questions on the trip, but he thought a great deal. So did Gilmore. He had made a decision, and he did not know what effect it would have upon the heart of Louise Stuart. None the less he meant to follow the lines of that decision, wherever it might lead.

Sandy River—which town consisted simply of a blistered hotel, a blacksmith-shop, two saloons, a few shacks, and the railroad-station and water-tank—lay sizzling in its basin among the hills when Gilmore and Jimmy rode in. The two were covered with dust, so were the horses, and all were aching for a drink.

In the cool shadow of the tank the agent had built a trough to catch the overflow. While the caked horses plunged in their muzzies, the two men drank deep of the drip at the head of the trough.

"Shore tastes good!" Jimmy breathed ecstatically, rolling his eyes.

"It must," remarked Gilmore. "Yuh sound like yore hoss."

"So would you, yuh long-legged sponge, if yuh had any teeth," countered Jimmy. "O' course, me bein' young thataway, I can't help bein' noisy when I drink. Howsomever—"

Jimmy raised the brimming tin cup to his lips. Gilmore's hand flashed up and forward, and the water went splashing up into his companion's face. Snorting and spluttering, the indignant Jimmy scooped out half the contents of the trough in an earnest attempt to deluge Gilmore; but the latter fled to the comparative safety of the station doorway, from which point of vantage he twiddled his fingers in that world-old gesture of opprobrium.

"I'll getcha yet!" bawled Jimmy, and started to mop himself as his friend, laughing, disappeared within the station.

"That water's to drink, not to waste," announced a censorious voice at Jimmy's elbow.

Jimmy looked up quickly, his eyes narrowing.

"Is it?" he asked of the surly person confronting him. "What of it?"

"It ain't to waste, I said," repeated the other.

"I know yuh did," agreed Jimmy, laboriously polite. "Yuh've done said it twice now; an' I'm still askin' yuh, Angelface, what of it?"

Jimmy's right hand, swinging low, was close to the butt of his gun. If his tone had been frosty, his eyes were frostier. The surly person hesitated. Plainly, he did not know whether to risk it or not. The alert Jimmy awaited developments. The surly man suddenly smiled. It was not a pleasant smile. It was a wolfish smile.

"This town is shore gettin' populous," he remarked acridly, and, wheeling, walked briskly away.

"See yuh again, old-timer!" Jimmy called after him.

But the man did not turn. Jimmy watched till the fellow entered one of the saloons; then he chuckled gently and followed Gilmore into the station. His friend

was in the act of handing a telegram to the agent.

"Rush her," said Gilmore. "I guess I'll take one o' yore envelopes, an' some paper an' some stamps."

"Help yoreself to the envelopes an' paper," smiled the agent. "They're free, but I ain't got no stamps. Yuh'll have to get them at the store. Here's ink an' a pen an' a blotter—all the pleasures o' home. This telegram"—his eyes skimmed the words—"will cost yuh three dollars an' six bits."

Gilmore dug beneath his chaps and produced the required three dollars and seventy-five cents; after which he retreated with the paper and pen and ink to a table in the corner of the room.

Jimmy, sitting on a case of canned tomatoes, noted that Gilmore's letter was extremely short. The missive written and slipped into a long envelope, Gilmore took from the inner pocket of his vest a rectangular document and put it in with the other sheet. Then he unpinned his deputy's star, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and enclosed it with the letter and the document.

"Come on, Jimmy," he invited, thumping down the moistened flap. "Let's go over to the store and get those stamps."

The storekeeper weighed the letter and laconically mentioned the requisite amount of postage. When the two men had departed, he stood hefting the letter in a calloused paw and staring at the address.

"I'd shore admire to know," he muttered, "what kind o' business them two chunkers has with the Governor o' this yere Territory!"

"I've done it," announced Gilmore, as he and Jimmy headed back to the station. "I've resigned. I thought I could fix things up legally, but I've found out it can't be done—not in Glenn County. Now we're a goin' to see what ordinary folks can do."

"Vigilantes!" breathed Jimmy with shining eyes.

"A fellah might call 'em that, but I guess it don't really matter much about the name. The results ought to be the same. That telegram was a call for a few o' the boys."

"A few!"

"Well, twenty-five of 'em, to be exact. I told 'em to buy their hosses at Ringwood, thirty mile east o' here, an' wait for us there; but I kind o' guess we'll be on hand to meet 'em."

Jimmy halted in his tracks. With a wild yell he leaped into the air and cracked his heels together till the spurs rang. Then he shook loose into the atmosphere every load in his gun.

"Wow! Wow! Wow-w-w-w!" screamed Jimmy. "I'm a long-haired, ring-tailed wolf with forty-four rattles an' a button, an' this here is the greatest day in history! Come on an' lick!"

So shouting, he propelled Gilmore into the nearest saloon. It happened to be the very saloon entered by the surly person a few minutes before. The surly one was still there. In fact, excepting the bartender, he was the only customer.

At their entrance he turned, and as quickly turned again to his liquor. Gilmore eyed him idly. He drank off his whisky, hunched his grouchy shoulders, and walked out.

"Stomach don't seem to rest easy," Gilmore drawled, grinning at the bartender.

"He's always that way," explained the bartender. "I dunno why he should be. Got a good job."

"Ye-es?"

"Y'betcha. He's owner o' the Barred O over on Paint Creek."

"The Barred O—don't guess I know that brand," Gilmore said without interest.

"She's a new one," the bartender rattled on. "Only started up about two year ago."

"Big ranch?" yawned Gilmore.

"Not so roarin' enormous. Got maybe six, seven hundred head, Mack has."

"That his name—Mack?"

"Mack—Jim Mack, that's it."

"What for a outfit has he? How many, I mean?"

"Three an' himself mostly. Round-up he hires extra, o' course."

"Shore, he'd have to. Over on Paint Creek, yuh say? Far from here?"

"'Bout twenty mile almost due west, the ranch-house is. Goin' there?"

"It's all accordin'. Can't ever tell what we're goin' to do. Let's drag it, Jimmy."

When they were half-way to the tank where they had left their horses they looked at each other.

"I don't want to go back to Warrior's Mark," Jimmy announced in a drawling singsong.

"We won't," Gilmore assured him. "We're a goin' to stick around Sandy River. It's just possible we might go fishin' in Paint Creek—'bout twenty mile due west."

"Yep, I guess now that 'll be the right place. I hear the fishin's real good over there."

"She'd ought to be."

"Barred O, Barred O—real ingenious, I call it!"

"Yo're shore whistlin', James. Let me tell you, it's amazin' what miracles can be done with a heavy iron an' a wet blanket. Did that bartender say six or seven hundred head?"

"He said both. Take yore choice."

"I'd rather take the cattle."

Jimmy laughed uproariously, as at the greatest joke in the world. Truly, the humor of the frontier is often more elemental than subtle.

## XXIV

EARLY the following morning the two friends departed from Sandy River, and noon found them leisurely riding the range of the Barred O. The first cow they sighted bore the brand and was grazing in a draw—which seemed providential. Between the screening slopes they roped the cow and threw her. Leaving the horses to hold the animal prostrate and quiescent, they dismounted and examined the brand.

Now it is even simpler to contrive the Barred O out of the Lazy D than it is to alter the Hash Knife into the Lazy H-in-a-Circle.

"Those experts shore have a gall!" pronounced the exasperated Gilmore.

"Yo're whistlin'," agreed Jimmy. "But any gents what can turn out work like this shore hadn't ought to 'a' stopped at seven hundred head. It's just as easy to rustle a thousand."

"Give 'em time. Maybe they're young yet. I wonder if they're all Barred O!"

"We got all the time there is to find out."

They saw many cows during the afternoon, but all were Barred O.

They rode back to Sandy River to spend the night, and in the morning were out again on the Barred O range. This day they rode the eastern part of the range, and soon came upon a cow bogged down in a water-hole. Gilmore pulled out the unfortunate animal. When they had thrown her and scraped the mud from her hip, they found that the brand was the Barred Diamond Eight. They looked at each other.

"Triangle O," affirmed Gilmore. "Turn her over, an' there y'are."

"She's just too easy," said Jimmy. "The barkeep didn't say nothin' about this brand, though."

"Maybe he forgot it," suggested Gilmore, freeing the cow. "This seems to be one forgetful country."

*Crack!* A rifle spoke thinly from a neighboring hill. Gilmore's horse fell to its knees, then collapsed with a grunt. Gilmore promptly crawled behind him.

"Get around into that draw, Jimmy—quick!" he ordered.

But Jimmy and his horse had started for it almost at the shot. They reached it safely, although three bullets dusted the ground close to the pattering hoofs. Gilmore, behind the body of his horse, had wormed his Winchester out of its scabbard—the poor brute was lying on it—and was methodically sending shot after shot into the drifting smoke marking the position of the bushwhacking gentleman on the hill.

The latter was somewhat of a marksman. He planted three bullets in the belly of the dead horse, and once he perforated Gilmore's hat. As the hat jerked Gilmore swore, for it was a good hat, and had cost him twenty dollars in Santa Fé. He removed his expensive head-covering and tucked it tenderly under the horse's neck.

Then he raised his head slightly for a sight of the enemy, and a bullet filled his mouth and eyes with sand. This destroyed his usefulness for some minutes.

"D'he hit yuh?" Jimmy shouted anxiously from the shelter of the draw.

"Got sand in my eyes an' mouth," explained Gilmore, and swore softly as he almost broke a tooth on a piece of grit.

"Try keepin' yore mouth shut," gibed Jimmy. "If it's a strain, tie a hankercher round yore jaw, like yuh do for the toothache. Say, that feller can shoot!"

"Whatcha think he can do—play the organ in a choir? Hit yuh?"

"Missed my ear by a flea's hind leg, the pup! He'll hit somebody yet, if we don't stop him. Git yore field-glasses out, will yuh?"

"Can't—they're too far under the hoss."

"Well, I can't see him move, but I know where he is. You keep him busy, an' I'll work round behind him."

"Can yuh?"

"I dunno, but the ground over this way looks like I could. Maybe I can rustle his hoss, anyway. If I do, I'll sell him to yuh cheap, an' throw in the saddle. Is it hot where you are, Dal?"

"No, it's colder'n all Hades! Shut up an' vamose!"

"In a minute, when I get my rifle loaded. Why don'tcha come over here in the draw, an' wait till I get back with this hold-up's hair an' hoss? It's fine an' shady here under this lil cedar-tree. Come on, she's only a hundred yards, an' maybe he won't hit yuh. Run kind o' wriggly like, an' yuh'll have a better chance!"

"You blame fool!" called the affectionate Gilmore. "Get a move on!"

"Startin', deary, startin'. Be good while papa's away, an' don't stray out o' the yard!"

Gilmore was devoting himself to the serious business of endeavoring to puncture his hard-shooting opponent without being punctured himself.

"Bet that one got him!" he observed half an hour later, when there was no response to his last shot.

He raised an incautious head. Instantly, on the neighboring hill, mushroomed the familiar smoke-puff. It seemed, too, that a gigantic bee had seized that very moment to sting his right ear. Ducking his head with ludicrous haste, Gilmore raised ex-

ploring fingers. He brought them away covered with blood. The tip of his right ear was missing.

"Which the range is a good seven hundred an' fifty," he remarked, tying his neckerchief round his head, "an' he comes as close to me as that. An' me, I ain't seen him yet. This is disgustin'!"

Another bullet scored the swell-fork of his saddle. A second drilled his rolled-up slicker through and through. A third bored a cantina.

"First my hat, then me, then my saddle," mourned Gilmore, squirming to his horse's hindquarters for another try. "An' she's only two years old, that saddle. Here's luck to Jimmy!"

He fired three shots in the direction of the bushwhacker and drew a reply. Then he laid down his rifle and rolled a cigarette. He smoked it slowly, taking care to blow the smoke along the ground.

Suddenly he seized his Winchester, snicked the rear sight to six hundred yards, and cuddled down. His opponent on the slope of the hill had suddenly jumped into view, and was seeking a lower altitude as fast as he could run. Ragged swirls of smoke at the top of the hill told the story. Jimmy had arrived.

Gilmore, squinting along his sights, pulled trigger quickly. The fleeing man pitched forward on his face, rolled over, and lay still, his booted legs higher than his head. Gilmore scrambled to his feet, slapped on his hat, and hurried across the flat. Jimmy was standing beside the body when his friend came up.

"Nick yuh bad?" Jimmy asked with concern, at sight of Gilmore's bandage.

"Only the tip o' my ear," the other answered, gazing down at the dead face. "It ain't Jim Mack, after all!"

The dead man looked like any other hard-working cowboy, and there was nothing about him to reveal his identity. Jimmy had discovered his horse in a hollow behind the hill, so they rolled him in his own saddle-blanket and piled rocks on him to keep the wolves away.

"One more down," Gilmore remarked without elation, placing the dead man's saddle on top of the little cairn.

"He won't be the last," said the practical Jimmy. "He shore had a good red hoss. Look at them laigs, will yuh? Bet he rustled him, even though the brand is Barred O. Aw, don't look so gloomersome! He got what was comin' to him."

"Maybe," hesitated Gilmore, assailed by an uncomfortable thought—"maybe he took us for rustlers!"

Jimmy stared.

"Maybe he took us for Mr. an' Mrs. King of England!" he exclaimed with deep sarcasm.

"I mean this here Barred O may be all right," detailed Gilmore. "The brand on that cow was all healed up."

"Aw, say, yuh make me sick!" declared Jimmy, greatly taken aback. "Look at the way that brand was made! Look at the way the edges came together! Y'ain't goin' to let 'em get away with it, are yuh? Why, what's a matter with yuh, Dal? She's just a plain open an' shut case. An' you ain't a deputy no more," he added significantly.

"We'll see what turns up," returned Gilmore, whose conscience was beginning to trouble him.

## XXV

"I JUDGE she's an even break," sagely observed Jimmy, when they were riding eastward. "Tom Johnson rustles cows from the Hash Knife an' V Up-an'-Down, an' they turn round an' rustle 'em from Tom. It's a great game. Got a match, Dal?"

"An' the makin's, an' can't I hold my hat for yuh while yuh light it?"

"Yuh could if there was any wind. What yuh goin' to do about that Crowner party?"

"Why, I'm goin' to go up an' shake hands with him. What yuh s'pose?"

"I know!" Jimmy nodded gloomily. "Yuh'll give the coyote a chance. I know you, an' that's just what yuh'll do. Here's a plain killer out to beef yuh, an' do you aim to bust him on sight? Not you! I tell yuh flat, Dal, some day yore charitable nature will make yuh sorry a lot, only yuh'll be too dead to know it."

"Every man does things his own way," replied Gilmore. "But you'd give him a

chance yore own self. Yuh know mighty well yuh would."

"Not with a skunk like that I wouldn't," stoutly defended Jimmy. "I'd drop him any old way was easiest."

"Maybe yuh'll have the chance. Anyhow, there's no use thinkin' about Crowner now. We won't see him till we go back Virgin City way."

"I dunno. Look at the run o' luck we've had. I know them prisoners was turned loose, but Johnson was hung, so yuh play pretty near even on that; an' they missed us on the trail. That's *shore* somethin'. Now here we cut the trail o' this Mack party by luck—pure luck, 'tain't nothin' else. Nothin' else but that brought us to Sandy River. Luck don't hold forever. We're due for a break, I tell yuh. It may be 'most anythin'—a busted laig, a rustled hoss, or Crowner."

"Yo're a cheerful cuss, you are! Yuh always see the silver linin', don't yuh?"

"You wait. You just wait. You'll see."

"Yeah, maybe so. But here's more luck, unless my eyes deceive me. See those cows over yonder by the big rock? Do they limp, or don't they? An' now that we're a little closer, sling yore eyes over the brands. Barred O an' Barred Diamond Eight, ain't they? An' by the freshness o' the burn, they were branded not longer ago than day before yest'day."

"They're three-year-olds, too," averred Jimmy.

"That red steer next the white cow is a four-year-old, or I'm Dutch!"

"Limpin'—an' poor, all of 'em. They've shore been drove hard an' lately. Ain't yuh satisfied now, Dal?"

"Pretty near."

The two did not return to Sandy River, for the red horse in Gilmore's possession might require explaining, and it was Jim Mack's home town. So they made camp in a draw five miles north of the place.

The evidence against Mack, taking into consideration the time and the place, was now fairly conclusive; but Gilmore was a thorough person. In the morning he borrowed Jimmy's horse and rode to town, where he spent the day making acquaintances. The latter talked more or less—

usually less. Even so, Gilmore became possessed of the knowledge that the Barred Diamond Eight brand belonged to Mack's foreman, and that the Barred O ranch had started life with twenty cows and eighteen steers.

"Twenty cows an' eighteen steers!" cried Jimmy, when he heard the joyful news. "That was two year ago, an' he's got six or seven hundred head *now*! That shore does beat guinea-pigs!"

The next day Gilmore and Jimmy rode eastward in the direction of Ringwood. They did not risk entering the town, but, following their plan of campaign at Sandy River, made camp a few miles outside of the place. As before, Gilmore rode in on Jimmy's horse.

Ringwood, twice as large as Sandy River, boasted five saloons. Gilmore dismounted in front of the Palace. He strode whistling to the deserted bar and called for liquor. His gaze, roving round the room, fell upon a quiet individual sitting in a chair tipped back against a side wall. The quiet individual was Crowner.

The sight of that hawk-nose and hairless face would, under the circumstances, have been a distinct shock to less rugged nerves than those of Gilmore. But Gilmore's eyes swept calmly on round the room and finally came to rest on the face of the bartender.

"Two bits," gruffly announced the latter, mistaking Gilmore's smile for a sign of weakness.

"Two bits back in the hills," corrected Gilmore, "but not on the railroad. A dime a throw, huh?"

The bartender silently swept the proffered dime into the cash-drawer. Gilmore's fingers curved round the glass. His brain was busy pondering the question whether Crowner knew him behind the beard. Had the killer left Plain Edge before Enright or the judge had been able to tell him of the whiskers? It would seem so, for Crowner was evincing not the slightest show of interest, or even of animation.

Gilmore, since taking note of the other's presence, had so maneuvered his body that he could watch him out of the tail of his eye. He consumed an inordinate amount of time in swallowing his drink. Yet

Crowner remained motionless. Gilmore was unable to tell where those black eyes were looking.

"Have a drink, stranger?" was Gilmore's abrupt invitation, delivered with his most engaging grin.

"Don't care if I do," said Crowner promptly.

Rising, he sauntered across to the bar. Gilmore treated, Crowner treated, and they had one on the house. Gilmore proposed a game of cards.

"There's only two of us—let's make it draw," Crowner suggested in a flat, uninterested tone.

Gilmore immediately seated himself behind a table in a corner, where he had a windowless wall at his back and left hand and his view of the door was unobstructed.

"I don't like to sit with my back to a door," Crowner coldly objected, his eyes fixed on Gilmore's face.

"All right," said Gilmore, instantly changing his seat. "I don't, either. We'll sit sideways to the door. Nothin' fairer'n that, is they?"

Crowner grunted and sat down. They cut for deal. Gilmore won.

Hardly had the first round been dealt when Jimmy entered, looked around, saw Gilmore, turned away his head, and almost galloped to the bar, calling loudly for refreshment.

Gilmore, playing mechanically, wondered greatly what contingency had arisen to bring Jimmy to town. For Jimmy had been instructed to remain in camp, and Jimmy always obeyed orders except when some emergency dictated otherwise.

Having gulped his drink, Jimmy sat down on a chair from which he could watch the door, crossed his knees, and hooked his thumbs in his belt; all with no sign of recognition for Gilmore. The latter continued to play—and to wonder at Jimmy's actions. Crowner played listlessly. He even scooped in his winnings draggingly.

Not for a single instant did Gilmore relax his vigilance. When Crowner's hands, in the exigencies of play, moved beltward, Gilmore's followed suit. At the end of twenty minutes, with Crowner's first hostile move yet to be made, Gilmore con-

cluded that the killer did not know him, and determined to force the issue.

"Might I ask yore name?" he inquired.

"You might," Crowner parried, his blank stare telling nothing.

"I'm askin'," pursued Gilmore, his cards face down on the table, his fingertips lightly touching the wood.

"Well, it might be 'most anythin'," countered the unhelpful Crowner. "Was yuh real interested in knowin'?"

"Shore."

"Might yuh be a sheriff or somethin' like that?" Crowner's thumbs were hooked in the armholes of his vest.

"Yo're shore a hard man to get anythin' out of," Gilmore complained. "I was just askin' so as to help yuh earn some money."

"Money?" The lean lips curled in a smile. Gilmore nodded.

"Quite a lot o' money. But yuh'll shore earn it, fellah!"

"Fellah!" Here was the height of calculated rudeness. Crowner's mouth straightened to a slit. His right shoulder moved upward ever so little. He silently inspected his fellow player.

"My name," Gilmore said with a deadly gentleness, "is Gilmore—Crowner!"

Crowner did not move a muscle at the announcement. He simply continued to stare.

"Yuh see, Crowner," explained Gilmore, "I was outside the window listenin' the night Enright an' you an' the judge had yore little conference up in Plain Edge. I'm just tellin' yuh who I am so's yuh could earn the rest of yore—wages!"

"Now that's what I call bein' polite," Crowner declared smoothly. "I'm grateful to yuh. Them whiskers are shore as deceivin' as a bandanna over a road-agent's face. I dunno but what I like the bandanna better. Yore impulsive friend there has pulled his gun," he added fretfully.

"He won't shoot," Gilmore assured him. "Yuh see, he don't know yuh like I do. Likely he thought yuh weren't worth givin' a chance to. Maybe he's wrong, maybe he's right. Anyhow, it'd pay yuh a whole lot to sort o' keep yore eyes on me instead of lookin' to see what my friends are doin'."

"Don't yuh worry none about me not keepin' my eyes on yuh," said Crowner. "I could tell he pulled his gun 'cause I heard his holster shiftin'. He'd ought to tie it down, like I do mine."

"He might need to if he was in yore business," flashed the counter, pat and pithy. "Anyhow, you an' I are wanderin' off the range. I take it yuh believe in windin' up a business matter prompt an' right away?"

"The sooner the quicker," agreed Crowner.

"Then the rest is easy. We can lay our guns handy on the table, start playin' cards again, an' grab our guns whenever we feel like it; or we can take off our artillery, clamp our left hands together, an' go to carvin' with our knives. If yuh ain't got a bowie, yuh can borrow one some'eres. Or else yuh can go out in the street with me, walk away a hundred yards, start back, an' set yore gun a goin' whenever yuh feel like it."

"I don't care nothin' about that knife business," Crowner declared with emphasis. "Layin' our guns on the table, or shootin' it out in the street—they both listen well. But while I'm thus walkin' away from yuh in the street, how do I know you or yore friend won't plug me?"

Gilmore's eyes blazed; then he smiled. "Yuh'll have to take my word that yuh won't be plugged. If yo're still worried, yuh can back away the whole hundred yards; then yuh won't have to take yore eyes off me. Which is it—in here or out there?"

"Let's finish our game," suggested Crowner.

Gilmore nodded. The two watching each other with the keenness of nervous cats, slowly dragged out their six-shooters and laid them on the table within easy reach.

"Say," exclaimed the bartender, speaking for the first time, "I wish you gents would go out in the street. I don't like gun-fights in here!"

"Shut up!" snapped Jimmy. "This ain't none o' yore battle."

"I tell yuh—"

"Yuh'll tell me just less 'n nothin'. An' don't go reachin' for no sawed-off shot-

guns, neither. Go right on arrangin' them bottles an' glasses, an' keep yore paws in plain sight!"

The card-players had paid no attention to the verbal *contretemps*. The deck was cut, shuffled, and dealt with a tranquil serenity worthy of the best gambling-house in Cheyenne. Seven times the deal changed hands. The soft shuffle of the cards on the table was answered from behind the bar by the scrape and clink of glassware as the bartender complied with Jimmy's orders.

Gilmore had coldly calculated the chances in this card-and-gun duello, and had concluded that he was running the lesser risk. The longer the game lasted, the greater would be the strain on the players, and Gilmore knew that his own steel nerves were proof against any tension. He had no knowledge of the state of Crowner's nerves, but he was gambling that they were not on a par with his own. His belief was well founded, for Crowner was his elder by a good ten years, and in such a grim game as this the odds are on the younger man.

Suddenly, on the eighth deal, as Crowner was on the point of picking up his hand, the bartender dropped a bottle. Whether the sharp crash unsteadied taut nerves, or whether Crowner judged that the decisive moment had arrived, will never be known. It is history that at the sound of the breaking glass his right hand moved lightninglike toward his gun; but his speed was overmatched by an uncannier, swifter legerdemain. His fingers had barely touched the butt of his six-shooter when he sighed deeply and fell forward across the table with a round, blue-bordered hole in the middle of his forehead.

Gilmore flipped up his smoking revolver and ejected the empty shell. Unhurriedly he drew a cartridge from his belt and inserted it in the empty chamber. He slid the gun into its holster and rose to his feet.

"Come on, Dal," urged Jimmy, already at the door.

"Say, y'ain't goin' to leave that remainder here for me to bury, are yuh?" tremulously remonstrated the bartender.

"He's got money," said Gilmore, jerking his thumb at the dead man, whose face lay among the scattered cards. "An' he hasn't any heirs—leastwise, what money he's got sort o' belongs to me in a way. I don't want it. It 'll pay for his buryin', easy, an' yuh can have what's left."

Gilmore passed out of the barroom in Jimmy's wake. Under the eyes of the curious they walked along the street, Gilmore leading his horse.

"We got to drift," were Jimmy's first words.

"Why?"

"That blame red cayuse. I'm settin' there on my blanket rollin' a pill, a little while after you left, when a long sharp on a short hoss sifted into camp. 'Howdy,' says he, an' borries matches. Out o' the side of his eye I can see he's takin' in the red hoss an' the Barred O brand. Now he come into camp from the west an' he rode out to the east all right, but that look in his eye was funny; so I clumb up on that little hill south o' camp an' watches the jigger. Shore 'nuff, he fetches a half-circle round camp an' drags it west'ard like he had a sick wife or somethin'. By the way he was streakin' it, he'd ought to be in Sandy River *pronto*."

"Where'd yuh leave the hoss?"

"I tied him to a post behind that corral at the near end o' town. He's pretty dusty, anyway, an' I muddied up the brand at the ford, so I guess there ain't no chance o' his bein' recognized unless somebody knows him real well."

"You better wiggle along back to yore hoss while I buy some grub."

"Get some makin's an' chawin' too. I'm near out, an' we'll be dodgin' a posse now for a week or ten days till the boys get here."

## XXVI

FOR three days Gilmore and Jimmy pushed their horses to the limit of the animals' endurance. They rode in the water, they rode on rocky ground, they doubled on their tracks, they swam the wide Belle-flamme—nothing was left to chance.

"I guess we're safe for a spell," observed Gilmore on the morning of the fourth day.

"We'd ought to be," said Jimmy. "We're a hundred and fifty mile north o' Ringwood, an' we've made a heap o' trail—two hundred mile, anyway."

So that day they rested themselves and their horses on the edge of a wooded plateau, and the following morning Gilmore awoke to see a band of twelve riders in the valley below. The horsemen had halted and appeared to be debating. They were barely a mile distant.

Gilmore and Jimmy did not remain for breakfast. They flung the saddles on their horses and crossed the wooded plateau at a gallop. Again they were compelled to twist and dodge and have recourse to the water and the hard ground.

Once, while passing through a cañon, they were fired at from the top of the cliffs. The hidden marksman emptied his magazine, but shooting downward makes for overshooting, and all the shots went high and wide. Other rifles took up the tale before the two fugitives could get out of range, but fortunately the marksmanship did not improve.

Luck continued to be with Gilmore and Jimmy. To reach the floor of the cañon the pursuers were compelled to make a fifteen-mile detour. By the time they had covered the fifteen miles, the pursued were well on their way elsewhere and still going at a good gait.

It is not necessary to recount how Gilmore and Jimmy spent the ensuing ten days. Let it suffice that they rode hard, slept little, and ate less. They covered a deal of broken country, and saw no further signs of their trailers. On the eleventh day they swung southward, and early one morning, two weeks after their hasty departure, they rode into Ringwood. Their action was not so bold as it appeared, for they had reconnoitered the town during the previous night and found that which they sought.

A lanky young cow-puncher standing in the hotel doorway squinted his eyes at the two approaching riders.

"Here they come, boys!" he flung over his shoulder in a delighted tone, and stepped out into the street with a loud yell of welcome.

From the hotel poured twenty-four cowmen. They were of all ages, all sizes, and, judging by their bellowings, in excellent spirits.

"They're shore a great crowd," observed Gilmore to Jimmy.

"Ain't they, huh? Look at Big Art, all dressed up like King Solomon's pet pony, an' Dakota—he's wearin' two guns. Hello, Dakota, when d'juh get here?"

"Oh, we been here a month," came the reply from the sidewalk. "I'd 'a' married an' settled down if you fellers hadn't pulled in to-day."

"Yep," bawled Big Art, "Dakota has the gal all picked out. Fine-lookin' lady she is. She don't weigh an ounce more'n three hundred, an' yuh'd never know she was Injun—in the dark!"

Dakota was immediately thumped by every one able to reach him.

"Quit it, can'tcha?" shouted Dakota. "Lemme alone, or I'll shore step on somebody's face with both feet!"

At this juncture the town marshal, followed by three set-featured citizens, was crossing the street in the direction of Gilmore and Jimmy. The latter, who had dismounted, promptly slipped behind their horses. The twenty-five cow-punchers, sensing the unusual, lined up along the sidewalk. The marshal and his retainers halted in the middle of the street. Their hands were held well away from their gun-butts.

"Yuh seem to have found friends," the marshal said harshly; "but lemme tell you two gents, it won't do yuh a bit o' good. Nobody can run any blazers in this town an' get away with it. Where d'juh get that hoss?"

"Which one?" Gilmore drawled in a gentle tone.

"The Barred O cayuse."

"Oh, shore, the Barred O! That would be the one yuh'd want to know about, wouldn't it? Well, I'll tell yuh—I got that hoss from a rustler down on the Barred O range. He shot my pony, the rustler did, so I downed him, and took his hoss. Yuh can't ask for nothin' fairer'n that, can yuh?"

The marshal blinked. The situation was

unusual, and he seemed to find it difficult to collect his wits.

"Do yuh admit killin' the puncher?" he blurted finally.

"Rustler, fellah, rustler," was the soft-voiced correction. "Just one o' the rustlers o' the Barred O ranch, that's all. We're a goin' up there now, my friends here an' I—yeah, all those fellahs yuh see on the sidewalk—an' we're a goin' to ask Mr. Jim Mack a few questions. Then we're a goin' to stretch Jim Mack an' his men. Yuh see, those Barred O cows were all rustled from the Lazy D, over beyond the War Ax. If you prairie-dogs weren't blind as bats, yuh'd 'a' seen it. Djever see the Barred O brand on a cow? 'Tain't anythin' like the brand on this here cayuse. This hoss brand is clear enough, but the cow brand is rough-lookin', an' a little flat on the sides, an' about twice as big as it ought to be. Two year ago Jim Mack started the Barred O with twenty cows an' eighteen steers, an' now he's got six or seven hundred head. There's an increase for yuh that 'll stand lookin' into; an' we're a goin' to do it, an' nobody's goin' to stop us, either!"

"Who are yuh, friend?" demanded the marshal.

"Dal Gilmore, an' my main business in life is the stoppin' of rustlin', so now yuh know. Better not start anythin', marshal! There's twenty-seven of us here, an' even if the whole town chips in it won't help you an' yore three friends any. But I'm always willin' to help folks out. If you ain't satisfied, marshal, s'pose you trail along with us when we go after Mack, an' find out for yoreself. We're a goin' this mornin'. Take as many friends as yuh like—we don't care."

"You needn't go after Jim Mack—he's right here in town," the marshal announced with a grim smile. "He's down at the other hotel, him an' two of his men. I sent a man for him just as soon as I seen you fellers."

Gilmore's gun was out in a flash.

"'Nds up!" he snapped. "Not a move out o' yuh! You sport with the black hair, don't try to slide over behind the marshal! That's it, stay right in sight. Yuh say Jim

Mack an' two of his men are here. Where's the rest of the posse?"

"The other nine went back to Sandy River last night," was the sulky reply.

"Oh, they did, huh? All right, we're a goin' down to the hotel to see Jim Mack, an' yo're a goin' with us—in front!"

But when they had surrounded the hotel, and Gilmore and Jimmy and a few others had entered and searched the building, they were reluctantly forced to believe the landlord's statement that Mack and his two men, after viewing through a window the enthusiastic reception accorded Gilmore and Jimmy in front of the other hotel, had hastily departed corralward by way of the back door.

"An' the way they lit out o' that corral wasn't a bit slow," the landlord said in conclusion.

"We're a goin' after those gents," Gilmore told the marshal, "an' I don't care whether yuh like it or not. They got away 'cause I 'spent too much time explainin' things to you. Now do we go peaceable, an' will yuh give me yore word not to bother us?"

"Yuh've done held me up—" began the marshal.

"Yo're lucky to be able to say so," drawled Gilmore. "What's the answer?"

"They's somethin' funny about all this here," grumbled the marshal.

He and his three companions had been relieved of their guns, and their tempers were ruffled in consequence. To make matters worse, the whole town was looking on.

"Yuh can just bet there is," Gilmore agreed, "but yo're too dumb to see it. Quick now—speak up!"

The marshal gave a surly promise for the good behavior of himself and the town, and the six-shooters were returned. Inside of fifteen minutes the twenty-seven were riding out of Ringwood on the trail of Jim Mack and his two companions—which trail led them westward.

They rode without a word, as befitted men about to visit vengeance on the evildoer. They also rode in a manner calculated to ease their mounts as much as possible. Where the trail of the three forded a small stream, they halted to water

the horses. Gilmore eyed the opposite bank, its shelving slope marred by deeply cut hoof-marks.

"They ain't far ahead of us," Jimmy remarked.

"They're close," asserted Gilmore, splashing across and leaning down from his saddle. "Here's one mark just fillin' up with water."

This bit of information set the posse in instant motion. Within the hour they sighted the fugitives a mile ahead. The three must have been riding chin on shoulder, for they immediately separated and galloped in different directions.

"We'll keep after the middle one!" Gilmore shouted above the rolling thunder of the hoofs.

They kept after the middle one—tight after him. By the time the scattered buildings of Sandy River came in sight, the range had been reduced to four hundred yards, and the pursued was turning about in the saddle and firing rearward with a rifle. Good marksmanship under such conditions is impossible. Gilmore, Jimmy, Big Art, and Dakota bent low over their saddle-horns and encouraged their weary ponies with quirt and spur.

These four men, owing to the superior quality of their horse-flesh, were far ahead of the other members of the posse, who were strung along the back trail at all distances up to five miles.

"If he gets in among the houses, it 'll be a hard job to pry him out!" yelled Gilmore. "Pull wide o' me! I'm a goin' to try a shot!"

Gilmore drew out the Winchester from under his right leg and dragged his horse back on its haunches. He swung from the back of the sliding, stiff-legged brute, ran forward a few steps to get out of the dust, and dropped on one knee. The rifle cracked. At the report the fugitive's horse collapsed in the middle of a leap. The animal fairly stood on its head, flinging the rider a good twenty feet before crashing over on its back.

Gilmore caught up his reins, mounted, and galloped to where Jimmy, Big Art, and Dakota were already grouped round the fallen man.

"Head hit kind o' hard," observed Big Art. "Outside o' that, he's good as new."

"It's Mack, Dal," Jimmy said quietly.

Gilmore nodded with satisfaction. "I was thinkin' he might be the one in the middle!"

They all dismounted and squatted down on their heels to await the unconscious man's recovery of his senses. The sweating, dust-streaked horses stood with drooping heads. They had a right to be tired. The thirty miles between Ringwood and Sandy River had been covered in better than three hours.

"Here comes Long Jack an' the Kid," remarked Gilmore, squinting along the back trail at two madly quirting horsemen.

Long Jack, a snub-nosed puncher, and the Kid, a youngster of eighteen, rode up as Mack opened his eyes.

"No use feelin' for yore gun," drawled Gilmore. "Y' ain't got it."

Mack made a sound deep in his throat. His eyes shifted.

"Fellah," went on Gilmore dispassionately, "yo're caught. Yo're due to be stretched, like any other rustler; but I know yuh ain't alone in this deal. Tell me who's behind yuh, an' yo're free to hop the next freight."

"Yuh got me all right. Hang an' be damned!"

The words were brave enough, but the voice was not quite steady.

"Yuh see," drawled Gilmore, "yore friends have deserted yuh. To save their skins they'll put it all on you. They will, certain shore, when they know yo're too dead to mind it. But yuh don't have to die, Mack. No, sir, yuh can scamper aboard the next freight, just like I say, an' away yuh'll go free an' foot-loose. O' course yuh can't ever come back, but I guess yuh won't want to. There's nothin' funny about bein' stretched, Mack. It hurts some, an' it hurts worse if the knot slips. Yuh've seen men hung, I take it. 'Member how they kicked?"

Evidently Mack had seen the supreme punishment administered, for he squirmed. The muscles in his cheeks bulged. He was gritting his teeth in a tremendous effort to keep his nerve and his counsel.

"Sometimes it takes as much as five minutes for a man to cash," the inexorable voice continued. "An' sometimes he gets his hands loose an' grabs the rope over his head, an' yuh've got to do the business all over again. It ain't pleasant. Are yuh goin' to make it hard for us, Mack? Are yuh?"

Mack dragged himself to a sitting position. His hands were trembling. His eyes refused to meet squarely the eyes of his captors.

"Yuh ain't got no evidence," he whispered with dry lips.

"No? Long Jack, yore rope looks to be nearly new. Unstrap her, will yuh? One o' those cottonwoods down by the river 'll do, I guess. Come on, Mack—get on yore feet!"

Mack jerked his shoulder to shake off the hand laid upon it.

"I'll tell yuh," he breathed hoarsely. "Yuh'll give me yore word to let me go, won't yuh?"

"Yuh have it," Gilmore replied simply.

"Jack Shaw, of the V Up-an'-Down, is the boss of this show," said Mack. "'Twas him an' his men rustled the cows from the Lazy D an' Triangle O an' drifted 'em north to us."

"Where'd yuh rebrand 'em?"

"We didn't rebrand 'em at all—not here, that is. Jack Shaw's boys 'd do it right after they rustled 'em. By the time the cows 'd get to me the brands 'd be 'most healed up."

"We found some a while ago that weren't healed up. They were Barred O an' Barred Diamond Eight—eight of 'em, steers an' cows."

"I shore forgot *them*. They was overlooked by the V Up-an'-Downers, an' we had to brand 'em ourselves. I was kind o' scared somebody'd notice it, an' I was a'most minded to kill 'em for beef. Wisht I had!"

Mack's thin upper lip lifted in a sneer. Under the promise of immunity his fear was disappearing and his habitual sulky surliness was taking its place.

"Yo're shore nobody but the V Up-an'-Down outfit was in this rustlin' from the Lazy D?"

"I'd ought to be shore. I tell yuh nobody but my outfit an' the V Up-an'-Down are in on this deal here. O' course old Alec Stuart done some brand-blottin' on the Lazy D cows, but he kept all he rustled on his own range. Aw, thunder, what's the difference? Every ranch in Glenn County is rustlin' from the next one. It's a fair enough game. The losers are the boys who get beefed, an' they're paid for that, so there y' are!"

"I reckon yore usefulness here is about over," snapped Gilmore. "Get up!"

"Say, yuh promised yuh wouldn't hang me!" Mack cried in alarm.

"No more we will, yuh poor fool," was the reassuring answer. "We're a goin' to take yuh to the railroad-station an' see yuh off on the next freight."

Passing through Sandy River they were met by the other members of the marshal's posse, who had ridden homeward the night before. These men were citizens of Sandy River, and, while not openly hostile, it was obvious that they were grimly determined to arrive at the true inwardness of matters.

When Gilmore had explained the affair, and Mack had brazenly corroborated his statement, the Sandy River men called loudly for the rope. They had been fooled; badly fooled, and the lynching of Mack would at least partly restore their self-respect. Gilmore, however, explained quite frankly that Mack was to take the next train, and that any attempt at violence would meet with disaster.

"I gave him my word," he told his hearers. "Yuh can easy see how it is."

They saw, and their spirits fell accordingly, but they brightened again when a thoughtful soul among them suggested that they might ride out to the Barred O and call upon the solitary puncher left in charge.

"That's a good idea," said Gilmore. "If one or two o' yuh could sort o' look after the Barred O till this cat-hop's settled, we'd take it kindly."

They assured him earnestly that they would, these whole-souled, Sandy River citizens, and hastened to the corrals. Gilmore and his men went on to the station.

An hour later a west-bound freight, pulling in, had not clanked to a stop before

Jim Mack was hastily scrambling up the caboose steps.

"An' that's the last o' him!" observed Jimmy cheerfully, as the long train drew away from the station.

"It is for us," Gilmore returned without exultation. "Let's be movin', boys. As it is, I dunno but what those two rustlers 'll get to Plain Edge ahead of us."

Gilmore was now in a fair way to accomplish his mission, but the knowledge did not bring contentment. He did not see how, in all fairness to the other rustlers, the shooting or hanging of Alec Stuart and his six sons could well be avoided; and Louise Stuart could not be expected to view with equanimity either their elimination or their eliminator.

Yet Gilmore was not in the least disposed to turn back. He had started the business, and of necessity he must see it through. His creed would allow of no other procedure. His heart was very sore as he and his men journeyed to Plain Edge. Truly, there are times when the way of the reformer rivals in rocky hardness that of the transgressor.

## XXVII

THEY struck the trail from Warrior's Mark to Plain Edge half-way between the two towns, and turned into it. Within ten miles of Plain Edge they met the Fort Henderson ambulance up to its wagon-box in the quicksand of Tom's Creek.

"Yuh'd ought to 'a' hung to the ford," called Gilmore, and unstrapped his rope.

"The blame mules ran away," was the driver's sufficient explanation.

With five ropes to a wheel, and seven on the tongue, the ambulance squashed out of the quicksand and lurched up on dry ground.

"We're shore obliged to yuh," the driver said, on behalf of himself and the two dripping and muddled troopers. "Goin' to the trial?"

"What trial?" Gilmore inquired, and picked up his reins.

"Why, the trial o' Smoky Nivette, in Plain Edge. We'd 'a' stayed, only we had to get back quick an' right away with the colonel's express packages. Great man for

express packages, the colonel is, an' he's always fuller'n a goat the next day. I dunno—"

"Djuh say Smoky Nivette was bein' tried in Plain Edge?" interrupted Gilmore, the others crowding closer.

"Shore, for the murder o' Red Hall. It's a shame, too. He didn't kill Hall no more'n I did. Red was dropped in a fair fight; but them V Up-an'-Downers an' the Hash Knife, they kind o' make the law up this-away."

"Are both outfits in town?" The calm tone was no gage of Gilmore's seething anger.

"Shore, they're both in town, 'ceptin' Stuart an' his boys."

Gilmore did not grasp the full significance of the latter part of the sentence, for his brain was busy with the possibilities embodied in the first part of it. Waving his men to follow, he spurred into the water. On the opposite bank he checked his horse.

"Boys, she's come to a show-down quicker'n I thought," he said to the eager-faced crowd surrounding him. "One o' my friends, if that mule-skinner told the truth, is due to be lynched. I dunno the rights of it, but I know Nivette. If he killed anybody, it was because he was crowded, an' the other fellah got an even break all right. Anyhow, he didn't down Hall. We've got to stop this lynchin'. Seein' that the V-Up-an'-Down's in town, it 'll be a large order. It's just possible somebody else might like to help fill it. Jimmy, s'pose you an' the Kid drag it for the Mark, an' tell Doheny an' the rest o' the bunch what the driver told us. Tell him right now ought to be as good a time as any for them to play even for gettin' their jail burned."

"Send Big Art an' the Kid," Jimmy protested. "I don't want to go to the Mark."

"Oh, shore, send me!" bawled the indignant Kid. "Just 'cause I ain't as old as the rest o' you gran'pops, yuh think I got to do all the dirty work, an' let the rest o' yuh have all the fun. Send—"

"Shut up!" ordered Gilmore. "You prairie-dogs don't seem to realize that while yo're bellyachin' round Smoky Nivette is liable to swing. Jimmy, you an' the Kid

do as I say. A mile east yuh'll come to a dry wash—here, anybody got a pencil an' a piece o' paper? Old envelope's all right. That's it! Crowd over here, Jimmy, an' I'll explain this short cut over Packsaddle Mountain while I'm drawin' a map for yuh."

Five minutes later Jimmy and the Kid were heading toward Warrior's Mark, while the others were riding hard in the opposite direction.

"They'll shore hurry," observed Dakota, spurring up beside his chief.

"Y'betcha," replied Gilmore. "An' yuh can gamble that Mark outfit 'll come back with 'em."

The long hitching-rail in front of the log-and-frame court-house in Plain Edge held a kaleidoscopic double fringe of switching, stamping cow-ponies. These nervous brutes were the only visible signs of life when Gilmore and his men rode in. Dismounting in the rear of Shorty Damman's hotel, they tied their mounts to the corral stockade and proceeded on foot to the court-house, within which building, to judge by the babel of voices, a hot argument was in progress.

Gilmore jerked out his gun and walked briskly through the doorway, his men crowding at his heels. As by magic the clamor hushed. Every face was turned toward Gilmore. In the dead silence the inadvertent scrape of a boot-sole jarred intolerably.

Smiling his fixed, peculiar smile, Gilmore gazed round the court-room. He noted the position of Jack Shaw and Slim Dennison, who sat side by side close to the jury-box. He saw that Shorty Damman and several of his friends, all heavily armed, were sitting on the bench nearest the handcuffed half-breed. Gilmore's smile became more fixed, and, if anything, a trifle more peculiar.

"Howdy, Smoky?" he drawled, when the silence had become almost unbearable. "Were you needin' any help?"

"Not now, by gar!" grinned Smoky.

The blear-eyed, trembling judge cleared his throat. He beckoned to two men wearing deputies' stars.

"Clear the court-room!" said Judge Trivvy.

The two looked at Gilmore and his twenty-four men, now occupying strategic positions along the wall. The deputies did not move to obey the judge's order. Gilmore laughed.

"I guess, yore honor," he remarked, "this court will stay the way she is. An' Mr. Shaw an' Mr. Dennison will stay the way they are. An' so will their outfit. Quit it, you fellah in the red shirt! It ain't necessary for yuh to get up. If yo're thirsty, yuh can wait till the session's over with. Try an' sit still. Remember, this is goin' to be strictly legal. I ain't a deputy any more, so there's nothin' official about this mornin' call. We're here as visitors, nothin' more'n that, but I can't say what 'll happen if any misguided sport goes after his hardware. I mean you, Shaw, an' you, Slim! You two will be downed first pop, to say nothin' o' quite a jag o' fellahs sittin' on these back benches. Shore, I know there's forty or fifty o' yuh, corral count, an' yuh may rub us out in the end, but there won't be many o' yuh left alive to celebrate!"

At this point a woman who had been sitting on one of the front benches rose and rushed up the aisle. It was Mrs. Kyle.

"Don't let them hang him!" she cried, clutching Gilmore's sleeve. "They wouldn't take my testimony. I came here to tell them that Smoky Nivette was in Virgin City the time Red Hall was killed. Anyway, everybody knows Hall was killed in the fight at the Mark. The charge against Smoky is perfectly ridiculous. They want to hang him, that's all! They wouldn't even listen to Mr. Damman."

"Don't you fret," comforted Gilmore, patting her on the shoulder. "There's goin' to be a whole heap o' listenin' done from now on. You better go back to yore seat now. Yore honor, the jury has not gone out. Yuh haven't charged 'em yet, have yuh?"

Judge Trivvy was unable to articulate, but he managed to answer with a shake of the head.

"I'm glad o' that," Gilmore said gravely. "S'pose we all listen to what Mr.

Damman has to say, if the district attorney has no objection."

The red-nosed district attorney had no objection. At any rate he uttered none, for he seemed to be as fear-stricken as the judge.

Shorty Damman got on his feet. In the hollow of his right arm he held a double-barreled sawed-off Greener.

"I want to say," declared the wispy one, sliding his chew into the corner of his cheek, "I want to say what I been tryin' to say all mornin'. I know Smoky didn't shoot Red Hall, an' nobody knows it any better'n that crowd that went to the Mark an' burned the calaboose. Yuh might as well accuse Smoky o' downin' Abe Lincoln, an' be done with it. This here is a short-card game, an' you fellers know mighty well it is. An' I want to say right now what I've said before—that me an' my friends come here this mornin' to see justice done, an' we're a goin' to see it done, or this session o' the Glenn County court will wind up in the smoke!"

"Hooray!" incautiously bawled Big Art, and immediately, with great presence of mind, ordered Dakota to keep quiet.

Gilmore stilled the momentary flurry among his followers, and turned to the judge.

"Yore honor an' the jury," he drawled, "yuh've heard what Mr. Damman had to say. S'pose we listen to the testimony o' Mrs. Kyle. I know yuh've all heard it once, but maybe yuh weren't listenin' real hard the first time. Gettin' nervous, Dennison? Yore friend, Tim Simms, knows what happens to nervous folks. Has the end o' his thumb grown back on again? All right, Mr. Attorney, call the witness when yo're ready. What? There ain't any lawyer for the defendant? This don't look legal a little bit! Yore honor, yuh've overlooked a bet. I'd appoint a lawyer; if I were you."

The judge rose to the occasion sufficiently to assign a lawyer to the accused. The designated counsel, who hated the district attorney, promptly called his witness. Mrs. Kyle testified in a clear voice that on the evening when Red Hall was shot Smoky Nivette spent the time from 6.30 P.M. to

1 A.M. playing cards in her saloon. At the conclusion of Mrs. Kyle's testimony the defense rested its case.

The district attorney and Judge Trivvy were at their wit's end. The looks that Shaw and Dennison bent upon them were shriveling their lickspittle souls. Nor did they find inspiration in Gilmore's set smile. They feared for their currish lives, these two men of law; and they had reason.

"Speak up, Mr. District Attorney," urged Gilmore. "The jury's gettin' tired waitin'."

The jury, composed wholly of V Up-and-Down adherents, did not look as if it was weary. On the contrary, its twelve members appeared as alert as so many weasels. This may have been due to the fact that the jury-box was so situated that, should hostilities occur, the bullets missing Shaw and Dennison would inevitably find lodgment among the jurors.

The district attorney stood up. He swayed on his feet, striving manfully to speak, but he was past speech. He could only guggle. He sat down.

"There, now, that's what I call a right sensible oration!" Gilmore declared admiringly. "He didn't say a word too much—not a word. Yore honor, ain't it about time to charge the jury? *Shaw, sit still!*"

"This—this is coercion!" bleated Judge Trivvy.

"Don't mind 'em," warmly advised Gilmore. "We're here to see fair play, old-timer; so you go ahead an' do the right thing, an' they will, an' we will. What more do yuh want? Fly at it!"

Wretched Judge Trivvy, fear clutching his nut-gall of a heart, charged the jury in a voice so low and wavering that Gilmore was compelled more than once to request him to speak louder. Gilmore found no fault with the charge. It was eminently fair-minded. But when the jury rose to file out for their deliberations Gilmore offered decided objection. He did not trust those jurors. They appeared to be capable of almost any act of treachery.

"But a jury al'ays wrastles it out in private," protested the foreman.

"Yuh can be as private as yuh like behind that rail," Gilmore informed him.

"Lemme tell yuh plain, fellah, what I said to the spectators goes for the jury. No gent leaves this room till I say so, 'ceptin' he leaves feet first!"

The jury looked helplessly at Shaw and Dennison. The harried pair returned the look as helplessly. The jurors debated not a great while. They cast their ballots in the foreman's hat. As might have been expected, the verdict was "Not guilty."

When Smoky Nivette had been released, and his weapons returned by the deputies, the V Up-and-Down and their Plain Edge friends arose and pushed for the door.

"I haven't given the word yet!" cried Gilmore. "Before yuh go out I got somethin' to say."

The crowd halted.

"See here," shouted Shaw, shoving his way to the front, "yuh can't keep us here forever! We—"

"Close yore face," interrupted Gilmore, "an' keep yore hands away from yore belt. You an' yore boys 'll be free as air in less time than it takes to saddle a hoss, but now yuh got to listen. Yore bein' in front o' me thisaway makes it easier for me to speak my little piece. I shore do hate to talk about a gent when he's hidin' behind a lot o' other men!"

Shaw's lips paled, and his fingers twitched, but he refrained from going after his gun.

Gilmore never took his eyes from Shaw's reptilian countenance. He realized that never, from the time of his entry into the court-room till now, had the moment been so tense, so fraught with hair-hung sudden death.

"Remember, you tin-horns in the back," Gilmore reminded them, "that yore friends here in front will shorely be among the missin' if just only one o' you fires a shot. An' another thing yuh've maybe forgot: Shorty Damman an' his friends are behind yuh, an' Smoky Nivette has his guns back!"

The hostile crowd, still outnumbering the combined forces of Gilmore and Shorty Damman, yet harkened to the speaker's combined impudence and common sense, and stifled its seething emotion. Decidedly, the hour was Gilmore's.

"Yuh was goin' to say somethin'," Shaw exclaimed feverishly. "Spit it out!"

"Sorry to keep yore highness waitin'," drawled Gilmore. "I just wanted to tell yuh that yo're a hoss-thief an' a rustler, an' y' ain't fit to eat with a sheepman."

"Yo're a liar!" cried Shaw, his hands dropping.

"Put 'em up!" flashed Gilmore, instantly shoving his gun into Shaw's abdomen. "Don't yuh know any better'n to try to pull a gun on me?"

Slowly Shaw's fingers uncurled from the butt of his six-shooter, and slowly his arms went up and bent inward the edges of his hat.

"Yo're shore one leisurely gent," was Gilmore's dry comment. "Lucky for you I got a whole lot o' patience. What do yuh say, Shaw, to you an' me an' yore dear friend an' foreman, Slim Dennison, goin' into the street an' shootin' it out? Bein' the better man myself, it's only fair to make it two to one."

"Yo're on!" barked Slim Dennison from far back in the crowd.

Shaw nodded evilly.

"I'll go yuh, Gilmore. This Territory is shore too small for you an' me!"

"That's the first sensible thing I ever

heard yuh say. Got yore rifles, you an' Slim?"

"Rifles?"

"Shore, we'll settle our little difficulty with rifles, the conditions o' this gun-play bein' that we all go out into the street together, each party backs off a hundred yards, an' then walks toward each other, settin' our artillery a goin' whenever we feel like it."

"I ain't got mine with me," objected Shaw.

"It's on yore saddle. Don't try to tell me yuh come here without it. Yuh can get it when we go outside, which 'll be when I get my Winchester. Dakota, would yuh mind gettin' my rifle for me?"

When Dakota had returned from the corral with the rifle, Shaw and Dennison flatly refused to precede Gilmore through the doorway. They would not go outside and leave their men inside, and that was all there was to it. In this sentiment the men loudly joined.

Again the moment became touch-and-go; but it passed without a break, and, following a short argument, the two recalcitrants led the way as requested. Gilmore's friends were the next to leave. Gilmore himself went out last.

*(To be concluded in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

## A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

As down the wintry way I went,  
As I went warily,  
I heard a hidden starling pipe  
Merrily, right merrily.

"Ho, ho!" it piped; it piped, "ho, ho!"  
As I went warily;  
And sang, "I know! I know! I know!"  
Merrily, right merrily.

"You silly, silly bird," I said,  
As I went warily,  
"What is it that you think you know,  
Verily, now verily?"

"Oh, I know where one waits," it piped,  
As I went warily;  
"Her lips like holly-berries ripe,  
Verily, now verily!"

What more to do? What more to do,  
As I went warily,  
Than just to stir my steps and haste  
Merrily, right merrily!

*Clinton Scollard*